

# Current Literature

## A Magazine of Contemporary Record

VOL. XXV., No. 6 "I have gathered me a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own."—Montaigne. JUNE, 1899

### To a Hero

There is no doubt that the American nation is taking a long breath preparatory to the return of Admiral Dewey to his native land, with the laudable intention of emitting it in the form of cheers, congratulations and the well-rounded periods of dinner-table eloquence. And this is as it should be, whether the daring and the skill displayed in the great naval engagement in Cavité Bay be alone considered, or the less brilliant, but even more useful qualities of steadfastness, wisdom and prudence be also taken into account. In none of these essentials to the make-up of a great leader has Admiral Dewey been found wanting, and nothing that his countrymen can do to show their admiration and appreciation should be left undone. It is possible that the novelty of the occasion may add spirit to the reception that will be accorded the Admiral on his return, for though in other days there were also great fighters—and Hull, Bainbridge, Stewart and Decatur were royally welcomed on their home-coming after stirring sea fights, or the punishment of Algerines, and though Perry and Wilkes opened new lands to the commerce of the nation by their successful voyages—none seems to have so thoroughly gratified the pride and satisfied the heart of the nation as Admiral Dewey. Where there is a great majority there must also be a small minority, and as the latter openly advocates our complete and ignominious withdrawal from the Philippines and the surrender of the islands to virtual anarchy, they naturally cannot find very much to admire in Admiral Dewey or his actions, and we must expect many a sneer and much belittling of that which goes to make him, in the eyes of other nations at least, a notable leader. But this will all be drowned and lost in the general acclaim, and though the chief scribes of two or three journals will dip their pens in gall for the benefit of at least several thousand appreciative readers, and the workingman's benefactor, still unmindful of cooking pails and three-and-one-half-cent dinners, may continue to issue pamphlets for the guidance of the nation in its foreign policy, the American people will serenely go about its business, which will shortly be to welcome home the hero of the war with Spain. Of course, Admiral Dewey is not the only hero of the navy, and the army is full of them; and already each State in the Union is proud and glad to hail its own, and commemorate the pluck and daring of these fighters by sea and land. It is a good leaven for any land to have and a great spirit to foster and cherish, this readiness to spring to arms at the proper call, and willingness to part from friends and homes and face death before one's time. Other nations note it, and henceforth the cry from their lips, "Behold,

a nation of shopkeepers!" will no longer be heard, for they know well that though in the "piping" times of peace we are eager traders and bold commercial rivals, these same qualities are still ours and bring laurels to our fighters in time of war. We have no Westminster Abbey, wherein to inter our dead heroes, no peerage in which to bestow titles on them living, or their descendants after them; but it is something after all to be enshrined in the heart of a great nation as its hero, and when Admiral Dewey lands there should and will be no doubt in his mind that he has come to his own.

### Hopes for Art

No one who has watched closely the progress of artistic matters has failed to be impressed with the fact that progress has always been hindered by the jealousies which artists entertain. These are unfortunately brought forward to hinder united action among bodies of men who have joined forces for the ostensible purpose of mutual advancement, and until they are removed from the scene all progress is blocked. Such has been the case with the two bodies which control the important exhibitions in New York. The matter is referred to now, not to rehearse an old story, but to point with satisfaction to signs which indicate that the old feeling is dying out, and that we may soon look forward to a decided and beneficial change of tactics. This has been brought about through circumstances which we will briefly outline. The origin of trouble dates back some years to the time when the pupils of the old Academy first came forward as full-fledged painters and sought to secure enrollment among the academicians upon the simple score of merit. This was denied them, and they very naturally seceded, established the Society of American Artists and have since become so formidable a rival to the Academy that that institution has been practically unable to keep up to the times. Jealousies and harsh words were the natural outcome on the moral side, while on the financial one the "split" has been favorable to neither. Recently the Academy of Design sold its old home on Twenty-third street, the centre for many years of our artistic life, and announced its intention of moving to 110th street to a point which will not be central for many years to come. Before building in this out-of-the-way spot, however, it seems as if this old association had suffered a change of heart, for there has lately come about a complete overturn in the management, and a man from the younger element succeeds Mr. Wood as president. The question seems one of perhaps local importance, but its influence should be more far-reaching than this. The Academy of Design is recognized as the oldest of the associa-

tions of artists in the United States. Founded by men who, in their day, were among the foremost of our citizens, the Academy of Design should now be the foster-parent of all other organizations. It should be a great and flourishing institution, and its annual exhibitions should be looked to by art students, artists and amateurs from one end to the other of the continent. This it can become only by burying the hatchet of personal animosities and opinion. Instead of inflicting wounds and keeping them open, it should aim to heal them, to unite all factions and place questions of art above those of personal prejudice. It should admit a lay membership if necessary as a third element in its composition—should absorb all that it can of the forces of its opponents and aim at something more creditable than the danger of extinction which has of recent years been threatening it.

#### *The Horseless Age*

It will not do for the friend of the horse to put too much reliance upon the lately increased value which he has attained. In the market place he fetches a better price than he did, but his day of usefulness is as nearly over as ever. As yet we cannot do without the horse. For purposes of luxury, indeed, the horse is as indispensable as ever, but no one can be blind to the merits of those infernal inventions that come buzzing along on asphalt pavement with the celerity of a scorcher on his wheel. Much as we love the horse, we confess that he cannot compete with this animated sedan chair, this funereal-looking thing with wheels four sizes too fat for it, and a youthful engineer in charge, whose perfect control over it keeps it from running away when you know it ought to, and stops it when you know it ought to be toppling people over in all directions. Indeed, our ideas about that mild social dissipation called "taking a drive" must be absolutely and radically changed with the advent of this new device. There was an element of uncertainty about a horse which made driving a mild form of sport, deemed sometimes hazardous. The risk, however, is totally different with these new mechanical things, and the old rules don't apply. It is not yet known how an obstreperous motorman, who has been given his head, is to be treated if inclined to runaway, and it will take years of experience to lay down rules with regard to this, which will be thoroughly practicable, because the motorman, if so inclined, could run away with you in any one of three directions—ahead, astern or in a circle. It certainly will not do to hold on to something and yell "Whoa!" at him; nor is it likely that any soft words will avail, even if you felt you could utter them. He has you so completely at his mercy that he can hold you up for any ransom he is pleased to ask until his source of power runs out. With a horse you are dealing with a senseless creature, and you can guide him against a stone wall or picket fence, where he will proceed to dash himself to pieces with the utmost celerity, and you can extricate yourself from the ruins if your head has been longer than the horse's. This is not a habit which you can depend on in a motorman of ordinary capacity, unless he is under the malevolent influence of liquor, and even then it would be hard to drive him to a form of self-de-

struction from which you yourself could be sure of escape. Fortunately, we have as yet advanced but little into the art of controlling the motorman and his carriage, and we still have our serviceable friend, the horse with us. Hill-climbing is one of the things the horse hates to do, but he can laugh at his ungainly rival on this point, and ask derisively "Where he is at," when it comes to fine work on a steep incline. Unfortunately, men are inventive, and their ingenuity will devise some means of overcoming this. When that has been done the era of the horseless-man will begin. So passes away the friend of thousands of years. While the horse at times may seem to have been lacking in intelligence, it should be inscribed on his tomb that he had one distinctive virtue in that he never ran away with any one in more than one direction.

#### *Books on Music*

One of the most striking features of the last year's book output has been the number of works on music. For many years there flourished a theory, dear to most editors of periodicals and publishers of books, that anything musical spelled inevitable failure, and only the most fortuitous circumstances brought forth anything more musical than an importation of some startling novelty like a biography of Mozart or an encyclopedic series of volumes on the great composers, great singers, great violins, great something or other. The American writer on music was pretty well confined to daily papers and strictly musical papers, and the spasmodic outburst of something like Mr. Upton's standard operas and oratorios only emphasized the musical stupor of the publishing world.

Within the last two or three years a remarkable change has taken place, and to-day musical works fairly be-snow the bookstalls. The American writers have found their entering wedge in books rather didactic than critical, and aiming to teach the layman a few necessary rudiments that he may listen to intelligently, if not learnedly, and may approach music as something more than an ear-tickler. In this vein works like *How to Listen to Music*, *What Is Good Music*, *How Music Developed* and *The Orchestra* have found a wide sale. Mr. Krehbiel, of the Tribune, and Mr. Henderson, of the Times, have been chiefly to credit with driving this wedge home.

These books for the—one might say the musically illiterate (what a vast number they make, too!)—have opened the cleft in the old prejudice and made way for works less primer-like. Mr. Krehbiel's delightful volume, *Music and Manners*, is one of these, and it is mainly a study of certain quaint works in his own library, or of certain curious information that has come in his ken. The diary kept by old "Papa" Haydn is one of the former sort, and it is delectable reading to any one. The biography of the Chevalier da Ponte is one of the latter class, and it deals with the amazing vicissitudes of the author of the libretto to Mozart's *Don Giovanni*. He came to America and died in New York, where he lies buried in an unknown grave. At one time he kept a produce store in New Jersey.

Another book that does great credit both to



American music and American letters is James Gibbon Huneker's *Mezzotints in Modern Music*. This is an example of what may be called the higher criticism in music. It is concerned neither with the mechanical details of musical works nor with the biographical details of composers; but it aims to grasp and present the very heart of the spiritual content of certain great compositions, and to exploit also the real individuality of certain composers, the much-misunderstood Brahms and the equally misunderstood Chopin. The book does all it sets out to do, and that in a literary style, whose color and vigor compel the interest even of the layman. But these books are evidently to be only forerunners, for many more are promised for next season.

#### *Submarine Navigation*

Since the two brief but destructive campaigns of last year's conflict, many attempts have been made by experts to point out the naval lessons of the Spanish war and to show in what particulars future marine military construction must be influenced by its results. To the civilian, if not to the military man, the inferences drawn seem petty and trivial. The battles at Manila and Santiago were waged with fighting machines of standard types, and only in a few technical details would a different construction seem to have been desirable. Several novel and bizarre craft were to be found in our navy, or were available for use, but none save the dynamite cruiser *Vesuvius* was given opportunity to prove its fighting merits. In none of these experimental vessels was contained the earnest of greater possibilities than in the submarine boat *Holland*. Had the war lasted longer, no doubt her latent powers would have been developed and the predicted revolution in naval methods which she was to bring about would have become a reality or would have been demonstrated to be a delusion. Necessity is the mother of invention—in war as elsewhere—and strides in military science are taken most readily through the exigencies of an arduous conflict, as the expediency of iron-cladding was proved in our Civil War. To give the submarine system a fair test, then, we must wait until our next imbroglio with a sea power. In the meantime, its mechanical subtleties may be perfected as were those of the modern battleship during the peaceful years of the eighties and the earlier nineties.

Inventors have been trying to crack the nut of diving-boats for nearly 300 years. One of the earliest attempts was made by Debrell, or Drebbell, a Dutchman, in the time of James I. David Bushnell, an American, built such a craft in 1774, and Robert Fulton his *Nautilus* in 1800. All of these were in some measure successful. The Civil War called forth the ingenuity of several inventors of submarine boats, chiefly among the Confederates, and he lost his life on one of them, the *Housatonic*, which was sunk in Charleston Harbor. Subsequently, both in this country and in Europe, the construction of submarine vessels has several times been undertaken, and with an increasing degree of success, although ships of this type have not yet been enrolled as members in good standing of the world's fleets. The hypothetical craft of Jules Verne is the popular stand-by example of the

submarine boat, which is a fact rather to be deplored than otherwise, for it seems to relegate them all to the company of flying men-of-war and other stock-in-trade prodigies of small-beer romancers. An intelligent reader is less amused than shocked at the naiveté with which the droll Frenchman manoeuvres his steel monster by the power derived from a few Bunsen cells, from which no one else, save Divine Omnipotence, could have drawn current enough to drive anything much bigger than an electric fan.

At present there are at least five noteworthy submarine boats before the public, four of which are remarkable as practical potentialities, and the fifth as a sad reminiscence of late history.

The first of these boats—making no attempt at precise chronological order—is the *Holland*. She is exclusively a torpedo-boat, carrying submerged torpedo tubes fore and aft, with an extra one in the bow for aerial projection. She is shaped like an elongated foot-ball or an abnormally fat cigar, is fifty-three feet in length and ten and a quarter feet in greatest diameter. She is propelled at the surface by a gasoline engine, and when under water by an electric motor, which takes its current from storage batteries charged by the engine when in free air. She carries enough gasoline to suffice for a 1,500-mile voyage at the surface, and her storage cells can be charged to hold out for a submarine trip of about fifty miles. Her exploits under peaceful conditions are sufficient to warrant the belief that in actual warfare she would prove an effective agent, and might render the blockade of a port practically impossible.

The second submarine boat is a modification of the *Holland* type, named the *Plunger*, and is under construction, or but lately completed, at Baltimore, for the Government. Although during the war the naval authorities declined to purchase the *Holland*, they have admitted her possibilities so far as to arrange for the construction of this new one on the same general principles, but using steam, instead of gasoline, for surface propulsion and for charging the storage batteries.

The third submarine boat to be mentioned is the *Argonaut*, launched at Baltimore in 1897 by Mr. Simon Lake. Like the *Holland*, the *Argonaut* is run by a gasoline engine above and by a motor below the surface. She may also be propelled by hand. One of her peculiarities is that when traveling under water she rolls along the bottom on wheels. This obviates the erratic wobbling in a vertical plane, which is a difficulty with boats that attempt to navigate an intermediate stratum of water. Moreover, she does not carry her full supply of air in reservoirs when she sinks, but continually sucks it in and discharges it through the two tall mast-like pipes that protrude above the waves where the water is shallow, or through rubber tubes buoyed on floats which replace the masts when the boat is cruising on deep bottom. The *Argonaut* is only thirty-six feet long. It was not built for an engine of warfare, but for a diving boat. It has a vestibule chamber in the bow, through which a diver can pass out or in which the craft rests on the bottom. More than \$100,000,000 worth of vessels and cargoes is lost by shipwreck yearly. Among the vast

treasure houses that now exist at the bottom of rivers and bays, or of the ocean where the water is shallow, the crew of the Argonaut can roll around as in a motor cycle and take their pick—or their legal share—of what they find. No great amount of bullion has yet been discovered, but several sunken vessels laden with materials which would be worth the trouble of recovery.

Fourth comes the torpedo-boat *Gustav Zédé*, which is France's rival of the *Holland*. It is much more elongated than the latter, being 147 feet in length, though of about the same diameter as the American vessel. It is propelled by an electric motor, which derives its current from storage batteries. It is measurably successful, although in common with the *Holland*, deficient in certain points, such as speed beneath the surface and an extended view under water. Water, indeed, is transparent for a very short distance only. All submarine boats are practically blind while they remain below, and they must generally peep with their conning towers above the waves when they wish to strike the enemy. An improved and smaller boat of the *Zébé* type, called the *Norval*, is now under construction for French naval purposes. Our Government is said to be inquisitive in regard to the design of these craft, but owing to the vigilance of the French Government, complete information is not forthcoming.

A pathetic flavor of interest attaches to the fifth example of the submarine class, the Spanish torpedo-boat *Peral*. She was built in 1887, is seventy-two feet long, and has twin screws and an electric motor. Her exploits, which were greatly applauded by the populace, consisted chiefly in moving at the rate of six miles an hour, along the surface, although it would appear that upon rare occasions she did sink below it, so that only her tower, or air pipe, was visible. She was slated for service in defense of some one of the ports of Cuba against our ships, but, unfortunately for her, the battle at Santiago intervened and she yet awaits opportunity to prove her efficiency.

#### *Europeans in China*

The Chinese Empire presents one of the most interesting problems in the march of modern industry and civilization. The extent of this vast Asiatic power as regards population is only estimated, but not known, yet, in spite of the extensiveness of her domain, her weakness has been so apparent of late as to permit of actual aggression on the part of the European nations, all of which have forced upon this weak and helpless nation demands to which she has been compelled to yield. Russia has attained a footing in the north, holding the large Province of Manchuria and shadowing Peking, which is about the latitude of New York. Germany is on the Yellow Sea, opposite the Korean Peninsula, laying claim to the Province of Shantung for hinterland, while England is in the heart of China, and France in the southern portion, in the latitude of Canton and Hong Kong. The northernmost sphere of France extends to the rich provinces of Yunnan, Kwangsi and Kwangtung. China has promised not to alienate these provinces or the Island of Hainan, and has leased France the Bay of Kwang

Chau. England obtained from China in 1898 the lease of Wei-hai-wei on the terms of the Port Arthur lease to Russia; the lease to continue until Russia ceases to occupy the ports in the Liaotung Peninsula, and a promise that China will not alienate any territory of the provinces adjoining the Yangtze. China in the same year gave Germany a ninety-nine-year lease of the two promontories forming the entrance to the Kiau-chau Bay, with the water area of the bay to high-water mark and the islands it contained; also a promise that in the event of works being undertaken in the Province of Shantung, with the help of foreigners, German industries and commerce should first be called into requisition. Russia was ceded, in usufruct for twenty-five years, Port Arthur, the Port of Talienwan and adjacent territories; the concession to be extended by common accord. Railway concessions were also granted the several powers.

In signing these agreements the Chinese Government simply made its will at the dictation of self-appointed heirs. The agreement forms a paper partition of China, and indicates for what the powers might be willing to fight. The political integrity of China depends on two possible coalitions—one for the open door and one for partition. The open door is to the advantage of England, the United States and Germany. France and Russia are by temperament aggressive political powers. England controls seventy per cent. of the Chinese trade; Germany has very extensive commercial interests in China, and though not nearly as great, they are second only to those of Great Britain. The exports of the United States to China, in 1897, amounted to about \$20,000,000, and the imports from China to the United States to \$20,403,862, almost eighty-five per cent. of which entered free of duty.

To realize the possibilities of the Chinese trade, we must remember that India, which has but one-sixth the territory and extent of China, and three-fourths its population, has double the trade. While Japan, nine times smaller, and less densely populated than China, has seen its commerce rise within thirty years, under a progressive government, from 130,000,000 to 950,000,000 francs.

England has persistently declared that all she desired in China was an open door. This, in spite of the fact that she had deliberately acquired Chinese territory. As early as 1846 she obtained from China a pledge that Chusan should never be ceded to any other power. When Russia and Germany determined to take certain coveted bits of China they had but to follow in the well-worn footprints of Great Britain.

The final result of the 1897 Chinese scramble was the loss of Manchuria and Shantung, as integral parts of the Chinese Empire, and the introduction of the protectionist principle. In all the agreements China conceded to the grantee prior industrial rights.

Since the signing of these agreements the policy of Great Britain has been the reconstruction of the integrity of China within narrower limits; the discouragement of all preferences and exclusive privileges to foreign powers within these limits; the promotion of British commercial interests by the



cultivation of closer relations with the mercantile community and by a more vigorous and systematic support of its enterprises and just claims; encouragement of international co-operation in financing and working concessions; a friendly understanding with Russia.

England has contested with some show of success the exclusive rights of France in the three southern provinces "on general grounds and because Yunnan adjoins British territory, while nine-tenths of the foreign trade of Kwangtung is British." The English Government is also upholding the claim of Italy to a sphere of influence in the Province of Chekiang. She has also permitted Japan to obtain a sphere of influence in the Province of Fukien, south of Chekiang, and off Formosa, the Japanese island. But neither of these powers is to enjoy any exclusive privileges.

We have said that the open door policy is to the advantage of Germany. But Germany has colonial ambitions which she cannot satisfy, since the habitable parts of the earth are pre-empted. It is therefore possible that her desire for political aggrandizement may outweigh her more solid trade interests. And the fact that Germany is before all a European power would make uncertain her steady co-operation with Great Britain for the maintenance of the open door. For the present, England, with Japan, could control the situation. Japan is held in check by the realization that Russia is rapidly approaching the day when she will be able to retaliate for any humiliation that may be put upon her to-day. The Indo-Chinese Empire of France is the work of a century. Her first permanent relations with Anam date from 1787. She went to Indo-China for consolation, when driven out of India by the English. If she is to march northward it can only be through the partition of China.

Russia is the only Western power with Asiatic sympathies. We have only to follow her diplomacy in Peking to realize how much of her splendid success has been due to her appreciation of the Asiatic temperament. This temperamental affinity makes her the great future factor in the solution of the Chinese question. Russia was the highway by which the migrating Asiatic hordes passed into Europe. "Nowhere," says Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu, "have the strata of human alluvians been more numerous, nowhere more mixed, more broken and disjointed, than on this smooth, flat bed, where each wave, as it was pressed upon and pushed on from the rear by the following one, met no obstacle ahead, save in the wave that had preceded it." European Russia contains no less than twenty races, and if every group, or smallest tribe, was to be counted, the number would be trebled. Out of this heterogeneous mass of Asiatics, who, ages ago, stopped by the wayside, the Russian Empire has been welded. Russia, which for centuries has been the vanguard of Europe, has turned her face Asiaward.

#### *The Old Home*

The very frequent appearance in the poetry of the day of references to the "old homestead," the brindle cow and the old oaken bucket show how strongly rooted is the popular love for the farm and all its

associations. Notwithstanding this, the object of all this sentiment and solicitude has become more and more pitiable, as the moss and mold of neglect and decay have slowly crept over its roof. To so many who now live in the centre of our busy hives the recollections of the hay-mow or the duck-pond of the parental farm mean the only home they have ever had. The ruthless tread of affairs has carried them from the orchards and lanes where they spent their earlier days into the narrow streets where nothing grows but money, and where there is never a relaxation from work and care. By degrees the old farms of New England have gone to pieces, the young people have migrated to the towns and cities, and often nature has claimed again for her own the land which once was tilled. Where the cattle grazed a growth of forest has come, where the old barn stood a heap of crumbling stones marks the spot, while the house, battered by storms, merely emphasizes the destruction which time has wrought. By degrees it has become tenantless. Upon the death of the old people who owned it the holder of the mortgage has stepped in. Unable to occupy it himself he has found tenant after tenant for it. It has become unsalable, the few repairs put upon it are only added expenses. Tenantless, and avoided even by the money-lender, dilapidation and weeds take possession. But while it seems as if the desolate old spot had no friends, you may be certain that somewhere there is cherished a love for every foot of its soil, for every tree in its forests, every pebble in its brooks. Somewhere there is a person who could tell you of the undiscovered beauties of the place, somewhere there is an imagination that will always see it peopled as of old, somewhere there is a worker who dreams that in his old age he will go back to it again and possess it as an abiding place when health fails him. This is the meaning of the occasional rejuvenation which we see throughout the East. Prosperity has not overtaken the farm again, but the occupant has achieved fortune enough to rescue some fast-sinking spot from decay. This is the meaning of the growing fondness for and indulgence in amateur farming. It means that the love of a life in the open air smoulders in the breast of every one who has ever known its peaceful tranquillities, and that the excitements of the city and the cares of business cannot wholly eradicate it. One who has been nurtured among the trees and fields can never think of the four walls of a city or suburban dwelling as a "home." To him it is merely a residence—a transient stopping place, to which he can attach no sentiment and which he is ready to abandon at a moment's notice, without regret or sorrow. Much as has been written of the Anglo-Saxon fondness for home, the trend toward cities has obtused the sharpness of the feeling to such an extent that we can hardly be considered to-day as home-loving a people as we were a hundred years ago. Perhaps as the country grows richer we shall return to it again. Meanwhile, the reverence for the emblems of the old order is still keen, and with the first breath of spring the odors of the opening buds and leaves steal into the open windows of our crowded offices to remind every occupant of an abandoned farm somewhere.



## WAR AND INDUSTRY\*

In a small volume called "Can We Disarm?" written by Joseph McCabe in collaboration with George Darien, is a chapter upon modern armaments which calls attention to the economic side of militarism.

In earlier periods of history war secured no important advantage to any save the ruler and his courtiers. To the nation at large it was a pure economic waste, or it only offered advantages which were inappreciable beside its exhausting strain. Armies followed their leaders under the sullen helplessness of the feudal system, or with the professional zeal of mercenaries. For the nation at large other sources of interest and consolation had to be relied upon. Human instinct was little advanced in its evolution, and little affected by education; it was not yet "humane" and "humanitarian," but frankly combative and cruel. They had heard of the brotherhood of men (discovered by Confucius and Buddha and Christ), but the narrower doctrine of patriotism was more easily assimilated. Then there was the third fierce instinct of victory, which, once the bloody machinery was put in motion, sufficed of itself to carry it through energetically. But there was little thought of profit, beyond a piece of ephemeral and individual plunder. Militarism was only regarded from the economic side as a necessary evil.

These instincts are far from suppressed in the educated peoples of the present day, but they have been reinforced in these latter days by a new power. Had those sentiments alone remained at the root of the popular attachment to militarism, the solution would have been easier. The world is drawing closer together. Material and social science are beginning to press upon the consciousness of humanity that ideal of a vast family or brotherhood which religion has utterly failed to inculcate. Nations, as Baron Von der Goltz said, have come to resemble personalities. He draws the moral that, therefore, they would rather lose life than honor. But it is permissible to think that, as individuals have come to recognize the expediency of submitting questions of honor to a common tribunal rather than fighting them out, nations, having reached the same stage of unity and self-consciousness, may come at length to a like recognition. The stars have looked down on the cessation, first, of bloody contests of individuals, then of families, then of clans, then of towns. There is only one further step to go.

But a new element has been introduced that threatens to disturb this orderly development of pacific feeling. War has become a science, and it has given birth to enormous industries. The industrial community derives very conspicuous advantages from the military system, and does not clearly see definite compensating advantages in its abolition. So the industrial community, i. e., the great body of the nation, does not care to part with militarism just yet. It seems scarcely necessary to give laborious proof of the point, but there are many who do not realize how deeply militarism is rooted in the present industrial order. During the

last two centuries England has spent £1,265,000,000 in the conduct of her wars, quite independently of the permanent maintenance of her army and navy. France has spent £839,000,000 in the same period in war alone. Russia has spent £335,000,000 in war during the last sixty years. The Anglo-French war of 1793-1815 was the first to make a lively impression on the economic world. It is said by Mulhall to have cost £1,250,000,000; and Mulhall's figures as to the cost of war do not represent their entire commercial "value"; he only gives the distinctly military expenditure. The Crimean war of 1854-56 cost £305,000,000, or £146,000,000 per year (as compared with £60,000,000 per year in Napoleonic times). The American civil war in 1863-65, in which nearly 4,000,000 men were engaged, cost £740,000,000 (£350,000,000 per year). The Franco-German war of 1870-71 cost France (including the indemnity to Germany and damage to property, etc.) £506,000,000. The Russo-Turkish war cost £190,000,000; the Chino-Japanese war \$225,000,000; the Hispano-American war cost America alone \$250,000,000. Mulhall's estimate that the principal wars from 1793 to 1877 cost £3,047,000,000 does not represent their full economic value; it does not include indirect consumption. For instance, he estimates the cost of the Franco-German war at £316,000,000. Bodio has shown that it cost France £506,000,000, and there is still a large margin in Germany not covered by the indemnity.

So much for the economic value of war to the industrial community. To this must be added the ordinary cost of the maintenance of armies and navies in times of peace; fully one-half of this is for direct employment of labor. England has an annual revenue of about £110,000,000. Of this she spends about £40,000,000 annually on her army and navy, and a further £25,000,000 in the service of the national debt (a war expenditure). Considerably more than half of the entire revenue of the country is absorbed by military expenditure. Russia's latest military budget amounted to 384,379,000 roubles. Germany's military expenditure for the financial year 1896-97 was £31,300,000 out of an entire revenue of £67,000,000. France had a total revenue of £136,900,000 in 1895; of this £25,000,000 were spent on the army, £10,000,000 on the navy, and £35,000,000 in interest on the national debt. Improverished, starving Italy, out of her forced revenue of £67,000,000, spent £13,000,000 on the army and navy, and £23,000,000 on the national debt. Japan has suddenly dropped into the ways of civilized nations. She has resolved to spend £2,800,000 annually on her army, and to devote £12,000,000 to the improvement of her navy.

And the worst feature—or, rather, the most promising, from our present economic point of view—is that the pace of militarism is accelerating so rapidly. M. Edmond Théry, writing in the *Economiste Européen*, points out that the military expenditure of the five powers increased from 2,872,000,000 francs in 1883 to more than 4,000,000,000 in 1895.

\*From *Can We Disarm?* H. S. Stone & Co.

## CHOICE VERSE: FROM BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

*Val d' Arno.....Charles J. Bayne.....Atlantic Monthly*

As lake-boats seek their twilight coves  
And flocks their fold at night,  
I languish for the grots and groves  
Where still each nymph and naiad roves  
Who taught my youth delight.

How wild the wind-swept waste of furze!  
How shrill the kildee's call!  
Yet there I know how warmly stirs  
The breeze among the gossamers  
Which fleck the tufted wall.

The far peaks don their caps of snow  
For winter's long repose,  
But browning on the slopes below  
The tangled olives nod, and glow  
The crimson coquelicots.

Sweet Arno! As the light of shrines  
On some lone wayside gleams,  
So from the circling Apennines  
The memory of thy valley shines,  
The beacon of my dreams.

*The Weaver.....The Independent*

Beside the loom of life I stand  
And watch the busy shuttle go;  
The threads I hold within my hand  
Make up the filling; strand on strand,  
They slip my fingers through, and so  
This web of mine fills out apace,  
While I stand ever in my place.

One time the woof is smooth and fine  
And colored with a sunny dye;  
Again the threads so roughly twine  
And weave so darkly line on line  
My heart misgives me. Then would I  
Fain lose this web—begin anew—  
But that, alas! I cannot do.

Some day the web will all be done,  
The shuttle quiet in its place,  
From out my hold the threads be run;  
And friends at setting of the sun  
Will come to look upon my face,  
And say: "Mistakes she made not few,  
Yet wove perchance as best she knew."

*Spring: A Roundel.....M. R. Weld.....London Speaker*

(From the Old French of Charles d'Orleans.)  
The year has cast his cloak away  
Of wind-driven cloud and mist and rain;  
And dons his summer garb again,  
With leaf and flower embroidered gay.

And lake and rill and fount display  
Their silver jewels, that have lain  
Hidden through winter's time of pain;  
Everything dons a new array.  
The year has cast his cloak away  
Of wind-driven cloud and mist and rain.

*The Crest.....C. F. C. Arensberg.....Harvard Advocate*

My life has passed as on some mountain slope,  
Facing the morning east, and gathering rays  
Into its breast from dawn of summer days,  
Even till the tides of shadows turn and grope,  
Creeping from hollow to ravine. There ope  
Amid the striving winds, a baffling maze,  
Wild tortuous paths, a thousand devious ways,  
And one that leads to far-off crest and hope.

I see the ragged crest that bounds the sky,  
Ending this world of mine. What need to ask  
What land's beyond, what shaken seas extend  
Below the summit, what my future task?  
So I have strength, so that my hope stays high,  
I will pursue my purpose to the end.

*The Invincibles .....Dora Read Goodale.....Youth's Companion*

There once were two knights full of mettle and merit,  
Who joined in a league and maintained it with spirit,  
No task was so hard it could baffle their skill,  
And one was I-can, and the other I-will.

I-can was tall, lithe—all wit, wisdom and grace,  
With a slightly superior smile on his face;  
I-will was short, stout, red-haired, bull-necked and bold—  
A terrible fellow where once he took hold.  
I-will, by himself, had been boastful and heady,  
But tireless I-can kept him prudent and steady,  
While truly this latter, unyoked from his brother,  
I fear had accomplished much less than the other!

But take them together!—where'er they might go,  
Doubts, dangers and obstacles vanished like snow;  
From pigmy Too-lazy to strong-armed Despair  
No foe could withstand the invincible pair,  
And surely without them the world would stand still,  
For masters of Fate are I-can and I-will!

*To a Crow.....Robert Burns Wilson.....Poems*

Bold, amiable, ebon outlaw, grave and wise!  
For many a good green year hast thou withstood—  
By dangerous planted field and haunted wood—  
All the devices of thine enemies.  
Gleaning thy grudging bread with watchful eyes,  
And self-relying soul. Come ill or good,  
Blythe days thou seest, thou feathered Robin Hood!  
Thou mak'st a jest of farm-land boundaries,  
Take all thou may'st, and never count it crime  
To rob the greatest robber of the earth,  
Weak-visioned, dull, self-lauding man, whose worth  
Is in his own esteem. Bide, then, thy time;  
Thou know'st far more of Nature's love than he,  
And her wide lap shall still provide for thee.

*Trovato.....Charles J. Bayne.....Cosmopolitan*

Is it but the idle fancy  
Of a mocking necromancy  
That together, leaf and blossom, by the Indus once we  
grew,  
And that Hafiz came, or Omar,  
To imprison the aroma  
In some half remembered measure which has rhymed me  
to you?

Is it false or is it real  
That in ages more ideal  
I was song and you were Sappho—you were sunbeam, I  
the dew,  
For I long have felt the burgeon  
Of a passion vague and virgin  
Which you quicken to remembrance of a former life we  
knew?

Were you stream when I was willow?  
Was I shell when you were billow?  
For your voice has ever echoed through the hushes of my  
heart;  
And it seems, as I behold you,  
That the very air foretold you  
By the fragrance which, in welcome, all the budding  
boughs impart.

But at last I stand beside you  
And the fate which long denied you  
Yields, in recompense a dearer incarnation than my dream.  
What I sought to what you are, love,  
Was as twilight to the star, love,  
As the languor is to summer, as the murmur to the stream.

And since age on age has perished  
But to bring the soul I cherished,  
Wherein thought and feeling, blended, are as petal and  
perfume,  
Let us linger here forever  
Where the pride of all endeavor  
Is a fervor which to passion is as glamour unto gloom.

Yet, if Fate reserves its malice  
But to break the lifted chalice,  
Let me mingle with the elements where once I was a part;  
Then on some supernal morning  
Which your beauty is adorning,  
As a dew-drop in a lily, I may nestle in your heart.

*Arbutus . . . . . Etta J. Webb . . . . . The Ladies' World*

There's a gleam of spring in my dark old room  
And a breath of spring in the air,  
I cannot write and I cannot think,  
So I fling down my pen in despair.  
For my truant heart is out in the woods  
Still damp from the melted snows,  
Where the sweet wild things of the shadow hide  
And the trailing arbutus grows.

I lay my head down on my folded arms  
And drowsily shut my eyes.  
My dark old room whirls lightly away  
And the din of the city dies;  
The long hard years of struggle and fret,  
Of hope and despair and pain,  
Slip from me silently one by one  
And I am a child again.

'Tis spring in the country, and on the hills,  
In the secret places of gloom,  
Where the thick brown mosses cover the earth,  
The arbutus is all a-bloom,  
The children eager from school let out.  
Are off and away on its quest,  
Laden with baskets, sun-bonneted, tanned,  
And laughing with childish zest.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dear little flowers in the cracked blue jar,  
We are homesick, you and I,  
We fain would be back in the dear old spot  
If but long enough to die.  
Children we are of the woods and fields,  
Comrades of the wild and the free,  
And the city with all its confusion and glare,  
Was never for such as we.

*In the Grave . . . . . Helen Hay . . . . . Some Verses*

Dear Love—do you wake in that land where my waking  
is done?  
Do you bare your brave head to the winds and the clouds  
and the sun?

And is Summer a-flame?  
Or has the night fallen to sleep on earth's wonderful  
breast,  
And with it, all joys, save but you, who are dearest and  
best,  
Wakeful—sighing my name?

Sometimes as I sleep, the sweet rain flickers over my  
head,  
And smiling, I dream of the tears that your sorrow has  
shed;

Then I sigh and awake.

For the dreams of the grave are the dreams that have  
died in the morn,  
And their ghosts alone haunt the cold earth where their  
maker was born,  
For a woman's sweet sake.

Perhaps you are singing—and winding the garlands of  
May;  
Not mine be the hand to withhold you the golden to-day,  
Or give pause to your song.  
Perhaps the sweet blossoms may charm the grave's pesti-  
lent breath.  
Ah! life is so short; so forget and be glad, dear—for death  
Is so terribly long.

*The Far-Away . . . . . Martha Gilbert Dickinson . . . . . Within the Hedge*

Oh, Far-Away, enchanted Far-Away,  
Where Fancy's tired wings are furled,  
Where weary longing finds a world,  
Where sails go down with day;

What haunting wonders anchor there,  
What colors beat along thy coasts,  
What comradeship of happy ghosts  
Beguile to revels rare!

Oh, Far-Away, mysterious as fair—  
What songs we sailors never sung,  
What rainbow visions of the young  
Pervade thy dreamy air!

Beyond the serfdom of regret,  
Beyond the despot of Good-bye—  
In whose safe port my Love and I  
Forget we must forget!

*Evenus . . . . . Jane Minot Sedgwick . . . . . Sicilian Idylls\**

(Translated from the Greek)

O swallow! Attic maid, with honey fed,  
Canst thou, who art a singer sweet of tongue,  
Bear off a singing grasshopper for bread  
To bring the brood of thine unfledged young?

A chatterer thou, a chatterer molest,  
A winged thing break with a winged brother,  
A summer's guest destroy a summer's guest,  
One little stranger strive against the other?

Wilt not thou drop it now and let it go?  
It is not right nor just for it to die;  
A pretty songster should not perish so,  
A fellow-songster's greed to satisfy.

*Benedicite . . . . . Martha Gilbert Dickinson . . . . . Within the Hedge*

The waves in prostrate worship lie, and cease  
To count the pebbles on their rosary;  
Over the scourged rocks a smile of peace  
Deepens the hushed expectancy.  
Each small, lost flower lifts her fragrant brow,  
Forgotten flocks turn toward the rosy West;  
Day drops her anchor off the world—and now  
Awaits her shriving—all her ways confessed.  
The patriarchal mountains stand apart,  
Far hills are kneeling; birds arrest their flight—  
Then the real Presence crowds all nature's heart,  
And benediction falls with night.

*The Saddest Day . . . . . Martha Gilbert Dickinson . . . . . Within the Hedge*

There came no unaccompanied day  
While she by grief was newly wed,  
For they were each the other's own;  
Close clasped, uncomfited.  
Until a laugh did first betray  
Her youthful heart; then sorrow fled  
Leaving her widowed and alone  
Since even grief was dead.

\*Copeland & Day, Boston.

†Doubleday & McClure Co., New York.



## CURRENT LITERARY THOUGHT AND OPINION

*Heroes and Heroines of Penny Fiction.....Blackwood's*

The heroines of the class of fiction we are discussing may be divided into two sections. There are the schoolgirls in short skirts and with hair hanging down their backs. Very little will presently transform them into "imperious" women. But the majority are fully grown up from the very start. You may recognize them for what they are by their shapely or well-poised heads, with little tendrils of hair waving about the forehead; by their firmly chiseled lips, their mobile mouths, their sweeping eyelashes, their creamy complexions, and their willowy figures. They are, in short, "the divinest creatures that ever came fresh from Nature's choicest mold," and we cannot wonder that they become "leaders in county society." They speak dreamily, and every now and then a little wistfulness creeps into their voices, what time the lids droop wearily over the soft gray eyes. They are "as innocent and good as they are winsome," but they can take uncommonly good care of themselves. For nearly every one of them has a decided touch of hauteur, and can gaze at a presumptuous person with that "calm scrutiny" which has "so often nonplussed impressionable youth." If this species of glance fails to wither, it can be followed up by tones that are coldly cutting or have a ring of defiance. A notable race of women, in good sooth. Their principal shortcoming is a strong tendency to suspect their fiancés of the blackest treachery or the foulest crime, on grounds that would not justify the drowning of a mouse. To be sure, were it not for this foible, where would our penny novelette be? Yet, if only for the change, we welcome the lady who is "true to the core," and who thus receives the news that her lover has been arrested on a charge of murder: "Peace sir! Speak not of Edward Harris thus to me! I know his faults, and I know his virtues. I know, for my heart tells me, that he is innocent!" Encore, encore! Good old Edward Harris!

It is distressing to turn from such a model of constancy and virtue to the female villains, who, we can promise our readers, are the most abandoned hussies. You can tell them from a distance by their hair of raven blackness, and by their dusky cheeks, tinted with vivid carmine. They look like beautiful demons, and their speech bewrayeth them, for, depend upon it, no really good woman habitually uses the expletive "Bah!" Jealousy is the one characteristic they have in common with the heroines. They think nothing of making love to the hero in the most brazen-faced manner, and when he coolly rejects their proffered affection, this sort of thing happens: "Slowly she raised herself until she stood before him in all her majestic beauty; then she hissed rather than spoke, 'You have despised my love; henceforth you shall know what my hatred means.'" In spite of the march of intellect, the "*spretæ injuria formæ*" seems still to be a recognized spring of conduct.

Turn we now to the heroes who, it is good to be able to record, are in every respect worthy of the heroines. They are not, it may be, so radiantly beautiful. Nevertheless, they are "pleasant and

presentable specimens of English manhood," and "splendid types of the true-born English gentleman." What more could the most exacting demand? Their eyes are full of lazy good-humor, and they have a sort of quiet, devil-may-care expression about the lines of the mouth and chin. But we should not care to take a liberty with them, for we find they can be very stiff and haughty upon occasion.

We must give our gallant friends the credit of carrying their nonchalance to great lengths. "You are not, perhaps, aware," Sir Devereux Drumstick, the wicked guardian, will hiss, "that her [the heroine's] mother, after drowning her eldest son and poisoning her first husband, was married to her own grandfather, thereby forfeiting all her rights as next of kin of her husband." "I had heard something of the sort," will be the placid rejoinder of Pierrepont Pynion, or Herbert Hardress, or Rosslyn Cheyne, or Herbert Dering ("or, to cede him his proper title, Sir Herbert Dering." Why this proper title should be withheld, we cannot imagine). Fortified by this sangfroid, our heroes boldly proceed upon their way, and, after vanquishing unheard-of obstacles, and running unheard-of risks, finally achieve the object for which they were created. That object is twofold. In the first place, they have to "win" the heroine; "win" is the technical word. In the second place, they have to "claim" her from her parents or guardians—"claim," also, being a term of art. Sometimes the order is reversed, and the first step is to approach the parent or guardian with a request for "permission to seek So-and-so's hand in marriage." The winning, in such a case, comes after the claiming. But, whatever the course of procedure, great and permanent happiness is the result of the union. It should in justice be added that all parties display an almost excessive delicacy in regard to money matters. They detest all paltriness, and plight their troth to one another readily enough when neither has a farthing in the world. It is the subsequent accession of either or both to a princely fortune which alone threatens to break off the engagement. Luckily, these nice scruples are overcome in the long run, and two meritorious and charming creatures are rendered happy.

*The Cheapening of Magazines..... Literature*

No one can affirm that to be "literary" is the chief object of the average magazine editor of the present day. The editor ceased to be literary by degrees, and now—always with some honorable exceptions—they have given themselves over to ideals with which literature (as distinguished from mere prose composition) has nothing whatever to do. What are these ideals? They vary, of course, according to the price of the magazines and the nature of the public to which they are addressed; but it is not very difficult to classify them. To begin with, there is the pursuit of the notable name. It has been said that a man has only to fall off a ladder and break his leg in order to be solicited to send short stories from his sick-bed to the yellow press; and this is not a phenomenon unfamiliar in other

countries. The name that is notable in letters may take its turn with the names that are notable in other departments of endeavor; but there are no indications that it is preferred to them. On the contrary, in the modern magazine of this class an essay by an essayist or a poem by a poet would always be held over to make room for the special pleadings of a faddist, or the commonplaces of a professional strong man, or any one else whose name is continually in the papers. That there is a certain interest in this sort of literary curiosity shop we are not prepared to deny. But it and the literary magazine, as the editors of the past understood it, are wide as the poles asunder. We merely note that the magazines—which the reader will easily identify—produced to meet that want have about as much to do with literature as governmental reports; and we pass on to consider the most glaring of all the instances of the decadence of magazines. This is furnished by those cheap illustrated periodicals which, since the price of paper has fallen, and photography has been improved and popularized, and the ignorant have learned to read, have figured in such huge piles upon the news-stands. In these—the most widely circulated of all the magazines—that old ideal of “the Repository for the Occasional Productions of Men of Genius” is thrown over deliberately and openly. The editors of some of them have, indeed, announced quite frankly (to interviewers) that they have no use for the services of men of genius; and it is certainly difficult to imagine the man of genius bringing himself to provide them with the sort of thing that they require. They want short stories, of course, but not the sort of short stories that make the reader think. Such stories are rejected on the ground that they are “too literary”; whereas short stories about detectives, bank robberies, matrimonial advertisements, breach of promise cases, are sure of “early and sympathetic” consideration. As for the miscellaneous articles which fill the bulk of the paper, their case is even sadder. Sometimes these contributions are merely fatuous—a set of photographs, for example, of a bullet in motion, or of a drop of falling water. More frequently they pander to a feeling of curiosity which is at once ridiculous and impertinent; and it is in this respect that the decline of magazines has been most rapid and most remarkable. It began with the “illustrated interview,” enabling any one to take a peep at “a corner of the drawing-room” of a bishop, a lady of fashion, or an actress. Nowadays, the illustrated interview has been left far behind. We have come to articles on notable noses, and on the visiting cards of celebrities; and, as we lately mentioned, pudding basins full of gelatinous matter are, at the present hour, going about England collecting casts of the soles of the feet of eminent literary men. And this for a publication ostensibly of the same kind as those which used to serve as repositories for the occasional productions of Thackeray, Carlyle and Robert Louis Stevenson.

*Literature as Medicine*.....London Speaker

For those who are too much exhausted, and at the same time too much excited, to sleep, there is nothing for it but taking a bold nip of undiluted brandy. Kipling's brand is the best for this purpose; a “Plain Tale from the Hills” will produce

wonderfully the desired effect; there is no tonic like it. Yet caution must be used in the size of the dose, and it must be indulged in only upon rare occasions. Then there are all those famous books that belong to the older school of letters—resembling in their strength and their pungency the older school of medicine. There are those surprising early playwrights, those stinging pamphleteers, and those crudely searching Gullivers and far-reaching Steeles; which, compared with the latter (but, of course, not with the latest) phase of English literature, hold much the same position to it that the earlier school of medicine does to the modern and the gentler form of the science; the earlier style, which, like Homocœa, went “straight to the spot.” Among the earlier writers, the lampoonists, the pamphleteers, the playwrights, the divines, were the veritable blisters and glisters, the brimstones and purges, even the “scarlet hangings,” of earlier times! Then there are also those dear old pastoral poets of the seventeenth century, who are so mild and so flowery; to read their poems is like taking large cups of herbaceous tea. William Browne (although it requires a bold spirit to mention that author now, since his name is not included in either of the two latest selections of *The Best English Poetry*), in his *Britannia* simply abounds in passages that read like medical prescriptions. While for those who may desire to have a short and strong draught, one that is unique and has a distinct flavor of its own, what can be better recommended than one of the works of Dr. Donne? Then, on the other hand, if a pleasant and gentle course of treatment is desired—where a prolonged course can be taken regularly, frequently, and for several consecutive months—to whom better can we apply than to the Gentle Shepherd himself? However, this game of poet-and-lozenge, pamphlet-and-mustard, sermon-and-brimstone, might be carried on ad infinitum. But enough has been already said, we feel sure, to suggest to all earnest seekers after health a way in which they may best cure themselves without more ado than by selecting that volume from their bookshelves which will be best suited to their state, whether it be fatigue of body or distraction of the mind.

*Will Poetry Disappear?*.....H. E. Warner.....Lippincott's

It would be rash to conclude that there is any essential mental or moral quality that distinguishes poetry from prose. Is there, then, a difference in the class of subjects? Clearly there is. While there are great numbers which have been common to both forms of composition, there are some which poetry has never approached; or, if it has, its effort has been met with the most dismal failure. Mathematics, the sciences, theology, biography, in fact the entire domain of exact thought and exact statement, is closed to poetry. On the other hand, there is no field of human thought or feeling from which prose is excluded. Its method is commonly the direct, and its aim is to transfer bodily, as it were, the thought of the writer to the reader. The method of poetry is indirect and its aim is through some subtle suggestion to set in motion certain trains of ideas or feelings in the mind of the reader. To awaken and make conscious the latent thought or emotion already there. Prose may usurp the method



and function of poetry, but the converse can never be true. Poetry cannot measure or weigh. It deals with the vague, the indefinite, the vast and the infinite. It starts inquiries and asks a multitude of questions, as a child does, but prose answers them. It is wayward, capricious, passionate and unreasonable. Its purpose may be called selfish. Beauty or pleasure it seeks, but never use. Deformity and pain it may employ, but only by way of contrast, and only so far as employed by painting and sculpture. Both in manner and aim it is the language of youth.

It is indeed true, however, that it started out as a useful art. At that time, if the science of algebra had existed, its propositions would doubtless have been committed to the keeping of the heavenly muse. But in this age of writing, when the need of memorizing is no longer imperative, prose, by reason of its flexibility, its freedom and its adaptation to exact statement, has taken possession of the entire field of useful knowledge and inquiry, and left poetry only the ornamental. Nor has it left that as an undisputed field, but it enters and works by the side of poetry, and even here seems to be crowding it off into one corner. Religion, philosophy, war, love, domestic relations and life, the arts of peace, and, finally, the dress, manners, small talk, the witticisms and persiflage of society, have formed the narrowing limit of poetry, and even in the last it maintains an unequal contest with prose.

Poetry has lost its place, not because the subjects themselves have become less interesting or worthy, but because of its incapacity to deal with the later phases of them. By its indirect and suggestive method and by its artificial restraint of rhythm and rhyme it is no longer able to compete where analysis, examination, research and exact expression are needed.

There was a time when every tree and rock, every mountain, river or spring, the sea, the wind, the cloud, every object indeed in nature, had a life and soul of its own. The mind of man was full of wonder and speculation. All was mysterious, vast and unknown. Little by little civilization has changed all this. It is not claimed that science has solved or ever will solve all mysteries, but it is affirmed that the tendency is to reduce all things to a system of fixed laws, capable of measurement, analysis and definite expression. The unknown is no longer awe-inspiring, but merely material not yet handled or examined. When it is examined piecemeal, the examination will be conducted with microscope, telescope, spectrum analysis and the subtle contrivances of the chemist. The old tales of giants, genii, witches, sorcerers, transformations, are now only a part of the literature of the nursery. It was not so long ago that the idea of a dish running away with a spoon would have been as natural and normal to the wisest of our race as it is now to the child, to whom all things are possible. The same axe has been laid to the root of every tree which has merely delighted us with its form and beauty and not ministered to us with its fruit. The mind and heart of man have been made the subjects of scientific study and reduced to their places in the iron-bound and law-governed system.

What has poetry left to it? Its music. It is im-

possible to say that it has any other quality or any field which prose does not also share. This music is not dependent on metre alone. That is considered the one thing indispensable in modern poetry at least, but rhyme has much the same effect as rhythm. It is a kind of rhythm indeed, the regular recurrence of certain vowel sounds. Alliteration, again, is a sort of rhythmic grouping of consonant sounds. With a careful and discriminate ear for melody and a tongue that lisps in numbers, the effect is most beautiful, but it is beautiful only as music is. The child finds his nonsense beautiful, as the college poet also finds his. Even with the best examples of the poetic art, if we look diligently for meanings, we are apt to be more or less disappointed.

But if we have at last succeeded in finding the one essential and distinctive element in poetry, as we understand poetry now, does this give us any assurance as to whether it is to continue? Is this one effect of poetry which cannot be imitated or accomplished by prose a sufficient cause for continuing poetical composition? We are not to assume that love of beauty will perish in the strong and ever-increasing competition of the practical arts. Beautiful sounds in the sweet-flowing, stream-like verse of the poet might still delight the ear of coming ages. But how is it with the poet himself? Some kind of metrical arrangement is of course not difficult. Perfection, however, is impossible to those who are not endowed by nature with the rhythmic sense; it is a matter of extreme difficulty, and calls for arrangement and rearrangement, very laborious, and requiring a vast waste of time and effort. Add to this necessity the additional impediment of rhyme and of the other rhythmic effects mentioned, the subtle suggestions in the sound of words which the poet must discriminate and employ, and we have placed in the path of the poet "Pelion on Ossa piled." Will it be found worth while to surmount these difficulties for the sake of an effect which is the aim of another kindred art in which it receives its full and complete expression? For the purpose of supplying words to music, it will survive, no doubt. It will also survive in the nursery, where the words do not need to have a meaning at all.

#### *Charlatanism of Newspaper Science.....The Dial*

In order to provide some sort of justification for the title given to these remarks, we must turn from anything like abstract considerations to something in the nature of concrete illustration. We all know that "newspaper science" is a term of reproach, and the reason is not far to seek. The same spirit of sensationalism that leads to the detailed chronicling of a prize fight or a criminal trial leads also to the exploitation of every sort of mental vagary that cloaks itself with the respectable name of science. Whether it be a belated alchemist who claims to have discovered the stone of the philosophers, or an exponent of the newest and most extravagant occultism, whether it be a palmist or a "mind-reader" or a "faith-healer," whether it be a Shacanian or a circle-squarer or a pyramid enthusiast or a direful prophet with a tale of the coming destruction of the world, there is no person so scientifically impossible that he cannot get into the news-



papers, and enlist their services in the propaganda of his pet eccentricity or insane delusion. He can get himself taken seriously, or at least semi-seriously, and that is what he wants. For all such persons notoriety is the very breath of life, and the newspapers provide it without scruple, because in so doing they can at the same time provide the weak-minded section of their readers with a new variety of mental dissipation. The most incredible inanities, the most preposterous notions, the most meaningless pseudo-science, are thus given a currency that is denied even to the genuine achievements of investigation.

This work is done, moreover, in so blundering and hap-hazard a way that the spirit of sensationalism is not enough completely to account for it. There is usually in addition some admixture of an ignorance so dense that one can only marvel at the number of essentially uneducated people who by some mysterious dispensation get their lucubrations into print. We recall a newspaper article published in Chicago some years ago which undertook to instruct a confiding public upon the subject of ozone. The account was a brief one, but it contrived to include statements to the effect that the true nature of ozone was not fully understood, that it got its name "from the peculiar odor, which resembles that produced when a succession of electric sparks are passed through the air," that Faraday considered it "identical with the medicinal quality in electricity," that the effect of inhaling it was very "exhilaratory," and that M. Jules Verne had once told an interesting "story of the wild doings in a village which became accidentally permeated" with ozone. This illustration is trivial enough, no doubt, but it is so extremely typical of the sort of "newspaper science" we are concerned with that it will serve as well as another. The wonder of it is, of course, that any person so absolutely ignorant of elementary chemistry should write, and that any newspaper should print, so astonishing a farrago of misinformation.

*The Novel With a Purpose.....Margaret Deland.....The Independent*

The object of the novel is entertainment; and that brings the propriety of the use of a purpose down to a very simple proposition: Shall we be entertained? In other words, shall the Art of Fiction use a Purpose, or shall a Purpose use the Art of Fiction? The trouble is, when Fiction uses a Purpose as a method of bringing out this or that in a novel, sometimes it runs away with you, and the first thing the poor, wretched author knows there is too much purpose and not enough novel!

Seriously, I can see no reason why any of the great problems of this great and mysterious life of ours shall not legitimately be considered in a novel, if—if such a consideration is always subservient to, and commanded by, art. Perhaps the most dangerous thing about the use of purpose in a novel is that it may make sad reading, even though it is entertaining. I do not mean sad in the sense of pathetic—nobody minds crying over Colonel Newcome when he says "Adsum" in the little cell in the Carthusians; but it is not that kind of sadness which the novel with a purpose is apt to induce—a sadness which has in it a certain fine exhilaration, and

a deep and sacred tenderness. No; the purpose, unrestrained by art, brings a sadness that means depression and dismay.

When a writer is very much in earnest, very profoundly moved by the injustice, the cruelty, the immorality which his novel is going to expose, it seems to me that he is in danger of forgetting that the object of the novel is entertainment, forgetting that art is the thing to be considered, not missionary work—and still less the horrors of moral pathology. He is apt to be hysterical, and to look so closely into his base or terrible subject that he fails to see the green world outside, the wide sunshine, the clean and wholesome human nature; in fact, he sees living, not life. The purpose novel is too apt to leave, not hope and buoyancy in the reader's mind, but a miserable feeling of helplessness to "do anything about it"; he is a sadder, but not a wiser, man.

It is not the subject, but the way the subject is treated, which settles the question of the worth of a novel; it must be treated with truth, but truth is not true unless it holds hope!

The reason that I make hope the flower, as it were, of truth, in classifying the novel of value, is that it seems to me that nobody has a right to make this beautiful, puzzling, sad world any more mournful than it is for anybody else. For my part, I find as I grow older, I want the novels I read to "end well!" A story of life, let us say, of Siberian convict life, might be told with truth so far as facts go, and with art in its telling, and yet leave the reader miserable and unhappy; but no one, I think, can read Victor Hugo's greatest book and not feel the truth of its overwhelming pathos; and yet, through that pathos, a quiet and cheerful hopefulness. It does not deny that there is such a thing as evil—but it insists that there is such a thing as goodness—the positive, not the negative, will save the soul! The picture of the good bishop strikes a fine, strong note that rings through the whole book; a note which says, "Yes, there is pain in the world, and suffering and meanness; there is cruelty, there is sin—but there is also courage and self-sacrifice and tenderness." Now I maintain that any work of art, any method of entertainment, which incidentally says this is to us bewildered, troubled, anxious creatures, has a profound value—and that is what the novel can do, and what we all know it has done! It is because it can do this that its value as a social agent becomes apparent; based first upon truth, it builds its beautiful and airy towers of hope—towers from which a steady light may shine down upon our troubled living; but it needs one more grace and gift to finish its perfect dome of promise, it needs love.

Of course, you know that when I say love I do not mean the sentiments with which Angelica regards her Edwin—I think we all agreed that that was well enough in its way, but that there was something else in this splendid, squalid, troubled, lovable world than love-making. No; I mean that the ideal novel may awaken love in the sense of the enthusiasm for humanity! This passion of the human soul is called by different names; some say philanthropy; some political economy; some charity; but I think it is something deeper.

## BARNEY RODDY'S PENANCE\*

BY SEUMAS McMANUS.

"Tell me all about it, Barney."

"Give us a shough of that pipe. Thanky. Keep yer eye about ye for fear ye'd find Micky Roarty comin', an' give me warnin'; for he's a dhirty bear, an' thinks if he gives a man a shillin' a day with praties an' point, he thinks you should make a black neygar of yerself an' work the very sowl out through yer body for him; if he sees ye liftin' yer head to say 'God save ye' to a naybour passin' the way, ye'd think he'd jump down yer throat." Here Barney seated himself comfortably on a head of cabbage, and puffing the pipe like a steam engine, he commenced.

"Well, to yock at the beginnin', ye see it was the time I lived in Tyrone, afore I come into this counthry, a party of us, naybours, was comin' back from the fair of Dhrimore, an' be the same token, there wasn't a man in the party that wasn't rather gay; an' when we come as far as Nancy Hannigan's my throat was as dhry as a lime-burner's hat, an' I said we wouldn't pass it till we'd know what sort of stuff Nancy had in the wee keg. No sooner said nor done. We knocked up Nancy in a gintale way be puttin' in the door with a rock, an' afther Nancy thrated us for our kind attentions, we got into a wee bit of verrins (variance) as regards which of us was the best man. There was a weeny bit of a tailyer, the size of two good thurf an' a clod, an' he got up on the table, whin the argymint was at its highest, an' he commenced abusin' ivery man of the party with langidge a dog wouldn't take off his hands, an' he said if he had only his own lapboord he'd clear the house of ivery mother's sowl of us, while he'd be sayin' Jack Robinson. Troth, the impidence of the wee rascal put us to a stan' for a minute, an' when I got me breath agane, I took the wee brat by the scrof of the neck an' threw him out of the door, an' as he was flyin' out I give him just a nate little nap with me stick that happened to crack his skull. But we did what we could for him—ordered a nice coffin, an' expended tuppence-ha'penny to have it painted black; give him a rousin' wake; an' then the funeral was somethin' to open yer eyes! We got six other tailyers to carry him on lapboords, an' berred him with a goose at his head. It was more than the wee devil deserved; but seein' that he met with the wee mistake in our company, we thought we would do things square by him, an' we knew the display would be a consolation to his widda. Well, of coorse, I thought it was all over an' past; but what would ye have iv it, but Father Luke kicked up such a shindy over the affair, that he'd almost laive ye on dher the impression there was nivir a man's skull cracked in the North of Irelan' for a hundred years afore. An' it would be enough, too, if it was a man's skull that was cracked, and not sich a dawny wee sickly 'droich' of a thing. Howan'ivir, the upshot of the whole thing was that Father Luke ordered me to Lough Dharrig (Derg) to do penance.

"Well, when the time come round, I spit\*on me stick, an' made for the Lough. An' maybe I hadn't a high ould time of it there. Pinance! Throgs ye'd niver know what pinance is till ye'd go to Lough Dharrig. The Lord forgive me, it's often when I should be sayin' a mouthful of prayers for the sowl of the wee tailyer, it's often I'm afear'd it was inventin' new curses for him I was. Sweet good luck to him if I didn't suffer in Lough Dharrig that tarm for him! Thundher and thumps! I had a corn on my feet fornenst ivery day of the week, an' it's as careful I was about them corns, as I would be about my own mother; but the usage they met in Lough Dharrig, throttin' thim Stations on me bare feet, was enough to dhraw tears from a stone. Ye'd think ivery pebble on the path was spayshally sharpened agane my arrival, an' whin wan of me corns would come down atop of a pebble that had a corner on it as sharp as a fish-hook, I would give a yell an' jump the height of meself, jist landin' down with another corn atop of the next stone! Between the yellin' and the skippin' I'm thinkin' that ye might put my prayers in yer weskit pocket without much throuble to ye. There was one ould "voteen," an' he had a skin to the sole of his own foot that was as tough as a donkey's hoof, an' when I jumped, an' yelled, an' come down maybe atop of some of me naybours, he would say—the infarnal scoundhril!—that I was a disgrace to the place, an' that I should be put out. Then, the night I had to sit up in the chapel—och! that was the tarror intirely! Whin I was bobbin' over me head, an' foun' I couldn't hou' out any longer, I said to meself I would jist close me eye for three winks; but the words were scarcely out of me mouth when, by Jimminy! the same ould "voteen" gives me a rap over the skull with a crosshin of a stick that I thought he lifted the top of the head clane off me. I thurned on him an' I gave him a look that would split a stone wall. 'It's for the good of yer sowl,' siz he. 'Throth,' siz I, 'it may be for the good of me sowl, but it's not for the good of me crown. An', me good man,' siz I, 'if it was any other place but the groun' ye're in, maybe ye wouldn't be so handy with yer stick. For three fardins,' siz I, 'I would take it from ye an' give ye the father an' mother of a good soun' blaichin',' siz I, 'ye snivelin', ugly-lookin' scare-crow ye!' But all the norrations I could praich to him wasn't a bit of use; he'd just turn up his eyes lake a duck in thunder, an' no surer would I thry to close an eye agane but he lit on me with his crosshin; an' he stuck to me all night, an' no matther what part of the chapel I moved to, to get out of his way, he was at me shouldher agane in a jiffey, with the whites of his eyes thurned on me, an' he waggin' the crosshin at me iviry time he caught me eye. Be me socks, my sowl seemed to be of far more consarn to him than his own. Well, in the mornin', glory be to Providence, I had 'nallions' on me head the size of yer two fists, an' I swore that if ivir I'd meet the natarnal vagabond outside of the island, I would give the poorhouse carpenter a job on his coffin.

\*From "Through the Turf Smoke," by Seumas McManus. The Lore, Love and Laughter of Old Ireland. Doubleday & McClure Company.



The sarra saize me, but I had murdher in me heart! an' little wondher—for me head wasn't sound for three-quarters of a year after.

"Howan'ivir, I soon got into betther humor, an' forgot all about me head, bekase I got an introduction to Nelly Moriarty, a widdy woman, with a snug sittin' down not far from me own townlan' at home. Nelly, as I thought—poor, deludhered fool that I was!—Nelly was purty good to look at. She had cheeks as red as fresh-painted cart-wheels, an' ivery other accomplishment accordin' to that. But there's no denyin' it, the three cows' grass that I knew her to have made her look a long sight purtier in my eyes, an' the short an' the long of it was, that afore I left the island I put me 'comether' on Nelly, an' after blarneyin' her up, I puts the word to her, an' faix we settled it all up square.

"Holy St. Pathrick! but I was the oncommon great ass! I thought we'd be as happy as the days were long; an' I said to meself, 'Barney, me boy,' siz I, 'yer jist settled for life; and it's niver a hand's thurn ye'll have to work more, but jist put yer two hands in yer pockets and go about like a gintleman. Nelly, be coorse,' siz I, 'with her three cows' grass 'ill support ye lake a Prence o' Wales, an' the longest day in summer ye can throw yerself on the back of the hill—on the three cows' grass—an' lie there in the sun, whistlin' jigs agane the larks, an' snappin' yer fingers at the worl' an' the devil.' But och! it's little I knew what was in store for me. An' Nelly Moriarty, it's mistaken I was in you intirely! An' I soon foun' that out when I married into the family. When she fetched me home after the weddin', the sarra saize me if I could a'most make my way in of the door, for it was crammed from the hearth to the threshel (threshold) with sisthers, an' aunts, an' mothers, an' gran'mothers, an' the devil himself only knows how many other faymale relations, all subsistin' on the three cows' grass! 'Be the hokey,' thinks I to meself, when I see the congregation—'be the hokey, I'll soon make a scatterment on the nest.' But it was all the other way round. For the first week I couldn't complain much, barrin' that I had too many masters; but I didn't grumble much at that yet, for I flattered meself that I would thurn the tables, as soon as I'd get me footin' made, an' I'd make them go packin' in detachmints. In another week, I said to meself, if they didn't stop their jaw, I would show them the hole the mason made—which is the door. But 'movrone,' what would ye have of it but poor Barney's plans went 'ashaughrin.' Ye see, just to oblige the wife, I used to get up first in the mornin' an' put on the fire for them, an' make the wee drap of tay; an' throth if there had been a bit of rat-poison any way handy I would have sweetened a good many of the bowls with it. But in the coorse of a week, I thought I would commence to show I was masther of the house an' the three cows' grass. So, next mornin', when Nelly hilloes in my ear:

"'Barney!' siz she.

"'What?' siz I.

"'Are ye awake?' siz she.

"'I'm not,' siz I.

"'Ye're a liar,' siz she.

"'I'm as soun' asleep as a bullfrog,' siz I.

"'Come,' siz she, 'none of yer "nadiums," but get up and put on the fire.'

"'I think I hear you, ma'am,' siz I.

"'What?' siz she, 'ye lazy, good-for-nothin' scrub ye, do ye mane to say ye're not goin' to do as ye're bid?'

"'Throgs,' siz I, 'there'll be two moons in the sky, an' one in the du'ghill, when ye get me to put on a fire for ye.'

"Faix, the word wasn't fairly out of me mouth when, without sayin' 'dhirum' or 'dharum,' she ups with her fist an' the next minnit there was more stars dancin' afore me eyes than ivir I seen on a frosty night—she left me as purty a black eye as ye'd maybe ax to look at. Well, I didn't argy the question with Nelly, but got up an' put on the fire.

"Nixt mornin' the praties was to be dug for the brakwus.

"'Barney,' siz she, 'throw the spade over your shouldher, an' go out an' dig a basket of tatties.'

"'Why,' siz I, that way—for I was just what ye'd know afeared—'why,' siz I, 'whin me mother was alive long ago' (rest her sowl!), siz I, 'she used to go out an' dig the brakwus for me herself. Seein' that I was always a delicate sort of boy, she allowed the mornin' air didn't agree with me goin' out on the bare stomach.'

"'An' she sayed that?' siz Nelly, raichin' her han' for the beetle. 'Ye're a delicate boy' throth—except at male times—and we must harden ye a bit,' an' with that she let fly the beetle at me head, as I was makin' for the door; an'—do ye see that mark?' said Barney, exhibiting to me the track of a wound over one eye, which, to my own knowledge, he got in a drunken squabble only a fortnight before.

"'Yes,' said I, 'I see that. But I was of opinion it was Harry Hudy gave you that the night you had the little scrimmage below at Inver.'

"'Oh, were ye of that opinion, faix?' returned Barney, slightly nonplussed. 'There's many an opinion you have—it's a pity they're not worth much. Harry Hudy did give me a blow there, but then it was the ould wound he opened.'

"'Oh, that explains it,' said I.

"Well, Nelly hadn't to ax me the second time to dig the tatties. I went out an' done it as soon as I got meself gathered up again, an' I went afterward to Dr. McClintock an' got thirteen stitches in the split she made in me head. Throth, the doctor could tell ye, ye could ram yer two fists into the hole was in it! Howan'ivir, I seen there was two sides to the quistion, an' that Nelly was detarmined to be master in her own house.

"The very nixt day there was to be a 'caman' match between two townlan's, an' I was axed to be one of the players. I tould Nelly so the night afore. She tould her aunts an' the rest of the congregation that they would all go early to see the match. 'But plaise Providence,' siz she to me, 'it's no place for the lake of you, that should be doin' for yer sowl, instead of makin' a tomfool of yerself with a crooked kippeen; an' ye'll lie in yer bed all day the morra!' I was wise enough to keep me tongue in me jay, an' say nothing; but in the mornin' sure enough, she packed one of her gran'-aunts away with me breeches, to hide them in a naybour's, and



tould me lie in bed all day and say me baid. Hirsilf an' the thrife of divils she had about her, thricked themselves out with ribbands, an' they stharked away for the day's sport, for all the world lake a dhraper's shop goin' out for an airin'. I lay up in bed with no better amusement than countin' the raffthers above me; an' when I'd have them all counted, I'd sthark them agane in the new, jist to keep me mind occupied; but I'm blissed if I didn't soon get tired of the same amusement, an' I sayed to meself that it was scarcely as good as 'caman' playin'; an' I begun to get a trifle restless an' to yawn lake as if I wanted to swaly the bedposts; an' I sayed, come what might, come what may, I would get up an' make meself a dhrup of tay. So I jumped out of bed, an' for want of better I hauled myself into a red flannel petticoat of Nelly's—och! the sorra take me if I'm tellin' ye a word of a lie— an' but that was the dear petticoat to me. I dhrew on me coat an' waistcoat, an' puttin' on me brogues an' socks, I thought to meself that I could manage to 'cuffufle' about through the house rightly for half an hour, in case no one come in. But the red petticoat didn't more nor reach me knees, an' I laughed hearty at meself, the purty figure I cut, but at the same time I was thrimblin' for 'fraid any of the good boys would catch me in the John Heelan'-man kilts; so I detarmined to make for the room if I foun' any one comin'. An', be the holy poker, it's not long I had to wait till I heard the thramp marchin' up to the dure. In the hoppin' of a sparrow I was in the room, with the dure closed.

"Barney Roddy? Where are ye, Barney?" was shouted from the kitchen next minnit, an' the heart jumped into me mouth, for I foun' that it was a party of the 'caman' players who come to see what was keepin' me. I nivir let on I heard them.

"It's in his bed asleep, the lazy blaguard must be yet, when he should be in his place in the fiel'. Come, to see if we could waken him up,' says one of them. Och! sweet seventy-nine! Here was I in a purty pickle intirely! 'My blessin' on you, Nelly Moriarty, an' if the devil had his own,' siz I to meself, 'it's not showing off yer foldherols an' fineries ye'd be in a "caman" fiel' the day.'

"Barney Roddy! agane one of them shouts, givin' the room dure a rattle that I thought I'd have it in a-top of me—"Barney Roddy, are ye there?" or what's wrong with ye at all, at all, that ye're not out with yer "caman" an hour ago?"

"I hauls a blanket off the bed, an' rowlin' it about me for feard of the worst, I plants me back to the room dure, an' thinkin' to frighten them away, I shouts back:

"Och! there's nothing much wrang with me, barrin' that I'm in bed with a touch of a bed fever I have cotched.'

"Come, now,' siz they, 'none of your skeewaggin', but open the dure an' get out here to the "caman," before we burst the ould consarn in on ye.'

"Ah, the sweat begun to come down me face in dhrops the size of a pigeon's egg.

"Can't yez go away like Christians,' siz I, 'an' let a poor man die in paice.'

"But it was no airthly use. They were detarmined to have me, an' have me they would. So

then ivery man put their shouldhers to the dure, an' the next minnit they were in a-top of me. An' there I stood thrimblin' in the middle of the flure, pullin' the blanket closer about me. But as me ill fortune would have it, doesn't one of the lads—there was a whole half-a-dozen of them in it—doesn't one of them eye my brogues pepin' out from undher the blanket!

"Ah,' siz he, 'here's a go! Does Barney Roddy go to bed in his brogues! Ha, ha! he was thryin' to play us a thrick; but we know one worth two of that.'

"Ay,' an' siz another blaguard, 'does he usually go to bed with his waistcoat an' coat-hamore on him?' pullin' open the blanket at the breast.

"It must be a new midicine for fever patients,' siz another.

"No; but Barney wants to die an' be berrid in his brogues, sooner nor let any other lucky dog step into his shoes, an' get the widow,' siz another.

"Ay, an' her twinty-nine aunts,' siz another.

"Then they got a houl of the blanket to pull it off me, but I held on to it like grim death.

"Niver mind,' siz the ringleader of the gang, Archy Magee, 'when he's so fond of the blanket we'll laive it with him. Up with him on yer shouldhers, boys, just as he is, an' give him the frog's march to the "caman" fiel'; then let him pride out of the good color of his blankets there, if he likes—he'll have a repreciative audience.'

"An' before they give me time to open me mouth they had me on their shouldhers, wrapped up like a corp in the blanket, an' away to the 'caman' fiel' hot foot. They joulted the sowl out of me so, that purshuant to the one of me could get a word out of me mouth till we got to the fiel', with them hilloain' an' the crowd cheerin', an' all the worl' in commotion to see what they had rowled up in the blanket. Down they planked me with a hearty cheer in the middle of all the spectathors; an' when they pulled the blanket off me by main force, och! holy Moses! but that was the consternation! It would be hard to tell whether it was them or me or the crowd was the most thunderstruck, to see Barney Roddy come out to play 'caman' in a red flannen petticoat that come down to his knees!

"I took to me scrapers, an' the crowd just only then got their tongues loosed, an' they sent up a roar that would make the dead play hop-sotch in their coffins, an' they stharked ather poor Barney, hilloain' an' shoutin' an' laughin'; but, be me boots, I soon distanced them, an' when I got out of their sight I made for the nearest house, scarin' all the childer was in it clane out of the townlan'. I helped meself to the long loan of the best pair of throwers I could 'screenge' up in the house; an' shakin' the dust of that counthry off me feet, I thurned an' bequaited my left-handed blessin' to Nelly Moriarty an' her breed, seed and jinnyraton, and left foriver a counthry where I could niver more hould up me head to look a man straight in the face.

"An' be all that's good there comes that misardly scandaverous villain, Mickey Roarty, an' the neygar 'Il be ather makin' me hop for losin' me day sittin' here spinnin' lies—I mane to say, tellin' his thory passages of me life to you."

## AMERICAN POETS OF TO-DAY: MISS EDITH M. THOMAS

BY F. M. HOPKINS.

Miss Edith M. Thomas was born in Chatham, Ohio, in 1854, and was educated at the Normal Institute, Geneva, in the same State. She began writing quite young, publishing her collection of verse, *A New Year's Masque*, in 1885. This volume was followed by *The Round Year* (a prose essay on the various aspects of the seasons) in 1886; *Lyrics and Sonnets*, 1889; *Fair Shadow Land*, 1893; *The Inverted Torch*, 1890; *In the Young World*, and *A Winter Swallow*, in 1896.

Miss Thomas has long been regarded as one of the foremost of our living American poets. Her verse is particularly distinguished for its sustained literary quality, although not lacking in spontaneity it always shows the conscientious workmanship of the true artist. She makes frequent use of the sonnet and lyric forms, and always with rare skill.

As one critic remarks: "The sense of her verse is never sacrificed to its music, and in her preservation of the fine balance between the two elements she gives clearest evidence of the genuineness of her poetical gifts."

Of the selections which follow this note *Syrinx* and *The Grasshopper* are from *A New Year's Masque*; *The Bluebird*, from *Lyrics and Sonnets*; *Solstice*, *Silver and Gold*, and *Broadway* from *Fair Shadow Land*. The foregoing volumes are published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston. *Open Window* and *Sunset* are from *A Winter Swallow*, published by Charles Scribner's Sons, of New York. All of these selections are made with the consent of the poet and her publishers.

## SYRINX.

Come forth, too timid spirit of the reed!  
Leave thy plashed coverts and elusions shy,  
And find delight at large in grove and mead.  
No ambushed harm, no wanton's peering eye,  
The shepherd's uncouth god thou needst not fear—  
Pan has not passed this way for many a year.

'Tis but the vagrant wind that makes thee start,  
The pleasure-loving south, the freshening west;  
The willow's woven veil they softly part,  
To fan the lily on the stream's warm breast:  
No ruder stir, no footstep pressing near—  
Pan has not passed this way for many a year.

Whether he lies in some mossed wood, asleep,  
And heeds not how the acorns drop around,  
Or in some shelly cavern near the deep,  
Lulled by its pulses of eternal sound,  
He wakes not, answers not, our sylvan cheer—  
Pan has been gone this many a silent year.

Else we had seen him, through the mists of morn,  
To upland pasture lead his bleating charge;  
There is no shag upon the stunted thorn,  
No hoof-print on the river's silver marge;  
Nor broken branch of pine, nor ivied spear—  
Pan has not passed that way for many a year.

O tremulous elf, reach me a hollow pipe,  
The best and smoothest of thy mellow store.

Now I may blow till Time be hoary ripe,  
And listening streams forsake the paths they wore;  
Pan loved the sound, but now will never hear—  
Pan has not trimmed a reed this many a year.

And so, come freely forth, and through the sedge  
Lift up a dimpled, warm, Arcadian face,  
As on that day when fear thy feet did fledge,  
And thou didst safely win the breathless race.  
I am deceived: nor Pan nor thou art here—  
Pan has been gone this many a silent year.

## THE BLUEBIRD.

Some time in Heaven sojourned this bird,  
And there the chant of the seraphs heard;  
One note of the theme it repeateth still—  
"Cherish, cherish, oh! cherish"—till  
Quivers the song-swept blue above;  
And earth, lying dreamily under,  
Thrills with delight and wonder—  
"Cherish Love."

Therefore the bloom to the apple-bough,  
The flower to the wood-knoll, springeth now  
And leaf-mist gathers in copse and glen.  
"Cherish, cherish, oh! cherish," again  
The flute-voice calls from the blue above.  
How shall I dare gainsay it?  
What should I do but obey it?  
"Cherish Love."

Not now can the seed be pent underground,  
The bud in its winter sheath be bound.  
Nor the spirit in me be chained and dark.  
"Cherish, cherish, oh! cherish"—hark  
To the seraph-taught in the blue above!  
But if the song should not reach thee,  
Who shall it be that will teach thee  
"Cherish Love."

## BROADWAY.

## I.

Between these frowning granite steeps  
The human river onward sweeps;  
And here it moves with torrent force,  
And there it slacks its heavy course;  
But what controls its variant flow  
A keener wit than mine must show,  
Who cast myself upon the tide,  
And merging with its current glide,—  
A drop, an atom, of the whole  
Of its great bulk and wandering soul.

O curbless river, savage stream,  
Thou art my wilderness extreme,  
Where I may move as free, as lone,  
As in the waste with wood o'ergrown,  
And broodings of as brave a strain  
May here unchallenged entertain,  
Whether meridian light display  
The swift routine of current day,  
Or jet electric, diamond-clear,  
Convoke a world of glamour here.

Yet when of solitude I tire,  
Speak comradeship to my desire,  
O most companionable tide,  
Where all to all are firm allied,  
And each hath countenance from the rest,  
Although the tie be unconfessed.

## II.

I muse upon this river's brink;  
I listen long; I strive to think  
What cry goes forth, of many blent,  
And by that cry what thing is meant—  
What simple legend of old fate  
Man's voice, here inarticulate,  
From out this dim and strange uproar  
Still heaves upon the skyey shore!

Amid this swift, phantasmal stream  
Sometimes I move as in a dream;  
Then wondrous quiet, for a space,  
The clanging tumult will displace;  
And toil's hard gride and pleasure's hum  
No longer to my ear may come:  
A pantomimic, haunted throng  
Fareth in silence deep and strong,  
And seems in summoned haste to urge.  
Half prescient, towards a destined verge.

The river flows—unwasting flows;  
Nor less nor more its volume grows,  
From source to sea still onward rolled,  
As days are shed and years are told;  
And yet, so mutable its wave,  
That no man twice therein may lave,  
But, ere he can return again,  
Himself shall subtle change sustain;  
Since more and more each life must be  
Tide-troubled by the drawing sea.

## SILVER AND GOLD.

Farewell, my little sweetheart,  
Now fare you well and free;  
I claim from you no promise,  
You claim no vows from me.  
The reason why?—the reason  
Right well we can uphold—  
I have too much of silver,  
And you've too much of gold!

A puzzle, this, to worldlings,  
Whose love to lucre flies,  
Who think that gold to silver  
Should count as mutual prize!  
But I'm not avaricious,  
And you're not sordid-souled;  
I have too much of silver,  
And you've too much of gold.

Upon our heads the reason  
Too plainly can be seen:  
I am the winter's bond-slave,  
You are the summer's queen;  
Too few the years you number,  
Too many I have told;  
I have too much of silver,  
And you've too much of gold.

You have the rose for token,  
I have dry leaf and rime;  
I have the sobbing vesper,  
You, morning bells at chime.  
I would that I were younger,  
(Yet you grew never old)—  
Would I had less of silver,  
But you've no less of gold!

## THE GRASSHOPPER.

Shuttle of the sunburnt grass,  
Fifer in the dun cuirass,  
Fifing shrilly in the morn,  
Shrilly still at eve unworn;

Now to rear, now in the van,  
Gayest of the elfin clan:  
Though I watch their rustling flight,  
I can never guess aright  
Where their lodging-places are:  
'Mid some daisy's golden star,  
Or beneath a roofing leaf,  
Or in fringes of a sheaf,  
Tenanted as soon as bound!  
Loud thy reveille doth sound.  
When the earth is laid asleep,  
And her dreams are passing deep,  
On mid-August afternoons:  
And through all the harvest moons,  
Nights brimmed up with honeyed peace—  
Thy gainsaying doth not cease.  
When the frost comes thou art dead:  
We along the stubble tread,  
On blue, frozen morns, and note  
No least murmur is afloat;  
Wondrous still our fields are then,  
Fifer of the elfin men.

## SUNSET.

What pageants have I seen, what plenitude  
Of pomp, what hosts in Tyrian rich array,  
Crowding the mystic outgate of the day;  
What silent hosts, pursuing or pursued,  
And all their track with wealthy wreckage strewn.  
What seas that roll in waves of gold and gray,  
What flowers, what flame, what gems in blent display—  
What wide-spread pinions of the phoenix brood?

Give me a window opening on the west  
And the full splendor of the setting sun.  
There let me stand and gaze, and think no more  
If I be poor, or old, or all unblest;  
And when my sands of life are quite outrun,  
May my soul follow thro' the day's wide door!

## OPEN WINDOWS.

Thank God, the cold is gone, the summer here!  
My spirit, long shut in, once more is free,  
And feels its kindred in yon bounteous tree,  
Where all day long birds sing their loves' sweet cheer.  
No longer, with bare thorns and few leaves sere,  
Taps on the pane, in dreary monody,  
The eglantine; but now she lures the bee,  
Her face bedewed with many a morning tear.

No longer toil the streams in crystal bounds;  
Nor veil of snow dims now the plains or heights;  
Nor mask of glass between us and the sky:  
Through open windows float all gladdening sounds,  
Through open windows come all cheerful sights—  
My soul through open windows breathes a grateful sigh!

## SOLSTICE.

In the month of June, when the world is green,  
When the dew beads thick on the clover spray,  
And the noons are rife with the scent of hay,  
And the brook hides under a willow screen;  
When the rose is queen, in Love's demesne,  
Then, the time is too sweet and too light to stay;  
Whatever the sun and the dial say,  
This is the shortest day.

In the month of December, when, naked and keen,  
The treetops thrust at the snow-cloud gray,  
And frozen tears fill the lids of day;  
When only the thorn of the rose is seen.  
Then, in heavy teen, each breath between,  
We sigh, "Would the winter were well away!"  
Whatever the sun and the dial say,  
This is the longest day.



## GENERAL GOSSIP OF AUTHORS AND WRITERS

*Ruth McEnergy Stuart*

A writer in a recent number of the New York Times speaks as follows about the life and surroundings of Ruth McEnergy Stuart:

It is often said that Southern writers lose the "atmosphere" of their stories when they come North. The fear of such a calamity, it is said, keeps Joel Chandler Harris in the South, where he can breathe every day the air by which Uncle Remus lives. But Mrs. Stuart has kept her "atmosphere," because she brought it with her and has caged it permanently in her Northern home. It is all but impossible to realize, when one is seated in the drawing-room, that she lives high up in an apartment house in the heart of New York. This large, square room, filled with beautiful old mahogany furniture and polished brasses, that look as if they had been there for a century, must surely be in some old Southern city—Richmond or Charleston, perhaps, or New Orleans. You feel certain that if you went to the window you would look through bowed green Venetian blinds out on a luxuriant garden filled with roses and japonicas, oleanders and hibiscus, and warm, delicious sunshine.

The illusion is not dispelled, but confirmed, when the mistress of this fascinating room comes in, she seems so much a part of it all, with all of its old-time elegance, grace, dignity and charm. She is truly Southern in appearance, with abundant, wavy dark hair and dark eyes. Her gentle, hospitable ways are also "to the manner born."

She does not know why, but most people think she is from Virginia. Reading her work, one would soon find out she is from New Orleans, perhaps the most characteristic of Southern cities, and which is the scene of many of her stories. The furniture of the whole apartment, except that of the library, was brought from her old home in Louisiana, and, as one would have fancied, had been handed down from one generation to another for very many years. In her bedroom is a tremendous four-poster, exquisitely carved, and a great wardrobe that she probably called an "armoire" in New Orleans, its carved pillars supporting the massive top. In the drawing-room are several old pier and card tables, a very handsome old secretary, and a high-backed, curved-arm sofa that would have graced even Mme. Récamier if she had reclined upon it. Everywhere, on the walls and tables and mantels, are photographs and engravings, and pictures of all kinds. One or two of these are the original drawings for some of the illustrations for her stories. But Mrs. Stuart's hobby is her brasses. She has quite a fine, though small, collection of curious hammered-copper vases, urns and ewers, and old brass scuttles and candlesticks, which are all rare and perfect specimens of this art.

Opening off this room is the little study, or library, where she does all of her writing. This room is as modern as the others are old-fashioned. The simple oak bookcases, the revolving desk-chair, and especially the very modern and utilitarian big roll-top desk and typewriter, bring one back to the fact that Mrs. Stuart is something else than a Southern woman. She is a writer whose

short stories of Southern life are every day more enjoyed and appreciated throughout the English-speaking world. Her negroes have always the genuine negro humor, which is generally unconscious, while her "po' white trash" are equally amusing and pathetic in their plentiful lack of humor. Her characters are real, and she touches the hearts of her readers because she writes from her own heart. She says she loves these poor people, and she has never cared to write of the higher classes, because these simple folk appeal to her more, with their kind and artless good-nature.

*William Canton*

The Boston Literary World gives the following account of William Canton, the author of *W. V. Her Book* and *W. V.'s Golden Legend*:

Among his other publications are *The Shining Waif* and *Other Stories*, *A Lost Epic* and *Other Poems*, issued in 1887; a three-volume novel and several novelettes, which have appeared in periodicals, and a poem, *Through the Ages*, written for the *New Quarterly Magazine*, which attracted, it is said, great attention, especially from Professor Huxley, who called it the first attempt to use as a subject of poetry the raw material of science. It is also said that Matthew Arnold, Professor Max Müller, Mr. Quiller Couch and R. H. Hutton are to be counted among the ardent admirers of Mr. Canton's work. Like many another of our present-day writers, Mr. Canton began and has continued his literary work as a journalist, but the circumstances of his birth and parentage and early training seem to us in large measure responsible for the peculiarly lovely qualities of thought and expression that make his work more than the pleasant writing of a successful journalist. He was born in the island of Chusan, off the coast of China, in 1845, the son of an Irish father and a Northumbrian mother, and the picturesque influence of life in a foreign land was continued when later, while he was still a child, the family removed to Jamaica. Although he did not follow out the profession originally intended for him, and is not now a member of the Roman Catholic Church, he was educated for the Roman Catholic priesthood at the college of Douay in France, and *W. V.'s Golden Legend* suggests a pleasant memorial to his early teaching in the history of the Church, and the lives and legends of her saints. For a time, after leaving the seminary, he made teaching his profession, but after one or two minor engagements with newspapers, he began regular journalistic work in 1876, as an editor of the *Glasgow Weekly Herald*. Today he is manager to the London firm of Messrs. Isbister & Co., and besides supervising the books of the firm, he is responsible for the editorship of the *Sunday Magazine*, and takes an important part in directing *Good Words* and the *Contemporary Review*; that in spite of his busy life he can write books that bear no trace of haste, excitement or want of care, shows that Mr. Canton's abilities are unusual. We wish that we could reproduce here the face that looks out, as we write, from Mr. Canton's photograph, a face that explains at once why

Mr. Canton loves children and their doings with an understanding love, and why his books have their peculiar charm. Strength, knowledge, sweetness, sympathy, content, kindly humor, are all there to make up a loveliness that warms the heart in return; but if we cannot picture these qualities here in his likeness, we can at least quote from a letter to us a passage which seems to breathe the writer's personality:

He (Mr. Adams) will tell you that W. V. (Winifred Vida) is a very real person. At least the phenomenon of her has persisted now for eight and a half years, and I don't think that the most inveterate philosopher would contest her probable permanence and actuality. If he had to pay for her boots, at any rate, the last doubt as to her reality would be promptly dissipated. The Boy, too, is as uproariously objective as a person of two years can be. He is very sympathetic and affectionate, and if he does not distinguish himself as a postman or message boy when he grows up, he will probably command the British fleet, whence you will gather that he is versatile, active and imperious—with large possibilities in front of him.

*Duncan Campbell Scott*

C. M. B., writing to *Current Literature* concerning the young Canadian poet, from whose latest book, *Labor and the Angel*, we quoted last month, says:

Mr. Duncan Campbell Scott, the subject of this short sketch, was born in Ottawa, Ontario, on August 2, 1862. His father was a well-known clergyman, and his childhood and youth were spent in various towns in the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec, where his father held charges. His education was received in the public and high schools of Ontario. In 1879 Mr. Scott entered the civil service of the Dominion as a junior clerk in the Department of Indian Affairs, and rose rapidly, until in 1892 he was made chief clerk of the Department, being the youngest man in the service to hold such a position. In 1894 he married Miss Belle Botsford, of Boston, the well-known violinist, who has charmed many an American audience by her wonderful playing. A daughter was born in the next year, and to her Mr. Scott has dedicated his collection of French Canadian stories.

Mr. Scott's first published work appeared in 1887, since which time he has constantly given both prose and poetry to the public. His first book of poems, *The Magic House*, issued by Methuen & Co., London, and Copeland & Day, Boston, met with a most appreciative reception in England, the United States and Canada. This was followed by a book of prose, *In the Village of Viger* (Copeland & Day, 1896), a charming collection of short stories of French Canadian life, portrayed with the imaginative delicacy which is characteristic of Mr. Scott's work. His last published book is a collection of poems entitled *Labor and the Angel* (Copeland & Day, 1898). This volume contains most of Mr. Scott's mature work, and the book has been very warmly received. At present Mr. Scott is engaged in editing a complete edition of the poems of the late Archibald Lampman, his life-long friend and colleague. Surely no one could be better fitted for such a task. Personally Mr. Scott is first and always a charming companion. Thoughtful and reserved by nature he possesses a subtle humor and a keen appreciation of the best in others. He

is a musician of rare talent, being without doubt one of the best amateur pianists in Canada. He is an adept in the summer and winter sports of his native land, and a past-master in woodcraft and ornithology, but withal so modest that few beyond his intimates realize the many accomplishments possessed by the young poet.

*Two Daughters of Virginia*

Of the literary success of two young Virginians, one of whom, Miss Ellen Glasgow, *Short Stories Magazine* had the pleasure of first introducing to the public, the *Brooklyn Eagle* prints the following:

Recently two daughters of the old State have given evidences of the possession of literary ability of a high order—Ellen Glasgow and Mary Johnson; the first, the author of *The Descendant* and *Phases of an Inferior Planet*, and the second, the author of *Prisoners of Hope*, a story of colonial Virginia in the seventeenth century, which is one of the most original and best written historical romances that has been published in a long time. Miss Glasgow's home is in Richmond, but Miss Johnson, while a native of the State, descendant of an old Virginia family and long time resident there, just now is domiciled in Birmingham, Ala. The fields of fiction which these two young women have entered are as widely separated in spirit as they personally are in locality. Miss Glasgow has made a study—singularly, though, for one with so few years to her credit—of the scientific side of philosophy—and the influence of these studies is apparent in her novels. Her style might be called the application of the scientific method to fiction. Miss Johnson's is historical romance pure and simple, but handled with an intentional appreciation of dramatic force and intensity that is exceedingly delicate in its method and exquisite in its sensibility and good taste. Of herself Miss Johnson says: "My life has been that of most young women of good family and fair advantages, only differing, perhaps, in that, having lost my mother nine years ago and being the eldest of six children, I have had upon me the care and responsibility of a large household." She began writing to relieve the tedium of a long attack of invalidism, and at first wrote only verse. Her literary position is rendered the more difficult by the brilliancy of her first book, for the reading public will expect her next novel to be equally good. Miss Glasgow, having written two successful novels, has a more assured position.

*Moscheles, Painter and Author*

Felix Moscheles, the painter, who was a nephew of Mendelssohn, and a great friend of Du Maurier, gives the following entertaining account of his first commission in his *Fragments of Autobiography*, just brought out by the Harpers:

I well remember how I got my first commission and earned the first money in the exercise of my profession. It came about in this way:

I was down by the Quais of old Paris, close to the Pont des Aveugles, drawing the Parisian workman as he took his midday rest. The Quais had not yet got as strait-laced as they are now, and the river flowed its pleasant course without much police supervision. There was the loveliest of buildings,



the Louvre, but it had not made more than a start toward the Tuileries, with which it was in but a few years to join stones. I was often down there sketching, and I always found willing models among the friendly natives in blouses. The Parisian has an ever-varying way of asking you to take his likeness. "Tirez ma binette," "Fixez moi cette frimousse," or "Relevez moi le plan de mon image," are among those I recollect. "Draw my mug," we might say, although translation does not go far to render that sort of colloquialism. "Fix my phiz," and "Just you give me the map of my image."

I never accepted coppers on the occasions when I presented my models with a sketch, but such ready-money payment was often proffered. It was not till a man had insisted on my accompanying him to his home, with a view to artistic business, that I was led to accept my first commission. He lived near the Temple, quite a little distance from the Quai Voltaire, and as we went along, my companion became very communicative. He began about himself, then gave me a bird's-eye view of the family history, and soon came to "Ma mère," a theme he stuck to as only a Frenchman can. "She was," he said, "une maîtresse femme," and he would just like to see the man "qui pourrait lui tirer une carotte" (who could extract a carrot from her). This was not an allusion to the fruit and vegetable shop she kept, but meant that she was not an easy one to get over in money matters. I found the old lady as my friend had described her. She was stout and determined, and she kept her money jingling in the two or three capacious pockets of her apron. She could see I was an artist—why, she could recognize one within a radius of a league; and if I would draw her the portraits of her two granddaughters for five francs, I might set to work at once. They both had the eyes of her family, the Roufflards—not a trace of the Tusserand look—an advantage I was not to overlook. The girls were about fourteen or fifteen, and I thought I could make rather a telling picture of the two heads together in medallion shape. But the old lady was after me at once. She didn't believe in pinching and cheese-paring, and didn't want the thing rounded off in any of those circular frames. "No," she said. "'Allez-y franchement'; you just draw them as they are, hands and feet and all—'comme qui dirait'—there they are, those two girls, 'les fillettes à la mère Tusserand.'"

To this I answered that we hadn't bargained for all that, and I was right, from a strictly professional point of view, but I wouldn't have lost the five francs for the world, and, I daresay, she guessed as much and stuck to her guns. She, as an old materfamilias, knew that people were not born in bust shape; then why should they be thus represented? She always gave good measure, and if she didn't, her customers would soon keep her up to the mark, so why shouldn't she have her money's worth? I felt that I ought to insist on better terms, if only for the dignity of my profession; but I was no match for the old lady, so I started work on her conditions, only, to save appearances, bargaining for a plentiful supply of "reineclaudes" during the sittings.

A sort of staircase that had just missed being a

ladder led up in a straight line to the room that was to serve as a studio. A bed of imposing dimensions took up the greater part of the room; the bedstead of polished mahogany was an old-fashioned structure, that you could see at once had been handed down from one generation of fruiterers to another; similarly suggestive was a queer old roccoco looking-glass, and a faded portrait of a tomcat sitting on a middle-aged spinster's lap. "Who are you, young man?" these worthy relics seemed to say; "have you got a pedigree?"

The latest offshoots from the genealogical tree of the Roufflard-Tusserand family had to be enthroned on the bed. I could otherwise not get sufficiently far away from them to overlook my group. It was desired that their arms should be interlaced with a view to emphasizing their sisterly affection, and this gave rise to a new difficulty as to the presentment of one of the hands, which, being in perspective, did not show the full complement of fingers. When Madam Tusserand came to inspect my work, she particularly insisted that no part of the thumb should be concealed. She had noticed such imperfections in other pictures, and had always looked upon them as instances of the artful way in which painters sought to scamp their work. But here I struck. I swore by the holy Raphael that I could and would not alter it, and gave the old lady a lecture on the glorious Madonnas, who, even with incomplete thumbs, had been the means of regenerating the world. She was so pleased with the mention of the Madonna, and more especially with that part of my argument which she did not understand, that she gave in, and so perspective scored a victory.

The two girls, my models, were neat little types of the bourgeois class. I did not think much of them or the type; in fact, I thought the generality of Parisian girls plain; but experienced friends told me I knew nothing about it, and taught me that if I wanted to judge of a woman (that unripe fruit, a girl, to be sure was not worth mentioning), I must study not her face or her figure, but her general appearance and one or two essential parts of her toilette. "What is the use of features," they asked, "to a woman who can't dress, or who is 'gantée' and 'chaussée,' as if she 'revenait de l'autre monde'?" Which other world they meant, and how they wear their gloves and shoes there, they didn't explain. "And why should you give undue importance," they wound up, "to beauty when there is the 'tournure' to observe and the 'chic'? No, 'mon cher,' if you want to form a correct estimate of a woman, study her ankles and her 'botines.'"

While I was taking stock of my models, and arriving at the conclusion that they were plain, pert and precocious, they had evidently lost no time in deciding that I was green, and that it would take a good deal of teaching to give me the more attractive tinges of ripeness. They told me all about the Bouzibon, a familiar name by which they designated their favorite "Bal de Barrière." They took it for granted I couldn't dance, but I might come and learn there next Sunday evening. It was a most respectable place, and nothing was ever lost or stolen there. La mère Bouze was a widow. To



be sure, I had noticed that elegant place in the Faubourg St. Denis, the fried-fish shop; well, that had originally been started by the late Monsieur Bouze years ago.

In return I told them my old yarn about Prince Poniatowski being drowned in the river Pleisse, just at the bottom of our garden in Leipsic; but I let out the point too quickly, and once they knew the Prince was drowned they did not care for the rest. They behaved very well on the whole, and, as far as I am aware, did not make ugly faces at me when I was looking the other way. I am sure they did not like me, though; their fancy men were two "garçons coiffeurs" in a barber's shop close by, and so I hadn't a fair start.

That was my first experience as a portrait painter. From that day to this I have truly loved my profession, undeterred by the fact that the course of true love does not always run smooth. At any rate, that five-franc piece which Madame Roufflard-Tusserand took from the depths of her apron pocket and handed to me gave me more satisfaction than many a "Pay to F. Moscheles, Esq.," that has since followed.

\* \* \* \* \*

From another chapter in the autobiography we take this description of the poet Browning:

I well remember, and it is often a source of infinite enjoyment to me to recall, many a trifling incident connected with the name of Robert Browning. He was the kindest and most indulgent of friends, and, as such, I remember him with gratitude and devotion; and he was the most honorable and lovable of men.

He was well aware that I had never really studied his works; in fact, that I had only read a small portion of them; but he made allowances for that, as for my other shortcomings. He also knew that when, by dint of perseverance, I did master some difficult pages of his writing, none could more warmly appreciate the subtle beauties they contained than his humble friend.

"Last night I read Bishop Blougram," I told him on one occasion. "I went as far below the surface as I could get, but I need not tell you I did not reach the bottom."

"Try again," was all he answered, and when I asked who had been his models, he said that Cardinal Wiseman was his bishop, and that Gigadibs was not sketched from any one particular person. The Cardinal, he told me, had himself reviewed the poem favorably. . . .

Browning had a marked predilection for a certain chair in my studio. It is a cross-breed between what the French call a "crapaud," and we an easy-chair. In this he was installed one afternoon. I was at work on one of two companion pictures which, for want of a better title, I had called "The Cloud-Compeller" and "The Cloud-Dispeller." In the first a deep-toned figure gathers the rolling clouds together; in the second, a brighter child of the skies peeps out from behind them.

"You might take some lines from Shelley's 'Cloud' for those pictures," suggested Browning.

"Yes; Shelley's 'Cloud,'" I answered. "To be sure—let me see—oh, yes; it is one of those beautiful poems I know, but can't remember."

"Oh," he began, leaning back in the easy-chair, "don't you remember?"

"I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers  
From the seas and the streams;  
I bring light shades——"

And once started, he recited the whole poem. Recited is scarcely the word. He simply told us all about "The daughter of the earth and the nursling of the sky," and he conjured up, with the slightest of emphasis, pictures of "the whirlwinds unfurled, the stars that reel and swim."

#### Miss Repplier's Cats

When Agnes Repplier wrote *Agrippina* she could hardly have foreshadowed the results that would follow. We learn from the Boston Journal the following interesting sequela:

This essay on her favorite cat was read on both continents, and proclaimed to those who did not know the fact, that if there was anything in the world that Miss Repplier loved more than another it was her cat, and, therefore, all cats for its sake. *Agrippina* was immortalized, and the death of this cat brought sorrow to many hearts besides its owner's. It is interesting to know that *Agrippina* was a live, lovable, beautiful cat and not a fancy of literature as hundreds of people believe. *Agrippina* had a son, who was, of course, named Nero. His memory Miss Repplier also cherishes. A few friends sent the authoress bronze images and pictures of cats as soon as her fame as the writer of *Agrippina* became known, and from that day to this the desire to send Miss Repplier a cat carved in stone, or porphyry, or bronze, or painted on paper has been the desire of those who love her, and others who have never met her. The collection grew until to-day it is the most notable grouping of cats in this city, probably in the world, owned by any one person; in fact, it is safe to say that there is no such collection existing together in one room. The cats have come from Cairo, from Buda Pesth, from Munich, from Dresden, from Japan and China, San Francisco and the far wastes of the Nile, for friends of Miss Repplier traveling abroad always bring her back a little cat image from some notable spot.

When the door is opened to one in the pretty apartments on Spruce street, where the white cat stands on guard, one sees instantly that the sitting-room is full of image cats. They are on the tables, on the walls, on the mantel, on the bookcases. Photographs of the most beautiful cats are framed and hung in places of honor. Literarians and artists have contributed to Miss Repplier's collection. The most queer and beautifully carved cat she has was given to her by Dr. Furness, the eminent scholar. Hundreds of them vie with each other in beauty or ugliness. Most of them have their stories; most of them came from lands thousands of miles away.

The most famous one stands in the centre; his name is Rameses, and he is an accredited mummy. He came from the Ghizeh Museum, in Cairo, and all of the souvenirs of this museum are guaranteed to be genuinely antique. Rameses has been buried for centuries. He is carved in the classic lines of the Egyptian sculptors; very thin and flat, very big and haughty.

## A DEPARTMENT OF FRENCH LETTERS

SELECTED AND TRANSLATED BY MRS. W. D. CABELL.

*Madame Michelet.*

The recent death of Mme. Michelet recalls the account of her early life and marriage introduced by Adolphe Brissot into his last volume of *Portraits Intimes*:

Mlle. Athenais Mialaret was early left an orphan and without means, and was educated at Montauban for self-support. She was well placed as governess in a Vienna family of distinction, when, by chance, "*Le Prêtre*," by Michelet, came into her hands. The young girl was encouraged by the charm of this book to write frankly to the author, whose answer is given:

"I can see you, young, sad, lonely (without even the melancholy joy of solitude). You can only lift yourself above this trying situation, full of danger for you, in one way: Cease to feel yourself a young girl; have a strong and courageous soul; have a mother's heart for your pupils, for the wretched. There is no remedy for a woman's heart except the maternal feeling thus elevated and broadened.

"Other times will come; your position becoming less difficult will demand of you fewer efforts. But to-day you can be on the level of the actual situation only by rising above it, by placing yourself upon a higher plane.

"These counsels are very masculine, and sterner, perhaps, than one fitted to a saddened young heart. The sternest are the tenderest, mademoiselle, and it is with a heart deeply touched by your innocent confidence, your loneliness and your sadness that I reluctantly close this letter, commending you to God.

J. MICHELET."

This was the beginning of a correspondence which resulted in a personal acquaintanceship. When Mlle. Mialaret came to Paris, Michelet called upon her and was greatly charmed. His wife was dead, his daughter married. Although fifty-two years of age, he won the young girl of twenty-three to become his wife. The marriage was very happy. They passed the last years of Michelet's life in the lodging in the Rue d'Assas, where Mme. Michelet has since lingered, surrounded by relics and souvenirs of him she loved.

That Mme. Michelet was a writer of delicate taste is evidenced by the following dainty description from her pen:

"Our home would have offered to an observing mind a very pleasing field for study. All creatures seemed to resort there for benevolent protection. We had a beautiful well-stocked fish-pond, but no aviary, for my parents could not bear the idea of enslaving creatures accustomed to motion and life. Cats, dogs, guinea-pigs, rabbits lived peacefully together. Tame hens and pigeons constantly surrounded my mother and came to eat out of her hand. The sparrows nested near us; the swallows built in our barns, fluttered about our rooms, and each spring returned faithfully beneath our roof.

"How often have I found in goldfinch nests, blown from our trees by autumn winds, little bits of my summer gowns, lost in the sands. Dear birds, that I was unconsciously sheltering in a fold

of my raiment, you have now a surer shelter in my heart, and you do not know it! . . .

"Our wilder nightingales nested in solitary elm hedges, but sure of generous hospitality would come, a hundred times a day, to beg the dead silkworms of my mother for themselves and their families.

"Deep in the woods the woodpeckers worked stubbornly on the trunks of old trees. They could be heard late when other sounds were stilled, and we would listen in fear to the mysteriousappings of the indefatigable laborer mingled with the drawling, melancholy voice of the owl.

"My highest ambition was to have a bird of my own—a turtle-dove. My mother's darlings so friendly, so plaintive, so tenderly resigned at brooding time, attracted me greatly. If a little girl feels herself a mother because of the doll she dresses, how much more truly so on account of a living creature that would respond to her caresses! I would have given anything for this treasure. But it was to be otherwise—the dove was not my first love.

"The first was a flower whose name I do not know.

"I had a little garden under a very large fig-tree, whose humid shade rendered all my efforts fruitless. Saddened and greatly discouraged, I observed, one morning, on a pale green stem, a beautiful little golden flower! . . . Very small, trembling at the slightest breath, its frail stem rose out of a little basin hollowed by the rains. Seeing it always shivering, I thought it was cold, and I made it a cover of leaves. . . . How express the transports caused by my discovery! I alone knew of its existence—I possessed it alone. All day long we could only look at one another; in the evening I slipped away to it, my heart overflowing. We spoke little for fear of self-betrayal, but what tender kisses were breathed before the last adieu! . . . This joy, alas! lasted only three days. One afternoon my flower slowly folded its petals to open them no more. It had done with love!"

*Glimpses of Paris.*

The following glimpses of Paris life are from the pen of Jules Claretie.

## LITERARY DINNERS.

Philippe's was the fashionable restaurant when George Sand used to dine with Musset, and there the friends of Bixio first met, attracted by the personal charm and magnetic sympathy of this thinker. They met once a month and the restaurateur called it his "*Dinner of the Wits*." The wits preferred to call their meeting the "*Friday Dinner*." Their number was limited to twenty. Brillat-Savarin will tell you that large dinners degenerate into banquets, where toasts supplant conversation. . . . On the death of Alexandre Bixio the Friday Dinner took his illustrious name, and became the Bixio Dinner. This was in 1856. A book might be written upon this famous dinner, where, the first Friday of every month, treasures of wit,

learning and fancy would overflow. Imagine a discussion between Tourgueneff, "the good giant," as Daudet called him, and that other giant, Dumas "père"!

A few years later—in my time—Eugène Labiche launched his irresistible fun amid the souvenirs of Dumas "fils," the sarcasms of John Lemoinne and the anecdotes of Henri Lavoix. One evening, Labiche was telling of his cattle, his sheep, his Sologne cows, and exclaimed with professional pride:

"There are not many cows like mine that will give eighteen litres of milk!"

M. Maurice Bixio, chief editor of the *Journal of Practical Agriculture*, mildly insinuated:

"Oh! my dear Labiche, eighteen litres of milk! That is a great quantity."

And Labiche, smiling paternally upon this republican caviler, replied: "It was under the Empire."

Auguste Villemot sparkled at these dinners. He did not, like others, hold the thread of conversation; he gave the cue, he caught the ball, threw it, and scattered the ready change of his wit. And who more charming, Gallic and keen than Qui Patin, who talked there as he wrote that rare "*Vie de Paris*," whose two volumes are still models?

It was at one of these Bixio Dinners that Trouseau said, with touching serenity: "I bid you goodbye, dear friends. I am dining with you for the last time. Next month I shall be dead!" And pressing each outstretched hand, he went away to die.

On the eve of his departure for Sicily, the Duc d'Aumale recalled to the guests of the Bixio Dinner incidents related by his father of the arrival of Camus, deputy of the convention, in the tent of Dumouriez, and that supreme meeting of Louis Philippe with the general of Argonne at a street corner in London.

"It was in June, 1815. The news of a great battle lost by the French army came to Louis Philippe, then in exile at Twickenham. Shocked, the Duc d'Orleans summoned his carriage and hurried to London for intelligence. On his way to the palace of Saint James, at the corner of an alley and the Strand, in a bent and nearly blind old man led by a servant, he recognized Dumouriez.

He sprang from the carriage and approached the general, who, through so many years of fevered rage, awaited with ferocious impatience the death of the Emperor he hated. Louis Philippe spoke to him, and Dumouriez, who did not recognize the face of the Prince, knew the voice of the soldier of Valmy. Then this wornout old fighter, who was ending his life in exile in poverty and resentment, uttered but one cry—he, the enemy of Napoleon, he the deserter, the rebel, the traitor—burst into tears and fell on the breast of Louis Philippe, exclaiming:

"Ah! my friend, what a disaster! Waterloo! Waterloo! What a misfortune!"

I did not hear the Duc d'Aumale relate this incident, but Ludovic Halévy told me that he had never been more picturesque, more full of life, and yet how many days had he yet to live?

Did not M. Chautavoine insist, the other day, that conversation is dead, that there is no more con-

versation in France? There is no more conversation in the drawing-rooms, where monologues are recited to kill time, but people still converse at these literary dinners, which will be included, I hope, in the history of French intelligence of the present day.

#### *High Life in Peking.*

The following extracts are from a lively description of his special mission from the King of Belgium to Peking, published by Count Charles d'Ursel, in a recent number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*:

A summer residence in Peking has never been considered agreeable. The months of June, July and August are particularly revolting. The extreme heat, and the horrible humidity of the rainy season render life there purely odious. Usually the diplomatic corps spend this unfavorable season in the hills at some distance from Peking, or at the coast not far from Tientsin. But this year business has been so pressing that all have lingered in the capital.

The state of nervousness may be imagined of this handful of diplomatists, isolated at the end of the world, and charged to fiercely defend interests wherein the slightest weakening may have the gravest consequences. They form the only colony of Europeans tolerated in Peking, for the city is in principle forbidden to foreigners. The legations alone have by treaty the right to exist there, and upon them depend the caterer and two storekeepers who, with the missionaries and sisters of charity, constitute the foreign element. They live almost out of the current of the world, for the European newspapers lose interest, arriving six weeks late, and with their news all anticipated by official dispatches. The *Peking Gazette*, in Chinese, is the official organ; it appears in little squares of thin paper, larger or smaller, according to the importance of the matter, which is confined to government acts and administrative communications. Thus all these diplomatic agents, without distinction of rank, confined all day long in their houses and gardens, are absorbed in daily routine, and in the instructions incessantly brought them by the telegraph at eight francs per word. They think of nothing else, and so intensely that they dare not speak of it. When they meet at dinners, which are frequent, at the club, where in the evening tennis is the rage, all conversation must be avoided that might trench upon politics, however remotely, and talk is thus restricted to the most barren topics and the most unfashionable discussions.

The men, however, who there, upon the breach, defend, foot by foot, the interests of their governments are naturally very interesting, for they have been chosen with care for the mission confided to them. Some of them, as smooth as amber, know how to manipulate the Chinese with marvelous precision of touch; others, hard as the precious jade, invoke over every question the menace of great forces and dangerous gunboats; they threaten and thunder. . . . And the Chinese, disconcerted by such subtleness, such intimidations and violence, promise, reconsider, give and resume, and in the end perceive that if the nations of the West are to be feared, they are far from being in accord. They say to themselves that good politics consists in di-



viding these adversaries—and so far they have not been unsuccessful.

\* \* \*

It took me six weeks to conclude the negotiations with which I was charged. An audience with the Tsung-li-Yamen is among the particularly picturesque features of legation life in Peking. The College of Ministers gives notice several days in advance, in a fine red communication inscribed with Chinese characters, that the conference is set for such an hour of such a moon; and we order chairs, which, according to etiquette, must be green in color and carried each by four men. Mounted equeries precede and follow the procession of chairs, one of them carrying in a large portfolio our Chinese visiting cards, twenty-five centimetres in length, printed in Chinese characters upon paper of a vivid red. A little before our arrival the grooms gallop ahead to announce us. We cross the first door of the Tsung-li-Yamen before leaving our chairs; then we pass through a series of short corridors leading into a large chamber opening upon a garden. A large table with red cover, surrounded by ordinary European-looking arm-chairs, occupies the centre of the apartment; inscriptions or pictures unrolled on the walls; Chinese lanterns on the ceiling; in the corners, vases of mediocre porcelain half-hidden in their cases. "Chin-Chin" from the secretaries, who salute us with joined hands; exchange of civilities with their excellencies, and, before approaching business, the most unexpected questions: "Are you rich?" I am asked. "How much are you paid?" "How old are you?" This is common politeness. However, I suggest serious matters, a breach of etiquette, for it is customary in a first interview to introduce only trivialities, but I am hurried. . . . Conversation drags slowly and painfully, each phrase necessitating a pause, while the interpreter translates. Between times cigarettes are smoked and tea is sipped, while the Chinese take five or six puffs at their pipes, which are relighted each time. The hat is worn or removed at pleasure; from the Chinese standpoint, it is rather a mark of respect to converse with covered head. And the interchange of views proceeds, sometimes with real or feigned misunderstandings, shrugs of shoulders, misplaced laughter, that have irritated and consumed the patience of more than one European diplomatist.

The exchange of signatures which I had come for, took place with a certain formality. We were in uniform. The Chinese excellencies and their secretaries had assumed elegant yellow robes. A collation was offered us upon the same table whereon the treaty had been concluded. It consisted of watermelon seed, little corn-cakes and dainties of medicinal flavor not particularly tempting; but if the wine of warm rice held a place of honor among the beverages offered, the cosmopolitan wine of champagne was not forgotten. . . .

\* \* \*

To one arriving from China, Japan is a fairyland! Verdure everywhere, and the streets filled with polite, agreeable people and little women trotting about on their high sabots. Besides the houses, which have no appearance of reality, so tiny are

they, so exquisitely clean, children dainty enough to eat, are playing; Japanese common folk assuming the very unbecoming air of gentleman; soldiers stuffed into their European uniforms; telegrapharies in amazing abundance; tramways, locomotives; a jumble of things old and things new, of pretty trifles and noisy machines, which interested me greatly and charmed me during the three weeks of my sojourn.

The women are certainly the most surprising of all, for they are everywhere, and everywhere their pretty dresses, their elaborate coiffure, their greetings and laughter charm and amuse you. It is with this first impression that one should re-read Pierre Loti's books. Madame "Chrysanthème" is a brilliant portrait of the little Japanese woman as she appears, body and soul, while in "Japoneries d'Automne" the descriptions of Tokio, Nikko, Kioto are artistic literary photographs. . . .

At Tokio I was struck with the amazing analogy offered by the imperial palace to that of Peking. The same dignity, the same venerable moats, the same imposing walls. But in Japan everything is well preserved, repaired, cleaned; five trees spread their branches over the walls. We feel that this people is still in force—that China is so no more.

A curious conversation between Josephine and the Duchess de Guiche, daughter of the Duchess de Polignac, friend of Marie Antoinette, appears in a highly interesting autobiographical account of a visit to Paris, ventured by Mme. de Guiche in 1801, at the instance of the Comte d'Artois. It is published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, by a descendant of the Duchess, M. le Marquis de Gabriac:

Invited to call upon Madame Bonaparte, the Duchess betook herself to Malmaison, accompanied by Madame de Champcenet and a maiden lady of inferior rank, a royalist, yet favored by Josephine. The Duchess writes:

I entered a well-furnished little house where there were few servants, but a great number of aides-de-camp, who looked at me as at some curiosity. Madame Bonaparte received me with politeness blended with emotion and gratitude. She placed me upon a sofa with Madame de Champcenet, and seated herself in a chair. Mlle. Paulin withdrew to prevent the aides-de-camp from entering.

Madame de Champcenet—I rejoice, madame, that you can hear from the lips of Madame de Guiche that the Princes know you to be a royalist, seeking only to benefit the unfortunate.

Madame Bonaparte—I am glad that the Princes do me justice. I deserve it for my devotion to the good cause. Bonaparte knows it, and I have told him more than once that I would see him no more if he should seek to be king, as I did not feel capable or willing to be the wife of a usurper.

Madame de Guiche—Truly, madame; you run a great risk of endless misunderstandings. It is, however, true that opinions are divided as to the projects attributed to Bonaparte.

Madame Bonaparte—No, madame; do not believe Bonaparte to be a usurper. He is ambitious, but it is rather for glory than to reign.

Madame de Champcenet (smiling)—Do you know, madame, that it is much to be desired that he should promptly declare himself, for by remaining

much longer in his present position he will have unconsciously usurped the crown.

Some one came to interrupt us, and Madame Bonaparte changed the conversation, making insignificant remarks to me in a tone loud enough to be heard by everybody. Then she said: "Madame de Guiche, will you walk with me in my garden? We will pass Bonaparte's windows, and he will show himself and be charmed to see you." I rose, and, while Madame de Champcenet remained with Mlle. Paulin, I accompanied Madame Bonaparte, who hurried toward her husband's quarters; but he was so engaged with Abbé Bernier (whom we had formerly seen among the chouans), that he could not come to the window. We went, therefore, into a little grove and she said to me:

"Say to the Princes that they should have more confidence in Bonaparte, and send no more of those agents, who spoil everything. My husband loves me, and yet I have not all his confidence, for he gives it entirely to no one. He loses no opportunity to reassure me and to convince me that he wishes to replace everything in the customary channels. The only thing that could stop him (I shall speak to you very frankly) would be a failure to keep the promises made to him. For example, if Bonaparte replaces the King upon the throne he is unwilling to be set aside, and it must be conceded that there are many ways to keep him near the King's person, and with large powers, as, for instance, those of constable."

Madame de Guiche—If Bonaparte desires it, he can certainly play a superb part. I believe that I know the Princes well enough to give the assurance that they would not attempt to set him aside when he had once clearly shown his purposes. And as regards the dignities he may desire—I am speaking for myself alone—I confess that I do not see how it would be possible to refuse him anything he might ask under such circumstances, and, surely, the wishes of the French would be in accord with the will of the King.

Madame Bonaparte—Bonaparte greatly fears the councils of the Princes. For some time past he has had more confidence in those of the King. I will not conceal from you that he does not trust those of M. le Comte d'Artois. It is represented to Bonaparte that M. le Comte d'Artois is at the head of all the recent conspiracies; but, I can assure you, that he has not believed it.

Madame de Guiche—He is right. All this is unworthy of M. le Comte d'Artois, who is frank and loyal, noble and delicate at heart.

Madame Bonaparte—As we are alone, and as I am rarely able to open my heart, I will tell you frankly that much is said against a certain D—, who is with M. le Comte d'Artois, and is said to be sold to England and to receive considerable sums to make conspiracies succeed. In another way, Mgr. l'Evêque d'Anas is ill spoken of. He is considered incapable of giving good advice. It is generally thought unsuitable that the private counselor who has the confidence of M. le Comte d'Artois, should be a man over sixty years of age, and a priest. Moreover, I will say to you, madame, that M. le Comte d'Artois would act more wisely to withdraw from London. I fear that he will not and

cannot leave England, and that he considers Edinburgh too distant; but if he were in a country residence the evil-minded could not say that he participates in whatever is schemed against France, which people will come to believe in the end. I must also tell you that the Princes have most to fear from the lesser generals and the officers who have won their rank by their courage. They are all convinced that if the King returns they will be forced to quit the service, because the King would wish to give their places to the nobles. All these officers can be easily won if they can be brought to believe that they will be retained, and that the nobles will serve with them. This is one of the most necessary things. Be good enough to make it known. Religion is returning. It would not have been believed a year ago that to-day good masses may be heard. If the priests do not try to go too fast they will make great progress. Bonaparte must be sustained. He cannot do everything alone. He must be treated with more confidence, and in this respect he is better satisfied with the King than with M. le Comte d'Artois. Bonaparte has bad surroundings, I know, and this is what torments me most. Nearly all the generals and aides-de-camp around him are detestable, and they never leave him. If they should discover in Bonaparte the least intention contrary to their views they would at once take sides with the Jacobins. Ten days ago Bonaparte spent four consecutive hours conversing with General Lannes, whom he likes for the purpose of convincing him of the absolute necessity of re-establishing religion. At the close of this conversation the General came to me and said: "Ma foi, Bonaparte has triumphed. Now I am satisfied that a religion is necessary. Ah! madame, I know nothing more frightful than to have neither faith nor religion, and, I assure you, that I have a great deal of both."

Madame de Guiche—But, madame, why, then, has Bonaparte spoken so unkindly of the Princes? Since you say that he wishes them well, it seems to me that we do not begin by insulting those whom we wish to serve.

Madame Bonaparte—You are quite right, and he regrets it greatly. It is a fact (and cannot be denied) that these unfortunate words which has been so often repeated were spoken at table by Bonaparte when he had taken a little too much to drink, and was surrounded by persons who praised his courage and tried to excite him to speak against the Princes. He regrets it daily. You know, madame, that he openly expresses his horror of those who voted for the death of Louis XVI. Indeed, it is since he has made known his views upon this point that Fouché has said that he would give one-half of his remaining days in order to efface six months of his past life.

As Madame Bonaparte closed her observations we found ourselves near her house. She presented her daughter to me, and offered to show me her apartments, saying: "It will be odd for you, who are so associated with the Princes, to see Bonaparte's chamber and his bed. Here it is," she added; "we occupy it always together. Sick or well, he will never sleep away from me. You observe this always gives me the privilege of a few confidential moments."



## RANDOM READING: MINIATURE ESSAYS ON LIFE

*apocryphal* ty of the Joker....Fred Nye...San Francisco Evening Post

It is somewhat surprising that in this age of improvement nobody has made an attempt to reform the American joker—the man who does scraps for the comic weeklies and for the funny departments of the dailies, and who, for the time, is the chief exponent of the humor of the nation. That this joker is exceedingly effective as a mirth-provoker one has but to watch the merry reader to understand; but, after all, is there not more to a joke than a mere laugh? Is not the effect of a joke upon the serious tendencies of the public a matter for thoughtful consideration? Should not the joker be governed by a sense of moral responsibility? There are, however, at least two of the stock subjects of the American humorist which should have been confiscated long ago, namely, liquor intoxication and the insecurity of the marriage tie. Few funny publications are considered complete which do not picture a man reeling home from the club with a maudlin excuse to his waiting wife, or a wedded pair commenting flippantly upon the passing of love or the felicity and facility of divorce.

The effect of this sort of literature cannot be otherwise than pernicious. It turns into a joke, in the case of the drunkard, the insult which he has offered to the woman he has sworn to love and cherish, and raises a laugh over an experience which to her has much the aspect of a tragedy. In the other instance, that obligation which is the most serious one in life is flung upon the bargain counter, and the failure of love, which, even among the least civilized of us, is a matter of sorrow, is paraded for the merriment of the unthinking. The effect of this quality of humor upon the old and experienced is anything but uplifting; upon the young, whose opinions regarding the relative values of things are all unformed, it is bound to be disastrous. The youngster who is inclined to blame himself severely for his first step in dissipation turns to the humorist and is informed that what he has done is not a sin, but a joke; why should he worry over something about which the world is laughing? The young couple having their first tiffs are grievously worried until they chance upon the sarcastic philosophy of the funny man; then they laugh bitterly at each other, and ask why so absurd a thing as love should be taken seriously. Their efforts at self-control and self-abnegation diminish; it is useless, they conclude, for them to struggle to maintain an ideal relationship in a society which finds opportunity for mirth in proceedings for divorce. In such subjects as these there can be no real humor, and the man who tries to joke about them is guilty of a moral "lèse-majesté" which should not go unpunished. The censor who has been employed at Manila to prevent the escape of news from the Philippines, might add more to the happiness and rectitude of humanity if he were placed in charge of the wits of the United States.

*City Noises*.....Home Journal

Noise is the sign of life; silence is a negative quantity. But there is a vast deal of unnecessary noise created, which, by the strain it causes on the

nerves, must tend to shorten life. Of city noises that are nuisances and should be abated are the rattle and roar of trucks, especially those laden with iron beams, the clang of the cable car, hand-organs and the ear-splitting shrieks of the venders of wares. Many more there are, but these are the worst. It is time that some active protest was made. A recent writer points out that man comes crying into the world, and, when he acquires strength, drums on the table with his spoon in those rare intervals when he ceases crying. Boys have a secret love of thunder, even when they dread it; and what other passion can equal that of a boy for pounding on an empty tin? In him is exemplified human fondness for noise. He whistles shrilly, he screams, he imitates the cries of birds and animals, he produces ear-splitting sounds with many varieties of toy instruments. His drum is a panacea for all the woes that befall him. Everything we hear is noise. Observe how man takes pleasure in music, which is simply harmonious noise. The origin of concerts may be traced to this desire to listen to noise. Man has been defined as the animal that laughs, and laughter, as we know, is a noise, and, in nearly every case, a distinctly unpleasant one. Most women are fond of noise. They prefer the declamation of an orator, "full of sound, fury, signifying nothing," to the quiet conversation of a friend. Dr. Johnson preferred the noises of London and the rattling of a coach to the pleasant rural sounds "and all the live murmur of a summer day" in the country. Another literary man studied best near the uproar of a servants' hall. The bell has been a much-venerated producer of noise. The poets have sung its praises, and Poe has devoted one famous poem to a description of this deafening music of bells. Cowper is the poet of noise, and praises even the hoarse notes of the cawing rooks and the boding owl. Certain savages endeavor to propitiate their gods by the noise of drums and trumpets. Uncivilized men go into battle with loud shouts, and in Greek and Roman literature there are many accounts of the strange results of fierce war-cries in terrorizing the foe. Cato the elder boasted that he had gained more victories by the throats of his army than by their swords. We cannot wonder that the Scots have been generally victorious in battle, when we consider the terror-imparting character of their national instrument of music, the bagpipe. Nevertheless, there is no more expressive verse in the whole body of English poetry than that which tells how

"Silence, like a poultice,  
Came to heal the blows of sound."

*Culpable Luxury*.....The Spectator

Though we have no sort of desire to deny that there is such a thing as culpable luxury, we cannot refrain from pointing out that there is a great liability to "canting" on the subject. Here, as in so many other cases, men are very apt to compound for the sins they are inclined to by damning those they have no mind to! People are very apt to define as useless and wicked luxuries the pleasures of sense for which they happen to have no sympathy.



For example, the man who does not smoke looks with horror on the notion of spending £10 on a box of very choice cigars, but regards as almost virtuous the collection of rare books. Another condemns a taste for old china and Persian carpets, but thinks it perfectly legitimate to keep a large stable of horses. Jones has a taste for vintages, and sees no objection to its indulgence in spite of the cost, but regards it as disgusting luxury to eat "a dinner-party dinner" every day of one's life. Brown, a teetotaler, on the other hand, holds that money is criminally wasted when spent on wine, but believes in the need of well-cooked food. In truth, one man's luxury is often another man's necessity as much as one man's meat is another man's poison. Again, as Canon Watson admitted, luxury is often a purely relative term, and to illustrate this he quoted Sir Walter Scott's striking story of the Highlanders sleeping out on the snow-clad moors. One of them made a pillow of a snowball. The others kicked it away with disgust as a piece of culpable luxury. Thus the poor man is very apt to talk of the rich wallowing in unholy luxury and living like swine in a golden sty, and to forget that the poor man of a former age would look with equal disgust on his own little comforts, or bare necessities as he calls them. But though there is great danger of condemning as culpable luxuries things on which money may be spent with perfect innocence, we admit that there is such a thing as culpable luxury. In our opinion, however, the world is, as a rule, quite wrong when it confounds culpable luxury with great expenditure. It is not the waste that makes the luxury culpable, nor, again, will the test of usefulness do. If the test is to be utilitarian, then all art and all music on a grand scale must go, for art and music do not increase the supply of food and clothing and warmth. A few prints and a musical-box may be retained as mental distractions, but the picture gallery and the opera are without defense. But if waste, or non-productiveness, is not to be the test, what is to be our touchstone? The amount expended will clearly not do, because this is purely relative, and will make culpable luxury an almost impossible crime for the great millionaires. No expenditure they are ever likely to undertake would be beyond their means, and therefore culpable luxury would have to be counted as the vice of the moderately-well-off and the poor. The real test of culpable luxury is, we believe, the personal one. Culpable luxury is luxury which enervates, and demoralizes the man who indulges in it. If a man worships comfort like a god, cultivates the art of smoothing down the roughnesses on the road of life till he has made it like a butter-slide, and so arranges his existence that every conceivable physical want is instantly supplied to the full, then, no doubt, he is indulging in culpable luxury, and is enervating himself, body and soul. Many very rich men know this instinctively, and guard themselves most carefully against the demoralization which comes from the too great easiness and softness of life. In the best of the rich English families there is a strong and sound tradition against personal luxury which is very noticeable. It is thought disgraceful, either for the men or the women, if they are not invalids, to be over-

zealous about their comforts. So strong, indeed, is this instinctive desire for protection against the effects of personal luxury, that it is counted bad form to be always bothering about making life into a feather-bed. Great ladies are often far harder upon their sons and daughters in the matter of the small luxuries of life than the ordinary middle-class parent. The true culpable luxury they know to be the enervating of the body and mind by too great easiness and by material self-indulgence. They know that spending vast sums on pictures or flowers or horses does no harm, but that the protection of the body from all possibility of hardship or discomfort is the way of ruin. Luxuries must never be called culpable merely because they cost sums of money which seem to us large, or because they serve only perishable objects. What we must look for is the factor of personal demoralization. If the luxury is of a kind to deprave or enervate it is to be condemned. If not, it is cant to abuse it, and then go home to our humbler but none the less real luxuries—i. e., expenditure beyond what mere utilitarianism demands.

*Simple Ways of Life.....William Clarke.....The Independent*

Simplicity of life is also favorable to democracy. I shall not intrude into what is generally called politics; but it is a vital problem which we cannot shirk, when, on the one hand we are told that all the political tendencies are toward democracy, while, on the other hand, all the social and economic tendencies are in the other direction. Must not a serious collision be the result of opposing tendencies in society? And is it not the duty of all honest people, whatever their personal political opinions, to avert such a catastrophe? Must modern society be destined to retrace the same old path by which ancient society was destroyed? Most States have begun with a rough equality, and as luxury has spread inequality has spread also, with the result of either violent revolution or slow decline under an oligarchy. Can we say that the old symptoms are absent from the modern world? When reading a while ago of the poor in New York freezing to death in the blizzard, and when reading a few days before some statistics as to the condition of the poor in Boston, my mind recurred to Carlyle's criticism of Harriet Martineau's account of the United States two generations ago, when he said that the most interesting fact disclosed to him by the writer was that any man in America could have roast turkey when he wanted. It was, as Carlyle saw, a fact which spoke volumes for the wholesome social condition of the America of that time. You might go far on the east side of New York or the north end of Boston now before you saw a turkey. But go to Fifth avenue, and you will find £4,000 spent on flowers for a single ball, or \$200 a head spent on a dinner party. We may call such a condition of things a democracy, and on paper it is; but, in fact, it is almost an oligarchy like ancient Corinth, and in time it will be an absolute oligarchy in fact, if the present condition persists.

*Opinion and Authority.....In Lantern-Land*

In an age that prides itself upon scientific exactness and upon the wide diffusion of knowledge it is

discouraging to find looseness of thought, inexact reasoning and popular error hardly less prevalent than in times not so fortunate in these respects. For some reason, difficult to be accounted for, the average person seems to think that an examination of the known data relating to a subject is an unnecessary qualification to his or her pronouncing a positive judgment upon it. An utter disregard of authority is everywhere manifest and the right of private judgment has come to be a mania with many, though its disastrous results when exercised are daily proven. These results are variously seen in perfect epidemics of error such as free-silver crazes, the vogue of a tawdry novel or play, or a clever picture appealing to some cheap sentiment; in the waves of political enthusiasm produced by a striking collocation of words which, closely analyzed, prove meaningless; and in the revival of some form of medieval pseudo-science proclaimed as newly discovered truth but which every student of history knows to be absurd and contrary to observed data. Such displays are pitiful in their naive sincerity, but contemptible when, as is too often the case, the individual arrogantly asserts his right to explain scientific, social or political phenomena in his own way and without reference to authority and known facts. His usual excuse that "life is too short to study original authorities" is both puerile and irrelevant. Such persons choose for their sources of information the ill-digested, superficial hand-books and manuals which abound, and quote with reverence the hashed-up articles in popular magazines and newspapers. We do not wish to be understood as maintaining for one moment that there are no subjects on which an honest difference of opinion may not be entertained and regarding which a reference to authority would be indecisive. There are many such. But in the majority of cases it would not be a supremely difficult task to discover what are matters of fact and approximate truth and what are admittedly matters of opinion. The very definition of opinion ought to help us. This is, any proposition the contrary of which can be maintained with probability. That the moon gives light is a matter of fact; that it is inhabited or uninhabited is a legitimate matter of opinion. But we see a continual tendency in letters, art and society to claim as matters of opinion propositions whose contraries certainly cannot be maintained with probability, and the exasperating fact is that the simplest reference to authority would instantly show the tenableness or untenableness of an opinion or belief. This simple reference, however, the average individual will not make, but elects in his stupid self-sufficiency to disregard and ignore the weight of authority and the evidence of fact. Against this attitude of mind we cannot but protest vigorously. It is irrational, unsound, and it is intellectual chaos as well. The protest, to be sure, is old, for there has ever been more or less cause for it, but in the interests of truth and right thinking it cannot be made too often. This unrestrained license of opinion has been the source of perpetual quarrels, strife and persecution through all history. Arbitrary opinion has always excluded and persecuted. Philosophers and the friends of reason and science have in vain shaken its yoke and in vain

fought it as prejudice, erroneous and barbarous; it remains supreme in the minds of the many and rules and bungles the worlds of practical thought and action. The shadow of truth alone reigns. Xenophanes might well exclaim, "Man knows nothing; opinion covers him as a pall."

*Men of Action as Authors.....New York Times*

One can draw many lessons from the number of magazine articles that are appearing over the signatures of heroes of the war. The people's suddenly awakened martial taste, the rapidity, thoroughness and exhaustive repetition, from various slightly different points of view, with which modern history is written—these are some of the revelations of this flood of articles. But several of the heroes, grasping pens in hands that once bore swords, are plunging yet further into authorship; and, having acquired a taste for ink as well-paid contributors to the periodicals, are marshaling their ideas for an advance into the bookmarket itself, where is waged the thickest of the literary fight and where many a promising young skirmisher has fallen unnoticed among the pen-wielders of more experience, skill and higher rank than he. The advance upon the magazines and their capitulation to the champions of gun and sword was to be expected. Even the cordial invitation which was extended to the conquerors by the ingratiating periodicals to come and conquer them was not surprising. But the event has a little literary significance all its own, and one which is made more emphatic by the announcements of books whose recommendation is that soldiers or sailors wrote them. The phenomenon indicates the spread of education and the common ability to set forth plainly in writing the thoughts that are in one's mind; it means that the possession of the knowledge of talent for doing this is become of less moment than the having of something to say. The old glamour which used to make a little god of the man who had really written books in the days when spelling was a matter of private opinion and handwriting often a mere signing of the name, has now quite passed; and, except in very rare cases, more is thought of what one writes than of how it is written. It is conceivable that the old idea must have been shocked by the lack of reverence with which one nowadays sees the muses wooed, with the obliteration of lines of caste and the frank confession of financial attraction in the "marriages of convenience." Soldiers write on camp tables, and sailors take no pains to get the tar from their hands. There is even a notion that the muses smile more kindly on the lover whose address bears the scent of the powder or the salt sea's breath; and if it be that his story is told with straightforward simplicity, we are ready to vote him the crown for which painstaking poets labor in vain, and to throw to him the golden purse which dilettante finesse has missed. We admire old masters still, but think less than we once did of literature as a clever game in which clauses must balance nicely, words must be in their proper places, and each move be made with precision. Self-consciousness and stilted phrase are not to be endured any more, and we will give up a deal of manner so long as we have good matter.



## MATTERS MUSICAL, ARTISTIC AND DRAMATIC

*The Color Value in Music..... Emil Bauer.....The Independent*

I may truly say that I have found an inspiration in art that has greatly aided my music, and that there is not an art gallery in all Europe that I have not seen and that I do not love. I believe that I have learned more from painting and the study of it that is of benefit to me than I derived even from Nicolai Rubinstein, great as is my debt to him. Few artists are equally good as to color and form; and the chief present lack is color. A musician must likewise have experience before he can teach; and a pianist, to convey musical intelligence to an audience, must have a thousand unconsidered attributes. An untraveled player will not, for example, play as will one who has seen and known the world. Music is the grand profession that includes love, hate, pathos, grandeur, sublimity, with here and there a flash of color, a dash of humor and the small trifles that go to make up the harmonious whole. Music should not be objective, but rather subjective. There seems to me ever to be a harmony between art and music, and I worship at the shrine of Velasquez, who appeals to me as the greatest of painters, especially in the matter of color; and the two that come after him in the order of merit are Titian and Rembrandt. Velasquez teaches me much. When I look at one of his pictures, as I have done in Madrid, and see there ten thousand shades of black and gray, he shows me as nothing else can the possibilities of color significance and gradation, and it thus becomes possible for me to apply something of the same color grades to music, and in the interpretation of it to give to music a color value that it were impossible to obtain otherwise.

Music does not signify mere sound; the moment you go beyond the beautiful in its rendering it becomes pounding, and the charm is weakened if not altogether lost. It is not needful always to give to "pianissimo" and "forte" their full contrasting strength; but it is important that the musical picture which you create should be in as perfect harmony as one of Whistler's paintings, while something should always be left in music to the imagination. I have played in small Russian hamlets before the most ignorant peasants and have found there a musical appreciation that compares favorably with that of the most cultured American and European audiences, the difference being that the peasants would not be able to say why they liked the music, while in the other case some explanation might be given.

All audiences feel the magic influence of music, in Darkest Russia as well as in cultivated America. When I play I know my instrument as a jockey knows his horse, and there must be something of a similar harmony between the piano and myself. It is a fact that I not only see the whole programme before me as I play, but also the very musical expression that I intend to render.

*Behind the Scenes.....Chambers's Journal*

A modern stage and its appurtenances is indeed a wondrous piece of mechanism, far more full of intricacies for its size than is a watch, and certainly

affording a greater variety of mechanical movements. A large stage may be compared to a house with many floors; and if we were to measure it from its lowest depths to the roof, we should find few many-storied houses to equal it in height. First, there is the stage itself upon which the actors tread the boards. Below this is the mezzanine floor, which is crowded with windlasses and other apparatus for working the traps, and is intersected by movable "bridges" for the ascent and descent of large pieces of scenery. Beneath, deep down in the ground, is the cellar. This underground world is often deeper than the stage itself is high, for it must have depth enough to engulf in its embrace an entire scene. Above the stage we find other floors; first, a couple of galleries, one on either side, technically known as "the flies"; and, high above all, just below the roof of the building, is "the gridiron," from which pulleys for working the scenery and other apparatus depend. Those who regard the rigging of a ship as being intricate would be puzzled to find a term to apply to the mass of ropes which form a close network in the upper regions of a theatrical stage. The expression "knowing the ropes" must have originated in a theatre rather than on ship-board; and to know them thoroughly needs familiarity from childhood. The work involved in rolling up the scenes or cloths is all done from the side galleries or flies; here, too, the "borders" are changed when necessary, and the drop-scene or curtain hauled up and down by means of a windlass. It is also from this point of vantage that the beneficent beams of the limelight—now being superseded rapidly by electricity—are made to shine on the good fairies and other denizens of stage-land.

Just clear of the stage itself is the green-room, which may be regarded as the drawing-room of the establishment; rooms for the chorus, ballet and the band; various dressing-rooms, upstairs and downstairs; the wardrobe room or rooms; and various other departments to which no particular attention need be directed. But there are one or two sections of a theatre which are worthy of more detailed notice. The scene-painting room is to an outsider full of interest; and few realize the amount of art-education necessary to those who have to design and carry out these huge pictures. Some ignorantly suppose that scene-painting is a synonym for daubing pigment on to canvas anyhow, and that such work is of the very roughest description. We need hardly say that this is by no means the case; in fact, the colors have to be put on in their right places as carefully as in the most highly finished miniature painting. It requires, indeed, much art feeling and training to judge of the ultimate effect of handling a brush upon such a scale and upon such a large area as is represented by one of these sheets of canvas. It may be remembered that some of our leading landscape painters—notably Clarkson Stanfield and David Roberts—graduated in the painting-rooms of London theatres.

Another department of this world of illusion is the property-room, so called because there the various "properties" or "props" are constructed



and stored for use. Props comprise all the portable articles required in a play. Guns and pistols—which too often fail to go off at the critical moment—are props; loaves of bread, fowls, fruit, all made of a rough “papier-mache,” are also props. How the right things are forthcoming at the right moment is one of those mysteries only known to property-men. Had one of these useful members of the theatrical world the ability and inclination to write a book, what an entertaining volume could he turn out!

A curious part of stage illusion is that which may be comprehended under the term theatrical meteorology. Whatever may be the state of the weather outside, the stage-manager within can bring about rain and hail, wind or a thunderstorm at will; and the illusion is so complete as to sometimes make nervous members of the audience insensibly shudder. Hail and rain are represented by a closed wooden cylinder about six feet long, which is obstructed inside by various cross-pieces, a quart of peas completing the arrangement. By turning this cylinder first one way up and then the other, the peas rattle through it with close imitation to the sound of heavy rain on a roof. The wind arrangement consists of a wheel of about two feet diameter, set in a frame like that of a grindstone. This wheel is furnished with ribs on its periphery somewhat like the floats of a waterwheel, and drawn tightly over these ribs is a piece of thick silk. When the wheel is turned the ribs rub against the silk, and by turning the handle first quickly and then slowly, a very good imitation of the sighing of the wind is produced. Lightning can easily be imitated by chemical or electrical means, and the usual mode of producing thunder is by shaking a large sheet of flexible-iron plate. Some theatres, have, however, a far more elaborate and effective thunder arrangement, which is used as an auxiliary to the sheet of iron when a storm is supposed to reach its height. This consists of a number of cannon-balls held in a trough and allowed to fall at the right moment, and to run over a floor above the ceiling of the theatre. A snowstorm is brought about by a perforated revolving cylinder above the stage, charged with paper cuttings.

Such is a general description of a British theatre so far as its stage arrangements are concerned; and it is noteworthy that, except in minor details, the mechanism employed has not changed for the past two hundred years. On the Continent stage construction has of late years experienced a complete revolution. In most of these establishments the manager is represented by a government department with public funds at its disposal. Hence we find that abroad thousands of pounds have been expended in stage mechanism, while we at home have been content with the old methods. Costly experiments have been made, with the result that radical changes have been wrought in the working of stage machinery. Wood has largely given place to iron, hempen ropes to steel wires, while manual labor is largely superseded by hydraulic engines and electric motors. The main idea in making these improvements is to save labor, by bringing under one central control every piece of mechanism connected with the stage; so that, instead of an army

of men turning windlasses or hauling ropes at different points, one man by the touch of a button or a lever can bring about startling changes of scenery, and can even make parts of the stage assume new levels at will. A notable feature of Continental stage mechanism is the use of hydraulic rams beneath different sections of the stage, by which parts of the floor can be raised, sunk or inclined at any angle required. This method entirely does away with the clumsy old plan of building up set scenes by the aid of rostrums or raised temporary platforms. An hydraulic addition to the resources of the historic theatre at Drury Lane, London, of the nature just described, has recently been made. By its agency, in a recent representation of a scene in the Highlands, the characters walked up hill and down dale in the most natural manner. By the same means a river lock was represented with a number of small boats and other craft gradually rising up as the water was supposed to be let into the inclosure. It should be mentioned that the necessary hydraulic machinery for this innovation was procured from Austria, as it could not be obtained here.

*The Opera Season of 1898-99.....Esther Singleton.....Bookman*

New York has been a home of opera for a hundred and fifty years; and since the Garcias introduced Italian opera in 1825, a vast number of brilliant singers have won fame and fortune here. The field has been tempting to the “impresario,” but *Palmo's*, the *Astor Place*, the *Irving Place*, and even the *Metropolitan Opera Houses* have witnessed financial failures and artistic successes. This season, remarkable for the largest and most expensive company ever gathered together, is also remarkable for its financial success. This means the generous support of the public and the assurance of this delightful and esthetic pleasure to the city for certainly another year. Mr. Grau's marvelous company—a galaxy of bright stars and planets, of which we shall presently speak—was really three companies in one—Italian, French and German; yet almost every member, including many talented Americans, could sing well in all three languages and could sing in several schools. This remarkable versatility and the number of singers able to sing the same rôles made almost any opera possible at a few hours' notice. The season began November 29 with *Tannhäuser*, and ended March 25 with *Les Huguenots*, making seventeen weeks and one hundred performances, two of which were for charity and one in memory of Anton Seidl.

The figures are only conjectural, of course, but it is reported that the receipts for the largest audience of the season (first matinee of *Tristan und Isolde*) were \$14,000; for the Seidl memorial more than \$16,000 was received, \$12,000 of which goes to Mrs. Seidl and ultimately to founding a Seidl scholarship at Columbia University. The next largest audience gathered when “*Romeo et Juliette*” was sung by Jean de Reszké and Sembrich. It is reported the management cleared \$90,000 for the season.

Perhaps the most notable single performance was that on January 3 of *Don Giovanni*, the greatest opera that was ever written, which Hans von Bülow

called "an opera of the future." This led the critic of the Evening Post to say: "If there ever was a time when a finer performance of Don Giovanni could be given, it is not recorded in musical history." Maurel, who is the greatest living exponent of this character and who has written learnedly of it, sang The Don; Lehmann, Donna Anna; Nordica, Donna Elvira; Sembrich, Zerlina; Edouard de Reszké, Leporello; Carbone, Massetto; and Salignac, Don Ottavio. Would that Mozart could have heard it!

The season was particularly noteworthy for the first performance of Wagner's Nibelungen Trilogy in its entirety, just as Mr. Grau presented it in Covent Garden last June. It is true that cycles of the Ring have been given in New York before, but not without cuts. The mysterious opening to Die Götterdämmerung, where the three Norns are weaving the golden cord of Destiny under the fir-trees, was never staged here before, although Seidl used to play it as a Vorspiel, nor was the very important scene, where Waltraut seeks her banished sister, Brünnhilde, on her fire-encircled rock, to beg her to restore the cursed Ring to the Daughters of the Rhine, ever performed. The Cycle was given three times.

*Music and Matrimony.....J. Outhbert Hadden.....Cornhill Magazine*

Haydn married not the girl he was in love with, but her sister. "Haydn, you should take my oldest daughter," said father Keller, the barber; and as Keller had done a good deal for Haydn, the composer felt that he must sacrifice his affection on the altar of duty and oblige the old man. At the time of the marriage, in 1760, Haydn was twenty-nine, while his Anna Maria was thirty-two. There does not seem to have been much love on either side to start with; but Haydn declared that he had really begun to "like" his wife, and would have come to entertain a stronger feeling for her if she had behaved in a reasonable way. Unfortunately, Anna Maria had neither rhyme nor reason in her composition. The entertaining Marville says that the majority of ladies married to men of genius are so vain of the abilities of their husbands that they are frequently insufferable. But Frau Haydn was not a lady of that kind. The world had emphatically proclaimed her husband a genius, but to Maria it was quite immaterial whether he were a cobbler or an artist. Nay, she even committed the incredible crime of using the composer's manuscript scores for curling-paper, as underlays for pastry, and similar things! She was gay enough with it all, too. When Haydn went from home she would send him the most cheerful little notes. "Should you die to-day or to-morrow," ran one of these missives, "there is not enough money left in the house to bury you." At another time, when Haydn was in London, he received a letter in which Maria wrote that she had just seen a neat little house which she liked very much, and that he might do himself the pleasure to send her 2,000 gulden with which to buy it, so as to have in future a "widow's home." Pleasant reading this for the genial composer! In the first case he wrote, without a trace of anger: "Should this be so, take my manuscripts to the music publisher. I guarantee you that they will be

worth money enough to defray my funeral expenses." In the matter of the "widow's home," he thought it would be best to arrange things himself. Ultimately he bought the house, and in spite of Maria's frequent suggestions of his coming dissolution, he lived in it for nine years after she had been dead. Frau Haydn saw out her seventy years, but some time before that the pair had agreed to live apart as the best way of ending a union which had proved utterly unbearable to the composer.

*Sargent the Artist.....John Lafargo.....The Independent*

John S. Sargent might be called a standard-bearer. At this moment, when American art, as a whole, is beginning to attract our own attention, we can all see what a place Mr. Sargent holds in the world of painting. And Mr. Sargent has had all the time a full recognition of his merits in some place or other, and in some manner or other. Europe has been kind to him, and the American is proud of him. From the moment that he began to leave his master, Carolus-Duran, the interest of the artistic public has followed him, and it is this being always to the fore that made me call him a "standard-bearer." Fashion, the studios and the academies have approved of him, even when finding fault; and many of his admirers find fault with him in a manner which is a form of admiration. A sort of challenge to the world of art and to the public has never been disconnected with a something that seems like modesty, or, at least, a simple attitude of mind. This is eminently noticeable when his portraits, for instance, are compared with those of foreign artists, who also are experts in methods of "bravura." To be very accomplished in execution, and at the same time to appear to hold that skill not too highly, is a mark of extreme distinction which has not deserted Mr. Sargent, even when painting subjects that might lead to exaggeration. Especially in some of those portraits which seem almost cruel in their view of the nature of the person represented there is a certain superiority, a certain elegance, which, quite as much as his methods of painting, must have helped to recall the name of Velasquez. This, of course, is to say, moreover, that Mr. Sargent has a subtle sense of composition, and that, like the great masters, he has carried it into the domain of realism. It seems a very small matter; the exact placing of the subject in the rectangle of the canvas, a little more to the right or left, or up or down, but it is the note of predestination, nor can it be acquired by taking thought. Strange to say also, the possession of this faculty of seeing in ordinary matters a certain abstraction is what, in the most living works of art, gives most the impression of nature.

From what I have said, it is no mean claim of ours to be proud of Mr. Sargent, and to believe that his differentiation from so many European painters is not contradictory to his being an American. Along the so-called elegancies of European shows, Mr. Sargent's work seems still a little more elegant. All this, of course, is inborn, and I am only considering the person whose methods, after all, may not differ so enormously from those of many of his contemporaries who happen to have had similar ambitions.

## IN A MINOR KEY: SORROW, SENTIMENT, TENDERNESS

*When the Quails Called in the Wheat.....Will T. Hale.....Nashville Visitor*

There are never days as joyous as the childhood days at home,  
And no spots so full of glory as the places where we'd roam;  
Say within some wayside orchard, where their lace the spiders spun,  
And the shade was an oasis in the desert of the sun;  
And the green fields spread about us, and the blue fields spread above,  
And the whisper of the leaflets was as low as murmured love;  
While a rent was torn through silence when, from out their green retreat,  
Pairing doves began their cooing, and the quails called in the wheat.

Why, to tarry by some streamlet was a glory for the sight,  
As we watched the shoaling suckers flash like bars of splintered light;  
There was peace within the singing of the farm hands in the vale;  
There was cadence in the beating of the red-head's tiny flail;  
Out among the clover blossoms or the grapevine's fragrant glooms  
Bee-hums sounded like a hymn that lingered tangled in the blooms;  
And we had our childish fancies, saw our castles rise complete,  
When the doves began their cooing and the quails called in the wheat.

Would that we could call back one short day of all those days,  
For a stroll about the meadows and the old familiar ways;  
And while drinking in the beauty where the wild rose cheers the dawns  
With the fragrance spilled from censers swinging on celestial lawns,  
See an old form at the homestead, as her singing meets our ear  
In a voice whose music somehow is the dearest one may hear!  
And we half wish life had ended with the childhood visions sweet,  
When the doves began their cooing and the quails called in the wheat.

*Love by the Hearth.....James Buckham.....Munsey's*

When the wind in the shutter taps,  
And the moon sheds an icy light,  
And the snow drifts lose their caps  
In a little swirl of white.

When the passers' footsteps creak,  
And the stove and the chimney cry,  
And we hear the gable shriek  
As the sift of the cold goes by;

Then, love, to the cheery coals  
We'll draw our chairs, and say:  
"Winter for wedded souls;  
For the youth and the maiden, May."

*Exile.....Virginia Woodward Cloud.....Bookman*

I'd rather be hearing the sweep of the pines on the hill  
Than all of your mad night noises, mocking me so;  
I'd rather be under the stars, shining steady and still,  
Than watching the glitter of lights here, above and below.

I'd rather be taking the cold river-way just begun,  
With a beckoning candle afar making warmth on the night,  
Than here in the crowd and not one—O my heart, not one!—

To turn all the sighing to laughter, the gloom into light.

Take all of your maddening bells and the mirth they have rung,

And give me a voice that is far, a voice that is clear;—  
For the whisper of love can outmeasure all songs that are sung,

As one—O my heart!—could outnumber the multitudes here.

The wave of my river were never so dark nor so cold,  
As the tide of the crowd, and I in it, yet ever alone;  
And I'd rather be eating a crust, with her hand close to hold,

Than wanting the bread of the heart in a city of stone!

O, I know that the New Year is setting of hopes all a-thrill!

And I know that the New World is young, and is brave and is bold,—

But I'd rather be hearing the sweep of the pines on the hill,—

For love has a soil of its own, and memory still,  
Thank God for the Old!

*My Little Boy.....Cecil Joyce.....Boston Transcript*

O little boy, my little boy,  
Why do you stay so long?  
The night is here, with shadows drear,  
'Tis time for mother's song.  
The cheering crowds have gone away,  
The streets are still and dead,  
Why do you stay so long at play,  
'Tis more than time for bed?

A great, great day this day has been,  
'Tis writ in blood and flame,  
And in the papers that they brought  
I read your precious name.  
Your name, my boy—O little boy—  
What do you know of war?  
Could God have meant the brow I've kissed  
Should wear a battle scar?

O little boy—my little boy,  
They tell me you have grown;  
But, dear, 'twas only yesterday  
You could not stand alone.  
How could those tender, clinging hands  
A heavy rifle bear?  
You were too tired to march, I know,  
And so they left you there.

O little boy—my little boy,  
You've rested all the day;  
Wake up—the game is played and won,  
'Tis time you came away.  
The country has a million arms  
To claim the nation's due,  
A million hearts to bleed and break,  
But I have only you.

Wake up—wake up!—the hour is late,  
You should not tarry there;  
The night is dark on San Juan hill,  
Too dark for hope or prayer.  
Wake up!—my arms are opened wide  
To welcome you with joy,  
And still you sleep—and sleep—and sleep,  
O little, little boy!



*The Songs of White Wistaria.....Ethel Morse.....Leslie's Monthly*

The decks of the red-brown junk were wet by the whipping spray,  
The straining sails filled tense with the winds of breaking day.  
Far up in the bows of the boat O-Shiroi-Fuji-San,  
My White Wistaria blossom, fluttered her pretty fan,  
And lifting her voice in a hymn to the excellent God of Waves  
Sent ringing over the water its ancient and holy staves.

In the wake of our junk there followed a beautiful white sea-bird  
Which rose when the hymn was finished and caught up the final word,—  
Caught up the last faint note the geisha's lute set free,  
And bore them echoing from him over the Inland Sea.  
Then after the winged robber the angry breezes sped,  
As over the chasing wave-crests skimming the foam he fled.

Onward we slowly swept to the dip and throb of the oar,  
Nearer and nearer still to the tea-house on the shore,  
While tender White Wistaria crooned in my charmed ear  
Quaint little minor tunes with meanings sad and dear.  
"Forget not, Foreign Love, the fleeting love of an hour:  
The bud, the burst, the bloom, and the fading away of a flower!"

*The Deserted House.....F. B. Doueton.....The Speaker*

Lo! the spirit has fled, and only the casket is left  
In its emptiness here!  
Of voices and feet, of laughter and sorrow bereft,  
There remains to us—fear!

In the glory of noon, if open the shutters you throw,  
Flooding chambers to gold,  
The silence will breathe of a past that we never may know:  
'Tis a tale that is told!

Much more when the moon is hallowing woodland and hill  
Shall we start at each sound;  
At the whirr of a moth, at a mouse, our heart will stand still  
In the silence profound.

In a mirror's pale gleam we shrink from an awe-stricken face,  
And we strain sharpened ears;  
But 'tis haunted alone by the ghosts of Days dead, is this place,  
With their laughter and tears.

*The Prayer of Self.....Priscilla Leonard.....Outlook*

One knelt within a world of care  
And sin, and lifted up his prayer:  
"I ask thee, Lord, for health, and power  
To meet the duties of each hour;  
For peace from care, for daily food,  
For life prolonged and filled with good;  
I praise thee for thy gifts received,  
For sins forgiven, for pains relieved,  
For near and dear one spared and blessed,  
For prospered toil and promised rest.  
This prayer I make in his great name  
Who for my soul's salvation came."

But as he prayed, lo! at his side  
Stood the thorn-crowned Christ, and sighed:  
"O blind disciple,—came I then  
To bless the selfishness of men?  
Thou asketh health, amidst the cry  
Of human strain and agony;

Thou asketh peace, while all around  
Trouble bows thousands to the ground;  
Thou asketh life for thine and thee,  
While others die; thou thankest me  
For gifts, for pardon, for success,  
For thine own narrow happiness.

"Nay; rather bow thy head and pray  
That while thy brother starves to-day  
Thou mayst not eat thy bread at ease;  
Pray that no health or wealth or peace  
May lull thy soul while the world lies  
Suffering, and claims thy sacrifice;  
Praise not, while others weep, that thou  
Hast never groaned with anguished brow;  
Praise not, thy sins have pardon found,  
While others sink, in darkness drowned;  
Canst thou give thanks, while others nigh,  
Outcast and lost, curse God and die?"

"Not in my name thy prayer was made,  
Not for my sake thy praises paid.  
My gift is sacrifice; my blood  
Was shed for human brotherhood,  
And till thy brother's woe is thine  
Thy heart-beat knows no throb of mine.  
Come, leave thy selfish hopes, and see  
Thy birthright of humanity!  
Shun sorrow not; be brave to bear  
The world's dark weight of sin and care;  
Spend and be spent, yearn, suffer, give,  
And in thy brethren learn to live."

*A Laugh.....L. F. Vernon.....Overland Monthly*

Here I am, perched at my open casement,  
Enjoying the laugh of some unseen miss  
That comes rippling up from some room in the basement  
Just below this.

Morning, noon, and night, I can hear her  
Bubbling away with her chatter and chaff,  
And it seems as if all creation near her  
Was just one laugh.

Picture her! Isn't her face just made for it,—  
Crinkled and curved for the laughing fit?  
Could she be solemn, d'ye think, if paid for it?  
Devil a bit!

I can fancy the dimples her cheeks imprinting,  
And see the mouth corners upward run,—  
I can catch her eyes with the frolic glinting,  
Brimful of fun.

She must be pretty to laugh so prettily,—  
Such a laugh couldn't belong to a frump;  
Humorous, too, to see things wittily,—  
Probably plump.

There, now! she's off again. Peal upon peal of it,  
Clear as a clarion, soft as a bell.  
Why, it's infectious! I'm catching the feel of it!  
Chuckling as well.

What was I dreaming? That musical melody  
Trips up the scale, arpeggio,  
So like a voice that was hushed—ah, well-a-day,—  
Long, long ago.

Heigh-ho! to think of what little straws tickle us,  
Just a girl's laugh,—and my laughing one lies  
Silent, and I—well, now, this is ridiculous,—  
Tears in my eyes.

## STATISTIC, HISTORIC, LEGENDARY AND GENERAL

*Hair-Planting.....Home Journal*

A Turkish physician has been experimenting successfully on the transplanting of hairs, one by one, to bald parts of the scalp. His results seem to show that there is no impossibility in the complete renewal of a lost head of hair by this means, although the amount of time and patience necessary for the accomplishment of the task would be considerable, to say the least. The physician, Dr. Menahem Hodara, tried his experiments in the case of a disease that had removed part of his patient's hair. To quote the account: "Briefly stated, his plan was to scarify the bare surface, and to implant thereon hairs removed from other parts of the patient's head. The hairs used for the purpose were trimmed with scissors at each end. Some four weeks after implantation a certain number of the hairs were found to have taken root, and in no long time a goodly new crop was produced. Encouraged by these results, Dr. Hodara has since applied the method in other cases of baldness following favus, and he thinks himself justified in stating that 'clinically there can be no doubt as to this very curious fact—that small bundles of hair stems cut with scissors and implanted in the incisions made with the scarifier can take root and grow, forming in time long and viable hairs.' By microscopic examination he has satisfied himself that after some weeks a real new bulb forms at the lower end of the implanted hair. Dr. Hodara's results are interesting in themselves, and still more in the promise which they appear to offer of further results, undreamed of, or at any rate unmentioned, by the ingenious author. Why should not the same treatment be applied in cases of ordinary baldness? Many bald men would gladly submit to have their scalps plowed and afterward sown with new hairs if there was a reasonable hope of even a moderate harvest."

*How the Chinook Comes.....The United States Weather Bureau*

Picture to yourself a wild waste of snow, wind beaten and blizzard furrowed, until the vast expanse resembles a billowy white sea. The frigid air blowing half a gale is filled with needle-like snow and ice crystals, which sting the flesh like the bites of poisonous insects and sift through the finest crevices. The sun, low down in the southern horizon, looks like a frozen globe, with halves, crescents and bright prismatic bars encircling it. Great herds of range cattle, which roam at will and thrive on the nutritious grasses indigenous to the northern slope, wander aimlessly here and there, or more frequently drift with the wind in vain attempts to find food and shelter; moaning in distress from cold and hunger, their noses hung with bloody icicles, their legs galled and bleeding from breaking the hard snow crust as they travel—they appeal to the hardest heart for pity. It is sure death for human beings to be caught out in one of these awful blizzards, with the temperature down to thirty or fifty degrees below zero, unless rescue is speedy. Yet, such conditions frequently exist in this latitude, as they did for fifteen days in November, 1896, when it seemed as if the elements had conspired to bring about another ice age, and annihilate every living

thing. Would the "chinook" never come? The wind veered and backed, now howling as if in derision, and anon becoming calm, as if in contemplation of the desolation on the face of nature, while the poor dumb animals continued their ceaseless tramp, crying with pain and starvation. At last, on December 1, about the hour of sunset, there was a change which experienced plainsmen interpreted as favorable to the coming of the warm southwest wind. At sunset the temperature was only thirteen degrees, the air scarcely in motion, but occasionally seeming to descend from overhead. Over the mountains in the southwest a great bank of black clouds hung, dark and awesome, whose wide expanse was unbroken by line or break; only at the upper edge, the curled and serrated cloud, blown into tatters by wind, was seen to be the advance courier of the long-prayed-for "chinook." How eagerly we watched its approach! How we strained sight and hearing for the first welcome evidence of the gentle breath! But it was not until 11.35 p. m. that the first influence was felt. First, a puff of heat, summer-like in comparison with what had existed for two weeks, and we run to our instrument shelter to observe the temperature. Up goes the mercury, thirty-four degrees in seven minutes. Now the wind has come with a twenty-five-mile velocity. Now the cattle stop traveling, and with muzzles turned toward the wind, low with satisfaction. Weary with two weeks' standing on their feet, they lie down in the snow, for they know that their salvation has come, that now their bodies will not freeze to the ground. The wind increases in strength and warmth; it blows now in one steady roar; the temperature has risen to thirty-eight degrees; the great expanse of snow, thirty inches deep on a level, is becoming damp and honey-combed by the hot wind, and we retire satisfied that the "chinook" is a genuine and lasting one.

Twelve hours afterwards there are bare, brown hills everywhere; the plains are covered with floods of water. In a few days the wind will evaporate the moisture, and the roads will be dry and hard. Were it not for the "chinook" winds the northern slope country would not be habitable, nor could domestic animals survive the winters.

*Underground Europe.....New York Tribune*

Among the most remarkable features of the nineteenth century, now rapidly drawing to a close, has been a revival after more than a thousand years of that disposition to burrow beneath the surface of the soil, which seems as instinctive with man as it is with the mole, the analogy between the two in this respect affording food for reflection to those who favor the doctrines of evolution in connection with the origin of the human race.

One hundred years ago there was practically no underground London, save along the river's edge, where wine cellars centuries old extended for several miles. To-day there is almost as much life and traffic beneath the surface of the British metropolis as above it. The results of this tampering with the foundations of London are beginning to be felt, and are giving rise to no end of alarm. A goodly por-

tion of the metropolis appears threatened with subsidence, and the gravest fears are entertained for Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral and other historic state edifices; in fact, no one would be surprised to learn that their safety has become affected by the imprudent interference. The London papers placed on record an alarming subsidence in Hyde Park, where the ground suddenly showed a rift several hundred feet in length, and a week later the sinking of about a hundred yards of the roadway on one side of Fleet street, while the police reports and the weekly returns of the building inspectors are said to furnish sensational reading with regard to the large number of big edifices in the city, and mansions both great and small in the residential districts, that show cracked walls that are tottering, or that are actually wrecked by the subsidence of the ground. A curious feature about the whole affair is that, in spite of all these burrowings, no one seems to possess any definite knowledge as to their extent, and it would appear that they are, so to speak, uncharted.

And no one knows the extent of underground Paris. Tunnels and subways, the presence of which had been unsuspected, are constantly being found, and it is no exaggeration to state that it is almost impossible to make any excavation along streets built before the present century without finding subterranean passages and vaults. Of the advantages which all the latter offer to the criminal classes it is hardly necessary to speak, and many a robbery has been perpetrated by burglars making their way into the cellars through tunnels the existence of which was ignored by the owner of the house. At the close of the Commune a number of the insurgents are known to have sought refuge in this underground portion of Paris, and, owing to the absence of any charts or plans, the authorities were soon obliged to give up the search.

Rome is another city honeycombed like Paris with subterranean passages, which, according to St. Jerome, were in existence already in the earliest period of the Christian era, but which were closed up and forgotten for hundreds of years until in the seventeenth century their existence was unexpectedly brought to light by excavation. There, too, they are uncharted, and no one knows their extent, the official figures of the mileage of these underground passages varying from 300 to 900 miles. There is something distinctly uncanny in the ignorance which prevails in Paris, Rome and other cities of Europe with regard to the subterranean portions thereof, and it is odd that the mysteries in connection therewith should have appealed to so few novelists, Alexandre Dumas, the elder, being, so far as I know, the only writer of any eminence who has ever given them a place in his books. Equally unpleasant is the feeling that the ground on which one stands and the house in which one lives are undermined and likely to give way without warning at any moment.

*Suspension of Memory.....Boston Herald*

The functions of memory are in some cases suspended for a time, but on recovery resume at the very point where they were deprived of their power. A physician tells a story of a lady who was seized

with apoplexy while playing cards. She was unconscious from Thursday evening until the following Sunday morning, and when she spoke the first words she uttered were, "What is trump?" Beattie mentions a gentleman who, in the year 1761, had a similar attack, from which he recovered, but all recollections of four years previous to the attack were gone, and he was obliged to refer to the public journals of the forgotten years for information about the passing events of those years, and read the details with great interest and surprise. By a fall from his horse a gentleman who was an excellent scholar, received an injury on his head. He recovered, but his learning had vanished, and he had actually to commence his education by starting at the first step and learning his alphabet. Another scholar, meeting with a similar accident, lost none of his acquirements but his Greek, and that was gone entirely. There is on record the account of an accident which befell Dr. Broussanet, and which resulted in apoplexy. When he recovered he had utterly lost the power of speaking or writing proper names or any substantive, but memory supplied adjectives very readily, and by their application distinguished whatever he wished to mention. If he wished to speak of any one, he would designate him by calling him by the shape or color for which he was remarkable. If his hair was red, he called him "red"; if above the usual height, he would name him "tall"; if he wanted his hat he asked for his "black." He was an excellent botanist, but he was obliged to make use of the same method in speaking of the plants, because he could not mention the name of one of them. A musician was known to call his flute a tulle, thus using all the letters of the right word, which it was impossible for him to speak. An extraordinary case of periodical recollection occurred in an old man who had forgotten all the events of his younger day, unless they were recalled to his memory by some occurrence, yet every night regularly he recollected some one particular circumstance of his early life. A gentleman of my acquaintance said he was once in great danger of drowning, and in a very brief space of time every event of his life came vividly to his mind as completely as though produced on canvas. Dr. Dyce, of Aberdeen, describes the case of a girl who was subject to somnambulism. During these attacks she would converse with bystanders and answer all their questions. At one time she went through the whole baptismal service of the Church of England. On awakening she had no remembrance of what had occurred, but on falling into it again she would talk over all that had been said. At another time, while in the somnambulist state, she was taken to church, where she appeared to attend to the service with great devotion. She would become much affected and shed tears at some passages. When restored to the waking condition she had not the faintest recollection of the circumstance, and in the following attack would give a most vivid description of all that had taken place. She would give a full account of everything, repeating, verbatim, the passages at which she shed tears. She appeared to have two memories, one for the waking state and another for the mysterious sleep. A sad thing has been related of a young clergyman,



who was accidentally shot in the forehead by a friend just two days before his marriage was to have taken place. For a long time his life was despaired of. He recovered, but his mind was impaired. His memory retained nothing but the idea of his approaching marriage. Everything was absorbed in that one recollection; his whole conversation related to the preparations. He would never speak on any other subject. It was always within two days of the wedding. Years and years went on. Youth passed away, and still in two days more his wedding would take place, and in this condition he reached his eightieth year and sank into the grave with that one idea alone in his mind.

*Explosive Sea Shells.....National Druggist*

On Mobile Bay a young woman picked up a handful of little shells left by the tide; among them were shells of a small marine "snail," the largest of which was probably a half-inch in diameter and the smallest some three-eighths of an inch. She dropped them into her pocket and forgot all about them until several days afterward, when an unpleasant odor in her wardrobe attracted her attention to them. On taking them out of the pocket she stepped on one which fell on the floor. The act was followed by an explosion, quite sharp, and loud enough to be heard in the adjoining room. Astonished, she concluded to try another, and the same result followed. The shells were then brought to the writer, who, on examination, found the mouth of each firmly closed by a membrane of greater or less thickness, formed by the drying of the animal slime. This had probably occurred soon after removal from the moisture of the beach, and, the little inhabitant of the shell dying, the gases of decomposition had quite filled its internal space. On exerting a little pressure by squeezing the shell between two blocks of wood quite a loud explosion was produced, the fragments of the shell being thrown several feet. Subsequently, on trying the experiment, out of a dozen shells, only two failed to explode. The conditions most favorable to success in making the experiment seem to be removal from the beach in very hot, dry weather, which causes the slime to be exuded in greater quantity than usual and dries it up rapidly as it exudes.

*The Big Bell of Burmah.....Edward W. May.....Ainslee's*

This bell was cast so many ages ago that the people have almost lost count of the years. Thus they say simply, "Thousands upon thousands of years in the time of yesterday was made the holy bell." All the world for many leagues roundabout hastened to be near upon this momentous day of festival and of prayer. The rich and the poor, the merchant and the soldier, the mother, the wife and even the children were present. The latter in years to come were to narrate to their grandsons and daughters with righteous pride the ceremonies and wonderful performances which came to pass when the great bell was made. Years in advance the priests, the Government and the people had laid ample preparations for this occasion. Money and metals had been collected. Soon the vast caldron was set in place, and the great flames, which darted up and around the sides of the vessel like writhing serpents had been ignited from sacred fire.

There was much prayer, much fasting, much meditation and exhortation. Then amid the chanting and cries to the good god Buddha, the metals were flung into the caldron to be smelted. The hissing of the flames, the smoke, the heat of the molten metal, the singing of the brahmins which had now risen to a very hysteria, all united, set the people in a frenzy of religious enthusiasm. A veteran warrior, lusty in his day and therefore the more penitential now, wrenched his sword from the jeweled scabbard and flung the glittering sheath into the smoking caldron. For a moment his neighbors gazed in amazement. Then the merchants, who had come hither attired in richest raiment and most precious jewels, of a sudden were seized by the fervid example of the warrior. One after another they tore off bracelets, girdle and rings and hurled them in fiery devotion into the caldron. Their wives, in raiment and jewels still more costly, made haste to imitate their pious mates. The poor cast their humble mite of coin and tawdry ornament, those promised in marriage their mementoes of betrothal and heart-warmed trinkets of love. Quick upon these followed the children, and surely Buddha must have valued this oblation above all others. The little ones whirled into exaltation they could neither understand nor control, pitched with what aim they could, their much-prized toys of metal, doll-goddesses, toy swords, all that their clinging hearts had held so jealously. Such infant offerings as went wide of the mark were gathered scrupulously by the bold and repentant warrior, whose stout arm sent them unerringly toward the making of the holy bell. Now if one were to endeavor to put a price upon the big bell of Burmah, which is beyond all price, a shrewd judge, being informed of the quantity and kinds of metal of which it is composed, might say that it is worth \$100,000 in the coin of our land. This means \$300,000 in the money value of the faithful Buddhists. Not all the wealth of the world, however, could persuade them to part with the venerated bell, inasmuch as it is under the manifest tutelage of Buddha. The people tell a most remarkable instance of this providence, which in the histories of the British, who do not believe, is set down as a mere accident. When the terrible men of fight, who wear dazzling coats of scarlet, invaded and captured Burmah, in the unhappy year of 1824, they strove to take possession of the bell, that they might steal it away to their far-distant home. Toward this end they harnessed long lines of elephants and oxen, and, by some witchcraft of mechanics, the invaders laid the bell on a great wagon. They drove it down to the shores of the Irrawaddy. The bell was then laden aboard a vast ship, and the marauders had just hoisted sail to be off with their sacrilegious booty, when that invisible hand of Buddha intervened. Impelled by this secret force the big bell of Burmah glided off the deck and sank deep into the muddy bed of the river. The invaders were so awed by this mysterious manifestation of power that they made no further attempt to secure the bell. Long after the natives recovered it, only through the exertion of superhuman effort, and restored it to the sacred pavilion in triumphant homage.

## CONTEMPORARY CELEBRITIES

Oscar King Davis tells in McClure's some interesting stories of Admiral Dewey:

Many pictures of Admiral Dewey have been published in the last few months, but very few of them show much of the man as he is. Most of them show a rather long, narrow face, with high, slightly receding forehead and Roman nose. As a matter of fact, there is more breadth and less length to the face than these pictures show. It is a square face, and its most prominent feature is the rugged under jaw. The eyes are wide apart, and set well back under heavy brows. The forehead is high, broad and bold. The nose is large, and the mouth generous, but firm. Most of his pictures show more of a mustache than the Admiral wore last summer. Mustache and hair are almost white. The complexion is dark, as are the eyes. He is not a big man physically, but he is astonishingly quick in his actions. His shoulders are so square and his broad back is so straight that many a man much his junior might envy him them. His step is quick and springy; his whole bearing is one of alertness and readiness. His mental process is lightning-like. He thinks like a flash, and goes all around his subject in less time than many a man would take to study one side. Yet he does not jump to conclusions, and there are times when he is very deliberate. He reasons to his determinations, and, whatever his personal preferences or beliefs or feelings, he can dissociate them entirely from his work. His logic machine is absolutely sound and in the finest order. It turns out conclusions with mathematical precision. The sharpest critic he has can hardly find one point in the long record made in Manila Bay where he can put down his finger and say, "There Dewey made a mistake."

The Admiral has a peculiar trick of thinking out loud, and sometimes when he is pondering some subject he will argue with any man whom chance sends along. On such occasions he will advance as his definite conclusion whatever side of the question happens to be uppermost in his mind, and stand ready to defend it with considerable warmth. On the morning of my first interview with him in Manila Bay, he spent several minutes demonstrating to me that the Filipinos were "forty times more capable of governing themselves than the Cubans." In less than a week he gave me an argument upon exactly the opposite side, ignoring the first talk as completely as if it had never occurred. Each time his assertions were of the most positive character, and the apparent contradiction puzzled me greatly until I came to understand better his mental attitude. Finally he reached the conclusion about the Filipinos which all the world now knows, and instantly his course of action was shaped to conform to his belief.

The period of delay after his May-day victory, when the Admiral was waiting for the army to get ready to occupy Manila, was very trying to him. Complications arose which placed a heavy strain on his intensely nervous organism. The actions of the German squadron of observation, and the at-

tempt to send Cámara to relieve Manila, are familiar history; but it is doubtful if the "sheltered people" here at home ever realized, or can realize, the anxiety that all this caused Admiral Dewey. Yet there wasn't a moment when his confidence was shaken. His plans were made for every contingency, and when he sent word to Von Diederichs that the Germans could "have a fight here and now, or at any time and any place," he meant just exactly what he said. Moreover, his own plan of action was mapped out, and the disposition of his ships, in case of battle with the Germans, was arranged.

During his long watch before Manila, almost the only recreation the Admiral took was in the navy yard at Cavite. Nearly every fair morning he went ashore a little before ten o'clock, and for an hour or so walked about with Captain Wood of the Petrel, who was commandant of the yard. He talked very freely with Captain Wood, as he did, in fact, with almost all his officers, and it is simple truth and justice to say that more loyal and devoted support could not have been given him. Except for this walk in the navy yard, the Admiral spent his time on the Olympia, very rarely leaving her. He appeared on the quarterdeck early in the morning, and there he sat or walked about nearly all day. There he met the captains or others who came to see him; there he transacted the business that came up for his personal attention; there he read, studied, visited, lived, during the tedious trying months. If the day was bad, weather-dodgers were spread, and he still sat there, keeping a diligent lookout on the whole squadron. If something happened on another ship that he didn't understand, he was quite likely to have signal made to find out about it. He knew completely what was going on in the squadron, and there wasn't an officer or man who didn't understand the hopelessness of trying to fool him.

*Samoa's Fighting Chief* Of the Samoan fighting chief, Harper's Weekly says:

Mataafa, the most interesting and romantic figure in the Samoan drama and the candidate for the kingship, may be looked upon as at once the ablest and most popular native chief of the Samoan group. It may be feared that Mataafa has had the misfortune to come upon the scene of history a little too late. Had he done so a generation sooner, there can be little doubt that he would have been known to Europeans and natives alike as the great chief—Malietoa—of the islands, without doubt or rival. As it is, he is beyond doubt the most popular chief of the islands among his own people and the most admired and trusted warrior of his race. The career of Mataafa has been unusually checkered and romantic. He has been a trusted viceroy of an exiled king. Then he became his avenger, in which character he defeated and practically drove out the usurper Tamasese, who had been supported by German influence against the reigning Malietoa, and incidentally defeated and slaughtered a considerable body of German marines who attempted his



capture. He was then elected king by the principal chiefs, but was prepared magnanimously to surrender his position to the original sovereign on his return from exile through the good offices of America and England. So great was the gratitude of the returned exile, however, for Mataafa's services to his people, that he proposed to take the office of vice-king himself, leaving the popular chief to administer the native government. The arrangement would almost certainly have proved the best for all parties, for Mataafa was personally liked by nearly all the European and American residents, as well as respected by the native Samoans; but Germany was, perhaps naturally, opposed to the idea of the triumph of the chief who had successfully resisted her forces and dethroned her nominee. The wishes of the people and king having been disregarded, and Mataafa refused recognition, he withdrew to his own district of Malie, and there set up a local government of his own, which, although conducted peaceably, ignored the arrangements made by the treaty powers in deference to the wishes of Germany. This was considered a menace to the existence of the government of which Malietoa was really the puppet king, and in 1893 Mataafa was declared a rebel, and all his lands, as well as those of the chiefs who supported him, were declared forfeited. Had the natives been left to fight the matter out, there can be little doubt that, in spite of the superior numbers of the government party, he would have repeated his former success; but the appearance on the scene of action of three men-of-war—one British and two German—induced him to save useless bloodshed by surrender.

In person, Mataafa is a fine specimen of his race, well qualified, both from his dignity of bearing and his intelligence, to command the respect of his people. It will be remembered that he was the great friend of R. L. Stevenson, the novelist, at whose house he was a frequent and favorite guest; indeed, his course of action in 1893 was said to have been taken on the advice of his European friend, who is said to have assured him that England would not desert him at the dictation of Germany. It is at least possible that his disappointment in this may be responsible for his new position as the nominee of Germany at present.

*President Loubet*

We take from London Truth this sketch of the French President:

He is not in the least theatrical, and has reached the sobering age of sixty, and never was a beau. He was not brought up snobbishly by father or mother, least of all by the mother, Mme. Auguste Loubet. He is own son of that old lady, look at him how you may; though he does not inherit the bright, straightforward, perceptive black eyes that still shine in her head, notwithstanding her eighty-six years. The President has slate-colored eyes that seem to gaze as through a veil at some distant object that haunts him in his day dreams. There is a tinge of poetry in them. He has not been indifferent to any opportunity to better himself in the world. But it may be said of him that if he has long been in the great official world he is not of it. He was thrust into the profession of advocate by his father. From boyhood to age he longed to de-

vote himself to farming as he saw it in childhood practised in the paternal home. The other day at the Agricultural Show he told some farmers with whom he chatted that when he retires from the Elysée he will go to live at the farm where he was reared.

There is no tinge of aristocracy in M. Loubet's ancestry, but much respectability of the yeoman kind. His father was for thirty years Mayor of the Commune of Marsenne, in which his fee-simple farm of La Terasse lies. There were doctors, notaries, attorneys, priests, in the family on both sides, and through some generations. They would have originally come from the Cevennes. Loubet in the patois of that part of France, means a watchdog. M. Loubet, like his ancestors, evolved quietly, patiently and step by step. It was said of his father that he was never in a hurry to gain, but that what he once gained he never lost. Both father and mother were readers. But the father was more imaginative and valued intellectual culture highly. He determined that both his sons were to live by their brains only, one as a doctor and the other as an advocate. In the long run, if they preferred bucolics, they would have the paternal acres to fall back upon. He was a quiet man and liked eighteenth-century literature. Mme. de Sevigné, a very practical farmer, was the favorite author of Mme. Loubet "mère." Her letters were not absorbing. One could read them without letting the bread burn in the oven or the "pot-au-feu" remain unskimmed. Her son, Dr. Loubet, who has withdrawn from the practice of medicine to manage a paternal farm near Grignan, not long ago wanted the old lady to come and stay with him. She was, he wrote to her, going on toward ninety. It was not well for her to be so much alone. It would interest her to be at a place about which Mme. de Sevigné wrote so much. Mme. Loubet then wrote back in a firm hand, "I have lived so long here that I would break with my whole life were I to go away. I am alone, it is true. But that, surely, is a reason why my sons should often come to see me. As for Mme. de Sevigné, I am fond of her. But I am fonder of my poultry, my almond trees, my vines, and my own garden. In withstanding so often the mistral, I have taken firmer root at Marsenne. It would never do now to unroot me." M. Loubet has under all circumstances shown himself faithful to the Republic. He has the intuition of what a republic should be, and of how a republican statesman should live and act. The fortune that he and his wife started with was £8,000, half of which was in ready money and belonged to her. He had two houses at Montélimar, valued at about £2,000. His business as an advocate was set down as worth £2,000 more. With that he was heir to the farm of La Terasse, his elder brother having been given the farm at Grignan. The only sister received her share in ready money on her marriage with a M. Barbier, a banker at Valence.

Mme. Loubet, "la Présidente," received a good education for the daughter of a small provincial manufacturer. She was nice-looking, had a pleasant manner, was an excellent housekeeper, and then her dot was good. Her housekeeping talents were tested during the many years when her hus-



band was only a simple deputy or senator. All their vacations were spent at Montélimar. The old lady at La Terasse constantly sent them farm produce for the table. Day by day they grew more prosperous and influential. Character was formed, experience acquired, a fairly good fortune accumulated, and views widened. They always lived in or on the fringe of the Quartier Latin—in the Rue Jacob, when M. Loubet was a deputy, and in the Rue de Seine when he was a senator. In the latter street they had for the convenience of clients a first floor, with two sitting-rooms and three bedrooms. The salon served as study and office. For economy's sake the dining-table at meals was covered with a white oilcloth. Neither M. nor Mme. Loubet believed in being swells. A result was that he was never under the temptation to sell his votes to Arton or to great financial companies. I should say that M. Loubet's morals are morals of conviction and long habit rather than a principle seated in the heart's core. But the morality of sixty years' habit is not easily upset. In his case it has the approval of a rather keen, very sound and really cultivated intellect. The disposition that goes with it is good and obliging. M. Loubet understands that no degree of personal success should make a man proud. Pride, like exaggerated praise, belittles. They say that one of his qualities is tenacity. He holds firmly what he does hold. But this quality is not harshly shown. A touch of poetry, easy-going amiability and a sort of benevolence, good for every-day use, cover it over.

*The Marquis Ito*

In the Windsor Magazine John Foster Fraser gives this account of the Father of Modern Japan:

It was at a quiet little dinner party at Tokio—the ancient Yeddo—that I first met Marquis Ito, ex-Prime Minister and creator of the new Japan. Not by any means a man of striking personality, about the average height of a Japanese, which is short, broad shouldered, and with something of a military carriage, his features sallow and drawn, his mustache and beard iron-gray and straggling, his hair thin but black, brushed tightly on the skull, which is level and broad. The forehead is scarred with two deep furrows, the nose wide-nostriled, indicating some vigor of character, but the mouth weak, with lips slightly bulging, the eyes small, black and curious—a quiet, commonplace, complacent business person—such was my first impression of one of the most notable of men.

Amiable, suave-mannered, acquiescent in argument, with absolutely no protruding domination of character, it is hard for you to realize when chatting with this man that you are chatting with the man who has made Japan a nation. For a moment you think of modern Japan, its constitutional sovereign, its House of Lords, its House of Commons, its magnificent navy, its army trained upon European principles, the country covered with railways, the great cities illuminated with electric light, trams rumbling along the main thoroughfares, stacks of telegraph and telephone wires lining the highways—everything is European, modern and go-ahead, everybody, save the poorer classes, dresses in English clothes and speaks the English lan-

guage. You feel that you are not in the Japan of the books, picturesque and dainty, a realm of knick-knacks and topsy-turvydom, but in a wide-awake, material Japan, where advancement and civilization are the watchwords. And then your eyes wander to Marquis Ito, and you endeavor to realize how it is that he has within thirty years transplanted his nation from the fourteenth century to the nineteenth, induced it to throw off its old insular, self-sufficient semi-barbarism, put on the garb of civilization, adapt itself to Western ideas, and determinedly take its place among the nations of the earth. You try hard to grasp it all. You fail.

On several occasions I had long chats with the Prime Minister, as he then was, and I well remember one night in Marquis Ito's smoking-room, when Count Inouye was also present—Count Inouye, who has always been Ito's hard-hitting right hand in Westernizing Japan—hearing them tell how it was, when quite boys, they made up their minds Japan would have to open its doors to the ideas of the West. They are both advancing in years now—Ito is fifty-nine and Inouye sixty-three—both political veterans.

"You know," said Marquis Ito, in telling me the story, "Inouye and I have been linked together from early life. We both belonged to the Choshu clan, one of the two great clans—the other was the Satsuma—concerned in the restoration of the Mikado. We Choshu men take the credit of having the brains, while the Satsumas have the muscle. Well, our chief decided that Inouye and myself should go to England to learn navigation, so that on our return our knowledge would be useful in ousting the foreigners from Japan. We two young fellows accordingly went to Nagasaki for the purpose of getting a passage to England. The only word of English we knew was 'navigation.' We went into the office of the company, and when the man in charge asked what we wanted, all we could say was 'navigation.' Everything seemed all right and away on board the vessel we went. But what was our surprise on finding that instead of being passengers we had been shipped as common sailors. All through the voyage we had to scrub the decks and work just the same as the others. The English sailors found out we had money and it was soon gambled away from us. Not all, for we kept two dollars carefully stowed away in an old stocking for emergencies. Well, at last we got to London, but nobody was there to meet us. The ship was tied up, everybody cleared off, and we were left alone. We got very hungry, but as we knew no English we didn't know what to do if we went on shore. However, hunger made us decide that one of us must go and buy something somehow, so we tossed up who it should be. The lot fell on Inouye."

"Yes," said Count Inouye; "I was never more frightened in my life than on that wet night when I set foot in London and started off with one of the dollars in my hand to buy food. I had to be very careful so as to know my way back. I found a baker's shop, so in I went and pointed to a loaf of bread. Of course I could not speak, but I held out the dollar to show my willingness to pay, and do

you know, that Englishman kept the dollar and gave me no change. Anyway, I got back to Ito all right, and we ate that bread like wolves. Next day some of our friends came to look for us and away we went. We were in London about a year."

"And did you learn much navigation in that time?" I asked.

"No," said Count Inouye, "not very much; but we kept our eyes open and we came to the conclusion that it was all nonsense for Japan to keep foreigners at arm's length."

"The Shoguns were then in power in Japan," continued Marquis Ito, "and they were making treaties with foreigners. Our clan, however, was very anti-foreign, and hearing it was getting into trouble owing to this persistent attitude, we hurried back to our country. We got to Yokohama just as a naval expedition was being sent against the Choshus by England, France, the United States and Holland. We at once asked for permission to go ahead of the expedition to the Choshus and try to induce our people to acknowledge the fault they had committed. Sir Rutherford Alcock, who was then Britain's representative in Japan, sent us in the frigate *Barrosa*. Well, we saw our chief; we did all we could to persuade him to make submission, and tried to show him how impossible it would be to avoid foreign intercourse."

"Yes," added Count Inouye, by way of parenthesis, "the most humiliating moment in my life was that day when we had to go back to the English ship with news of our failure. We had been so sure, we had been so filled up to the eyes with pro-foreign ideas, we could not believe in our own incapacity to convey our very strong impressions and opinions and convictions to the minds of other men."

Of course the Choshus were cut down. Dearly, however, as these two young fellows loved their country and their clan, they always acknowledged the superiority of the foreigner. They saw that Japan's salvation lay in the adoption of Western civilization, and for thirty years or more they have never rested in their labors.

Ito became known to the outer world in the spring of 1885. Then he was nearing the crest of his wave, a long-maintained wave of power. There were complications with China about Corea, and so he went to Tientsin and made that celebrated convention which is really at the bottom of all the trouble about China. Returning to Japan, he set himself to effect one of the greatest administrative reforms. This was no other than to thoroughly reorganize the government — to replace the old hereditary officials by men of the new school, and to make admission to office dependent upon examination and not upon nomination. Under that new system he himself became the first Prime Minister of Japan at the close of 1885. Then he went to Europe, to Berlin and to London, to study constitutional law. Back he came to Japan, and in 1891 the first Japanese Parliament was opened. From constitutional law Ito passed on to a revision of the criminal law, the civil law and the treaties with foreign countries, the last of which will have a far-reaching effect, for Japan is placed in line with the civilized countries of the West.

*Don Lorenzo Perosi* In the Boston Pilot we find this further notice of the young priest-composer, whom we noted in the May number:

Recently, when Don Lorenzo Perosi, the composer of oratorios which show a powerful genius, and whose name is now in all men's mouths, returned from Rome to his home in Venice, about one hundred people were gathered at the station in that city to meet him and cheer him. The Cardinal Patriarch of Venice, Cardinal Sarto, sent his own gondola to meet the young man, and Mgr. Bressau, his own secretary. Besides, there were at the station the municipal assessor, Commendatore Pellegrini, as representative of the Syndic of the city, and Camillo Boiti, the famous architect, as well as other distinguished persons. All this is accounted for, first, by the marvelous talent of Perosi, and secondly, by the fact that the Catholic spirit prevails in Venice in a pronounced degree.

It is asserted by the "*Difesa*," the noted Catholic journal of that city, that Perosi has been called to still higher honor. The literary genius of Leo XIII. has stimulated the musical genius of the Maestro Don Lorenzo Perosi to a work which will remain as the most elevated expression of the gratitude which Catholics cherish toward the divine goodness for the benefits received in the century which is drawing to its close, and of the faith and hope with which the new century will commence. The Holy Father, after having abundantly bestowed on the young and already celebrated composer special signs of his benevolence—among which is the conferring on him of the title and functions of adjutant director of the Sistine Chapel—he has besides received him a second time in audience to entrust to him by words a special work.

This is a beautiful poem which His Holiness has already almost wholly completed, and which he wishes to dedicate to the Saviour to celebrate the benefits of the Redemption, at the end of the nineteenth century and the beginning of the twentieth. In order that the impression of it may be more efficacious, more general and more popular, Leo XIII. has invited Don Perosi to set it to music, in one of those genial and expressive compositions in which the young master has already won such admiration. Many incidents connected with the career and the individuality of this phenomenal young priest are now to be learned. It is said, among other things, that he composes in one of the galleries of St. Mark's great church in Venice, in presence of the blessed sacrament. The very mention of this practice throws back the mind five centuries, to the time of Fra Angelico. In imagination we behold that marvelous painter preparing to depict in line and color some event of the life of Our Lord, and we see him first in prayer and profound devotion; and if the subject is connected with the passion of Our Saviour, the tears run down his cheeks as he paints his picture. Hence no man has painted sacred subjects as he has. A future age may have to tell that the divine melodies of Perosi have caught their inspiration from their composer working before the blessed sacrament in St. Mark's, where he was surrounded by the grandiose mosaic images of the prophets and the patriarchs of the old law and the saints of the new



law, standing out darkly in the gloom against the gold ground that reflects every spark of light.

It is told of him, besides, that in the excitement of composition, his skin, which by nature is very white, becomes all red, as if suffused with blood. He works with a sort of fury, writing as fast as ever the pen can go in his hand; and when his composition is completed, he is so fatigued as to be scarcely able to move. If he live, and he looks strong enough at present, and his extraordinary faculty for work continue as it is now, he will achieve wonders in the way of religious music.

*Ali Ferrouh Bey*

From the New York Tribune we take this short account of the present Turkish Minister to this country:

Ali Ferrouh Bey is as different from his sometime predecessor, Mavroyeni Bey, about whom so many romantic stories are told, as it is possible for one man to be from another, but he is equally popular in a different way, and has made an excellent impression both in social and official circles, where his zeal to advance in every way the interests of the country he represents excites admiration. Before coming to this country the present Minister served in Paris, London, Bucharest and St. Petersburg. He is an accomplished linguist, well versed in diplomacy, and is said to be a great favorite with the Sultan, who, it is rumored, will shortly raise the legation at this capital to the rank of an embassy, and appoint Ali Ferrouh Bey his first Ambassador to the United States. The Turkish Minister has a keen sense of humor, and delights, as most foreigners do, to acquire slang expressions. "That is hot stuff," is a favorite with him, and he frequently speaks of himself as a "goody-goody man." Every now and then menacing epistles, unsigned, of course, are found in his mail, threatening destruction not only to himself, but to the empire he represents. A characteristic one, which has been carefully preserved by the Minister, is the following: "Beware! you are destroyed. The Turkish oppressor is not to be endured, and his representative in this free country will be quickly wiped out." The Minister is an enthusiastic and expert photographer, and is never separated from his camera. He has made a large collection of Washington people and of views about the city, which, he says, will be an interesting souvenir to carry back to his own country, and will serve to remind him of many happy days, for the representative of the Padishah is fond of America, has sympathy for her institutions, and a point of view one rarely associates with an Oriental.

*A Canadian Celebrity*

This picture of Goldwin Smith in his Toronto home is given by Frank Geigh in the Book Buyer:

It is an ideal home—ideal for a man of letters who lives his best hours in his "temple of peace." Though situated in the heart of the city—and within sight and sound of some of its business thoroughfares—it is doubtful if the disturbing clang of the trolley bell, or the discordant traffic of a paved street, ever penetrates the sanctuary of books hidden away in The Grange. The old house, with its park-like lawn, its queenly elms, its fenced-off pad-

dock, is a bit of old England in new Canada. One leaves the rush of the world behind as the picturesque lodge is passed, and the graveled walk is followed under the spreading trees that leads to the ivy-covered residence. Its age stands confessed in the figures "1817" carved over the portal, making it one of the oldest and best-preserved early century houses in this city of homes. The fact that bricks for its construction were made in Canada, instead of being imported from England, was regarded at the time as worthy of mention. Equally conspicuous in interest is the historic incident of the black bear which, in the days when Toronto was known as "Muddy York" and lived up to its reputation, ventured into the grounds of The Grange in search of adventure. Bruin found it, for a pair of horses with the suggestive names of Bonaparte and Jefferson, spying the shaggy intruder, ceased their pasturing long enough to attack the animal with their front feet, and to such effect that he never lived to see his forest haunts again.

The house presents the same stately, porticoed front as when the tragedy of bruin took place hard by, and the same lion-headed brass knocker on the massive door still awakens the echoes, as it has done for hundreds of other callers in other years.

The workshop of The Grange is the library, where, like Milton at Cambridge, the erstwhile Oxford Don lives laborious days without necessarily scorning all delights. He is as devoted to his books and his pen as when in the prime of life he was one of England's most vigorous pamphleteers and controversialists. Until recently the professor was an early riser, accomplishing two or three hours of work before joining the family at breakfast, resuming his labors until two in the afternoon, then, eschewing further toil for the rest of the day, and never encroaching upon the evenings. He has always been a methodical worker, and in the preparation of copy for the printers, or in the revision of proofs, his exactitude and legibility are evident. Regularity of habits has ever been a feature of his daily life, and, though he has reached the age of seventy-six, his general health is excellent. He still spends the forenoons at his desk, where he is ably assisted by Mr. T. Arnold Haultain, whose contributions to the British reviews have won him favorable notice.

Seated in a capacious armchair before the cheerful fireplace, the professor is a charming talker, especially on literary themes. Balzac and Thackeray are among his favorite authors, as well as Scott, Jane Austen, and, in lesser degree, George Eliot. He values Dickens for his striking pictures of the lower strata of English life of a quarter of a century or more ago. Modern biography he is inclined to criticise on the ground of undue amplification, resulting sometimes in dull and tiresome books. Asked regarding the present day trend of fiction, the occupant of The Grange replied that he did not find the new novels at all equal to the old masters of fiction—"but perhaps that is a tendency of old age," he added in an aside. "The truth is, I read comparatively few novels. I like Conan Doyle very much for light reading, but I am not enthusiastic over Kipling." As a reader, however, he is most catholic in his tastes and generous in his criticisms.



## THE WORLD OVER: PEN PICTURES OF TRAVEL

*Mysterious Island in the Pacific.....New Zealand Herald*

Much attention has been given of late to what we may call the strange case of Clipperton Island. It is not more than three miles in circumference, and it lies in the Western Pacific something like 800 miles west of Mexico. In the wide expanse of the Pacific Ocean it shows like a mere speck, so small as to be of no value, seemingly, save as a refuge for a few of the army of beech-combers "who have burst all bounds of habit and have wandered far away" in the course of their downward progress. But the ownership of Clipperton Island has of late been claimed by no fewer than four countries—Mexico, the United States, France and Great Britain; and when it is added that the island is a favorite haunt of sea birds, and that many tons of valuable guano are waiting to be picked up, the reason for this unwonted solicitude even in an era of land-grabbing will be apparent. Clipperton Island is of interest in another direction. It is one of those numerous stretches of land set in the midst of the seas, sunny and otherwise, which, after their first discovery, for many years elude all endeavors to locate them again. It has now been, as it were, nailed down in one particular spot in the ocean—that is to say, its exact position has been finally determined by warships sent out for the express purpose of searching for it and settling all doubts as to its existence; and the only thing remaining now is that the question of ownership should be settled. It happens that there is another island about 400 miles southwest of Clipperton, and rich in the same deposits that make that place worth possessing, for which adventurous miners are at this moment looking. As late as July last a vessel named Moonlight left Altata, Mexico, on a voyage in search of this latest mysterious island, and spent fifty-two days of fruitless labor toward this end. Her captain failed to find the place, and, fearing that his provisions and water would run short, returned home to report that either the rough charts of old Captain Martin and his associates were in error, or else that some strange seismic phenomenon had caused the lost isle to disappear, years ago, perhaps, for all that mortal soul knows. Spice is added to this romance by the fact that another 'Frisco captain located the place definitely a year or two before and found a small colony there—which colony is still on the island and shipping guano in their own schooners, manned by numbers of their own party, to the leading ports on the Pacific slope of North and South America. Quite a number of expeditions have of late been made with the object of wresting this valuable secret from the handful of men in whose possession it is, and of participating in the spoils; and one of these days we will, no doubt, hear of a sanguinary fight for the supremacy between the present colonists and a party of marauders. Although the stories told about the unknown island vary considerably, they all agree that it exists somewhere about 400 or 500 miles southwest of Clipperton, in a low coral atoll covered with the richest phosphates. The place also has its legends of pirates' treasures, which may or may not have had

any foundation in fact. One of the expeditions of recent date, which have been fitted out to look for the island, was the Vine expedition. That vessel's owner claims to have secured his knowledge of the place from the old sea captain named Martin, above referred to, who died some years ago, and who left an old chart among his belongings, which told of a small island in the South Pacific, not down on the regular charts, enormously rich in guano.

*Vanishing England.....London Mail*

Inhabitants of inland towns have no conception of the anxiety experienced by the dwellers on the English coast in consequence of the certain and, in some cases, the rapid disappearance of their homes through the inroads of the sea. Nowhere, perhaps, is this so apparent as along the east coast. Take, for instance, the pretty and historic village of Dunwich. Though now only a very small place, it was in former times a large city, the capital of East Anglia and the see of the diocese. It held no inconsiderable place among the commercial cities of the kingdom. It had eight parish churches and a great number of chapels and monastic institutions, all of which, except the ruins of All Saints' Church, the chapel of St. James' Hospital and the Maison Dieu, have been washed away. An old chronicle records, with reference to this particular neighborhood, that a wood, called East Wood, or the King's Forest, extended several miles southeast of the town, but many years ago it was destroyed by the sea. The land must have stretched far out and have formed the southern boundary of the Bay of Southwold.

In an irruption of the sea in 1739 the roots of a great number of trees were exposed. This appeared to be the extremity of some wood which was in all probability part of this submerged forest. "The sea," continues the historian, "agitated by violent east or northeast winds, continued its conquests quite to the town, for whose preservation Henry III., in the sixth year of his reign (1222), not only required assistance of others, but himself granted £200 toward making a fence to check its inroads. In the first year of Edward III. (1327) the old port was rendered entirely useless, and before the twenty-third of the same King (1305) a great part of the town, containing upward of 400 houses, with certain shops and windmills, had fallen a prey to the waves."

By the end of the eighteenth century this ancient and historic town had virtually disappeared. Passing from Dunwich, going southward, there is the small town of Aldeburgh. Here again the sea has made great encroachments, and during the last century has overthrown many houses, together with the marketplace and cross. A plan of the town in 1559 proves it to have been at that time of considerable size. Perhaps at no place along the east coast has the sea fought with so much pluck and determination as at Southwold. This pleasant and rapidly rising little seaside resort, like its neighbors, was once a town of importance, though not of such antiquity as Dunwich. Since the Domesday sur-

vey the sea has gained upon the coast one mile, one furlong nineteen perches. Within the last two or three years it is estimated that about half an acre of land has been washed away. Houses which formerly stood some distance from the cliff are now quite close to the edge and in peril of being swept to destruction.

Many thousands of pounds have been spent, and many more are to be spent, on sea defense works, but the inhabitants are very pessimistic as to the result. It is quite possible, notwithstanding that efforts are being made to combat the waves, that many of the present inhabitants may live to see Southwold numbered with the towns that have been, but are no more.

*Queer Towns.....Household Words*

A few miles from Ningpang-po, a town in Northern China, there is a large village composed exclusively of graves. The place is, as a matter of fact, a deserted burial-ground, and has been taken possession of by a numerous colony of beggars, thieves and outcasts of all descriptions, who eat, sleep and make merry in spite of their eerie environment, which—such is the influence of familiarity—never seems to enter their otherwise superstitious minds. There are several of these “towns among the tombs” in various parts of the Celestial Empire, but the one we have mentioned is the most extensive. Adjoining a certain famous quarry in Italy is a town whose inhabitants pay neither rent, rates nor taxes. In this blissful retreat the citizens, who are all employed in the quarries, dig out dwellings for themselves in the face of a precipitous rock, roads up the cliff leading to the various ranges of galleries. This community of cliff-dwellers, we fancy, would offer scant encouragement to the speculative jerry-builder.

The marine village of Tupuselei, in New Guinea, would take a lot of beating on the score of singularity. Here the houses are all supported on piles, and stand right out in the ocean, some considerable distance from the shore. The object of this strange position is to protect the inhabitants against sudden attacks of the dreaded head-hunters, who are always on the lookout for victims. Other villages in this happy land are perched up in all but inaccessible trees, for the same weighty reason. Another curious place is a town without a name on one of the arms of Lake Huron. This consists of some five hundred wooden huts. During the summer these little dwellings are hidden away in a clearing on shore, and the town contains not a single inhabitant. But on the arrival of winter, when the lake is frozen over with a thick coating of ice, the owners of the huts arrive, and proceed to move their houses out on to the surface of the lake. The floor of the huts is taken up, and a hole cut through the ice. Through these holes the residents fish, carrying on their operations until the spring releases the lake from its icy bonds, when this extraordinary town is once more broken up, the shanties go back to their resting-place, and the fishermen scatter over the country. This place even boasts a curing factory and a church, not to mention several saloons—all on the ice. Athos, a town situated on a promontory on the coast of Macedonia, well deserves the

title of the most curious town in the universe. The peninsula is known as “The Mountain of the Monks,” from the fact that a score or so of monasteries are dotted about the rough hill-sides, or the valleys. In these establishments dwell a numerous body of ascetics, kind and hospitable to wanderers, but full of superstition, and believing in the doctrine of separation to a wonderful degree. The actual town, as distinct from its monastic environs, is called Caryes, and supplies the simple wants of the monks. Here are to be found streets of shops, crowded bazaars, flourishing trades, and all the bustle and energy of a modern town. But one thing soon strikes the visitor as strange. There is not a female to be seen anywhere, for the gentler sex is rigorously banished from the place. Even the small Turkish garrison, from the commandant down to the privates, consists of bachelors. This extraordinary law is carried out even among the domestic animals. Only the wild birds evade it, and then only when free, for no female bird is ever brought to table; the fowl one has for dinner is sure to be a cockerel. For this unparalleled state of affairs, there is only a legend to account. Although to our practical minds flimsy to a degree, it is implicitly believed in by the inhabitants. It appears that in one of the chief monasteries on the promontory there is a miraculous icon, which is a picture or image sacred to members of the Russo-Greek Church. This particular picture is a representation of the Virgin, and the legend says that one day as the Empress Pulcheria, who had liberally endowed the church, as well as beautified and restored it, was engaged in her devotions, the Virgin spoke, asking what she, a woman, was doing in the church. The pious lady, no doubt amazed, did not reply, whereupon the voice commanded her to leave, saying that the feet of a woman should never again tread the floor. The Empress, probably surprised at the seeming ingratitude of the speech, as well as awe-struck, left the place, which no female has since entered. How the prohibition, thus arbitrarily established, came to comprehend the length and breadth of the promontory is not very clear. As a residence for bashful bachelors, we should imagine, Athos would be hard to surpass.

*A Costly Roadbed.....Paris Cosmos*

“The South African diamond mines were discovered thirty years ago, quite accidentally. A peddler who was traveling from farm to farm on his business, noticed a brilliant stone amid the pebbles with which some children were playing on a farm situated near the Vaal. The idea occurred to him that perhaps it might be of some value. He sent it in an unsealed letter to Dr. Atherstone, of Grahamstown, who was something of a geologist. He recognized in the stone a fine diamond. The fame of this discovery grew, and soon the diamond fever led many into the fields. Mines were discovered and a camp was quickly formed, which received the name of Kimberly.

“Water was scarce near these mines, and nevertheless it was almost indispensable for washing the diamond-bearing soil and getting the precious gems out easily. Many workmen tried to do without it and to find their diamonds in the dry earth, with



the result that a great number of the stones remained in the débris of the diamond-bearing soil that had been subjected to search. The city of Kimberly, growing rapidly, soon had a municipal council, which, among other things, undertook to macadamize its streets. The débris, that was in the miners' way, was found excellent for this purpose. The city undertook, to the great satisfaction of great numbers of workmen, to rid them of their rubbish-heaps. After fifteen or sixteen years the mines became too deep to be worked by individuals. Further, the almost unlimited production lowered the price of diamonds. Financiers succeeded in buying up all the mines, or rather in uniting them. The production was lessened to raise the price, machinery did the work instead of men, and many workmen were thrown out of employment. It was then remembered that the streets of Kimberly contained enormous quantities of diamonds; water brought from the river Vaal by two companies was abundant and cheap. The municipal council was petitioned by unemployed workmen for permission to wash over the macadam in the streets to recover the diamonds in it. Their request was granted, and each year a certain length of road was given over to them. These washings produced about a million francs' (\$200,000) worth of diamonds yearly. Magnificent stones were found, and some excessively rich places. As an example, they tell of twelve yards of street that yielded 50,000 francs' (\$10,000) worth of diamonds."

*Our Oldest City.....San Juan News*

The settlement of Ponce de Leon at Caparra, near the site of Pueblo Viejo, across San Juan Bay, is now, by more than fifty-five years, the first town established within the present borders of the United States. Historians, therefore, must give the prestige of antiquity, not to the Spanish town of St. Augustine, Fla., of 1565, as formerly, but to Caparra, founded in the year 1509. Dr. M. W. Harrington, of the San Juan weather office, discovered the exact location of the historical Caparra unexpectedly. On a pleasure walk into the country two weeks ago he happened to select the road to Pueblo Viejo, and when talking with the native residents learned their traditions of the first Spanish town in Porto Rico. He accordingly procured a guide and made an examination of the nearly extinct ruins. Of his interesting discovery Dr. Harrington says: "Without doubt the ruins I found are those of the first settlement, established by the explorer and colonizer, Ponce de Leon. Both local tradition and history name Caparra as the earliest town on the island and agree, moreover, on this same site near Old Village, or Pueblo Viejo. Even the native negroes, some of whom could neither read nor write, knew the story of Caparra. My personal investigation further satisfied me of the correctness of their tradition. The only remains of the original town visible now are the ruins of a church, hospital and a repaired limestone furnace. Most of the stone from the church, hospital and houses has been used, according to the natives, in the construction of highways. A historical landmark near by is the reputed gold mine worked by the first Spanish settlers. Ponce de Leon greatly en-

riched himself, says tradition and also history, by the compulsory labor of the native Indians in the mines.

*Strange Cuban Burial Customs.....Leslie's Weekly*

In cities like Havana and Santiago the funeral of a person of wealth or high station in life is a marvel of ostentatious display. The hearse is an enormous affair, surmounted with great black urns and waving plumes. On the top sits the driver in knee-breeches and cocked hat, with bright red coat trimmed with shining gold lace. The horses are completely covered with black cloth, with holes for their eyes, also trimmed with gold. The procession is led by two men dressed like the driver, in red and black and gold. Behind the hearse march the mourners. These appear to be the most dried-up, illy-fed, miserable-looking specimens of sorrowing manhood which the country affords. Whether they are kept upon a special diet or not I have never learned, but they are always on hand at the undertaker's shop, waiting to carry on their vocation. They wear tall hats, generally showing signs of having been brushed the wrong way, and their coats are of the frock pattern, intended to be black, but more often faded to a snuff color from long service in the business. Carriages follow the mourners, and the entire procession moves through the city at a snail's pace, set by the gorgeous-looking postilions in the red coats and cocked hats.

But if pomp and ceremony characterize the funerals of the better classes, it is just the contrary with those of the masses. On one occasion I remember following a strange rabble of negroes to the Colon Cemetery, a short distance from Havana. Six of them were perspiring under a heavy coffin which they bore upon their shoulders. Behind them came a shambling multitude of blacks and half-breeds, and not desiring to identify myself with the procession, I lagged behind. I saw them enter the cemetery gates and disappear, and after I entered it was sometime before I came upon them at the far end of the hallowed grounds. They were swinging the coffin over the open grave and singing in a wild sort of chant. Upon seeing me they dropped the coffin into the hole and hurried away. Upon inquiring, I was told that these people were Nanigos, or members of a secret order inclined to commit all sorts of abominable murders in connection with mysterious fetich rites brought from Africa and Hayti.

In the city of Sancti Spiritus I was the guest of a Cuban family of means, when the usual quiet of the household was disturbed by the announcement that the cook, an old family slave, had suddenly died. The mistress was very much shocked at this sudden death, and insisted that the faithful old servant be buried with a coffin, or "box," as it is there termed, which appeared to be contrary to the usual custom of burying negro domestics. It was a busy day in making preparations for the burial, and after the coffin-maker, the *escribiente*, and the priest had all been bargained with and paid, imagine my surprise to find my host making arrangements with another party to accompany the funeral, to see that the coffin was not stolen.



## APPLIED SCIENCE: INVENTION AND INDUSTRY

*Actuality of Glass Houses.....Philadelphia Times*

M. Louis Garchey, of Cragny, Burgundy, who during the last few years has become celebrated throughout the length and breadth of France as a man of science and a practical inventor, has made in Lyons a very interesting and successful experiment. The object of M. Garchey's experiment has been to prove the great practical value of his latest discovery, which constitutes an entirely new and unique method of melting up all kinds of old glass and transforming it into material as hard and serviceable as Belgian blocks. The municipal authorities of Lyons, never having heard of "ceramic stone," or "devitrified glass," as M. Garchey variously called his new material, at first naturally hesitated about giving their consent to the inventor's request, that they grant him permission to pave the principal streets of Lyons with his new material, and thus prove to the world in a practical way the value of his discovery. Finally, however, after persistent efforts, M. Garchey won the day. He took a very conservative advantage of his privilege, as he only attempted, in the beginning, to lay a portion of one street, selecting for the purpose a principal thoroughfare which is under continuous and heavy traffic. The glass pavement of "ceramic stone" was finished in November, and it is still as sound as when it was first put down. A proposition recently made by M. Garchey to erect a glass house or luminous palace at the Paris Exposition next year will likely be pushed, and the building will present completely the possibilities of glass as a structural material. During the course of an interview had with M. Garchey at his "ceramo-crystal" works, in the picturesque little village of Semi-Lune, he said, when questioned regarding the proposed glass house: "I propose to construct such a building, and I believe it will attract great attention and at the same time greatly assist in bringing about an entire change in the use of building materials; in fact, I feel confident that in three years' time glass houses will be so common that they will not attract the slightest attention. I base my belief on several good reasons. In the first place, my 'ceramo-crystal' for building purposes can be manufactured at a much more reasonable figure than any other reliable building material now on the market in either Europe or America. In the second place, I am sure that time will prove its almost everlasting durability. When these two important features of 'ceramo-crystal' are taken into consideration in connection with the highly attractive and artistic appearance of this new substance, I feel sure I am fully justified in making the claims for it that I do."

*The Value of Small Inventions.....The Patent Record*

Inventors, and those who invest in patents, may be reminded that inventions of modest pretensions are often highly profitable. An inventor, to make money out of his ideas, need not be a Bessemer, a Pullman, a Westinghouse, or an Edison. It is possible to enumerate a large number of patents on small things producing profitable results. The "Stylographic pen" yielded £20,000 a year to its proprietors; a plan for shading in different colors

was worth a similar amount; rubber stamps proved equally valuable to their inventor. A certain rich man owes his wealth to the gummed newspaper wrapper; and the genius who put a piece of rubber at one end of a tube and closed up the other end by slipping in a lead pencil realized a fortune.

Turning to large inventions: The Burden horse-shoe machinery produced £180,000; Masuary's tin can, £20,000; Waterman's crinoline wire, £17,000; Sturtevant's veneer for shoe-pegs, £50,000; while Miller's car coupling, McCormick's reaper and many other patents have proved to be small gold mines. The "Drive well" was an idea of Colonel Green. It was designed to meet a temporary want of water experienced by troops under that officer's command. The simple contrivance being subsequently patented and adopted by farmers, Colonel Green amassed £600,000 out of royalties. The spring window shade yields £20,000 a year. A miner, finding that the buttons upon the flaps of his trousers' pockets would not support the weight of all his heavy tools, substituted metal eyelets and hooks for buttons. That miner is now a man of wealth. The inventor of the roller skate made £200,000. The gimlet-pointed screw has been responsible for more wealth than most silver mines. One hundred thousand pounds in first-class securities would not represent the fortune made by the man who first thought of copper tips to children's shoes. Even a little thing like the common needle threader is worth £2,000 a year to its owner, while the "Return ball"—a wooden ball fastened on a piece of elastic—yields £10,000 per annum; this is only one of many profitable toys. We may mention the "Dancing Jim Crow," which produces £15,000 a year; the "Wheel of Life," worth in all full £100,000; the walking figure "John Gilpin," and the "Chameleon top." The sale of the last named toy has been enormous, and the profits also enormous. Indeed, the "Chameleon top" as a profitable invention, has probably excelled any one discovery in modern times, however valuable and important this may have been. As far as profits are concerned, the invention of toys pays better than those of anything else. Money has been, and always can be, made more easily out of simple patented inventions than out of any investment or occupation. Great discoveries take so many years, and cost so much to perfect that the fortunes made from them are small compared with those we have instanced. The man who discovered that a candle, if tapered at the end, would stick firmly into its socket, patented the idea and afterward founded the largest candle factory in the world. Might not any one have thought of this simple device? Out of the millions who own umbrellas, how many realize that these unfortunately indispensable articles represent wealth untold! The frame, the cover, the materials used, all are the result of numberless experiments and patents. An umbrella years ago used to be made of whalebone and gingham. It weighed as much as a portmanteau. Alpaca was substituted for gingham, then silk for alpaca. Each change meant a fortune to the inventor who brought it about. For a long time the ribs were

solid; then Samuel Fox arose, took the umbrella and cut grooves along its ribs. He designed the "Patent Paragon Frame," and lived to see his invention used universally. At the death of Samuel Fox his heir benefited to the extent of £179,000—the residue of a total profit of at least half a million.

*The Panama Canal..... Scientific American*

In October, 1894, a new company was formed for the purpose of completing the Panama Canal. It was organized with a cash capital of \$13,000,000, and, with a view to giving it a commanding position in the financial world, the stock was purchased by several of the leading financial institutions in France, the whole \$13,000,000 being actually paid in. The new company was officially recognized and its titles, etc., duly confirmed by the Colombian Government. On coming into possession, the new owners very properly determined that their first duty was to make a complete study of the engineering features of the scheme, to the lack of which the failure of the old company was largely due. They also determined to begin work on a considerable scale with a view to determining exactly what quality of material would be encountered in completing the excavations and building the various dams and locks. To this end a staff of one hundred and fifty engineers was placed in the field and a force of several thousand men was put upon the work at the more important points, including the great Culebra cut through the divide.

The experience of the De Lesseps engineers and the opinion of casual visitors to the Culebra cut had agreed in indicating that the caving in of the loose material would prevent this great ditch from being successfully excavated. The new company accordingly concentrated a large force at this point and at Emperador for the purpose of ascertaining the nature of the underlying material of the mountain. A tunnel 1,100 feet in length was driven along the axis of the canal and a dozen test pits six feet in diameter were sunk at various points through the cut down to the proposed level of the bottom of the canal, and the shafts were connected by short tunnels; in short, the mass of material to be excavated was so thoroughly honeycombed in the regions where the worst caving had occurred as to leave no doubt as to its actual composition. Altogether, in the past four years there has been taken out of the Culebra and Emperador cuts 3,924,000 cubic yards of material, and the cost of this survey by excavation has been over \$4,000,000. It was costly, but absolutely necessary to an exact estimate of the feasibility and expense of completing the canal. The evidence thus acquired proves that the "Culebra sliding mountain" does not exist, the excavation having passed through the upper layer of loose material and reached an argillaceous schist, below which, to the proposed bed of the canal, is solid rock. At Emperador the material is less firm, but perfectly capable of control when provided with proper drainage—a precaution wholly neglected in the happy-go-lucky methods of the De Lesseps régime.

Another problem to be solved by the new company was that of the control of the turbulent Chagres River. The route of the canal, imme-

diately after passing through the divide at Culebra, follows the course of the Obispo River, a tributary of the Chagres. At Obispo the canal enters the valley through which the latter river flows, and it follows this valley from mile 29 to mile 5, a distance of 24 miles. Now during the rainy season the Chagres is liable to enormous floods, which were such as to render the canal construction on the original lines a physical impossibility. The new company decided at the outset to abandon De Lesseps' extravagant idea of a sea-level canal and substitute a system of locks. This decision opened up the question of a sufficient supply of water to compensate for losses and supply the summit level. The floods of the Chagres evidently afforded an abundant supply, and the problem then took the form of an investigation of the amount of the Chagres River discharge and the possibility of storing it in suitable reservoirs, which should at once serve to feed the summit level and to hold back the rush of the Chagres waters in times of flood. With the question of the Chagres control was associated that of the most desirable elevation for the summit level and the number and location of the various locks.

This investigation was intrusted to 150 engineers, who, with their corps of assistants, have been occupied for four years in exhaustive surveys, the total cost of which has amounted to \$1,200,000. This included, in addition to superintendence of the work at Culebra, extensive borings at the sites of the proposed dams and locks, sufficient to determine the exact nature of the whole site covered by their foundations; gaugings of the river; the complete cross-sectioning of the basins of the proposed storage and control reservoirs, together with every kind of research that is necessary to the determination of the feasibility and cost of an engineering work of this magnitude. The investigation has been carried out to the smallest details, the drawing of every culvert, bridge, etc., being worked out with such elaboration that, on receipt of orders to go ahead with the work, these plans could be sent to the shops and the material ordered. We have had the pleasure of inspecting the engineering data, and we are free to admit that the plans, profiles, maps, shop drawings, records, etc., are as complete as the most fastidious could ask for.

The new company has evidently laid the lesson of the first failure to heart; but, in order to give further weight to the findings of the engineers, it asked for the appointment of a technical commission composed of eminent engineers of different nationalities, whose experience in similar work gave them special qualifications for passing upon the new surveys and plans. This commission, organized in 1896, through some of its members has made personal inspection of the canal on the Isthmus and in addition to having at its disposal the local records of rainfall and floods for the last fifteen years, for two years has made its own elaborate records of rainfall and of the flow and floods of the Chagres, and has held over 100 sessions. It presented a unanimous report on December 2, which, considering the standing and experience of the members, is perhaps the most representative and authoritative document of the kind ever drawn up.



The report fully indorses the plans and estimates of cost of the new canal.

*Tussick Making.....Providence Journal*

The tussick drinkers and distillers are the latest order of moonshiners in South Carolina. Tussick is a fiery intoxicant that takes its name from the natural, grass-matted tussocks in the swamps, where, for convenience, the primitive stills are situated. After the syrup has been extracted from the sorghum cane the bruised and seemingly worthless pulp yet contains ingredients which may be brought out by the proper processes with swamp water, heat, distillation. The Cubans, it is said, have indulged in tussick tipping for generations on their island. The residue and refuse from all varieties of cane, millet, amber cane and genuine sugar cane may be utilized. This is the first season known to the public, however, that the drink has become common in South Carolina, and it is only in this one part of the State that it has a hold. The stuff when distilled is said to be almost pure alcohol. It is very nearly white and innocent to look at, yet charged with an oily element said to produce alarming and unlooked for consequences in the imbiber. Every farmer, the most unskilled or indifferent; every ne'er-do-well squatter and non-working negro on a little unpaid-for plot of ground, plants a patch of sorghum cane as the easiest raised and most certain crop. The sorghum is prolific and will grow with almost no attention on the poorest soil, so the tussick distillers have no end of material to draw from, and there is no limit to the liquor that can be turned out—or, rather, "dreened off"—at nominal expense. An iron kettle and worm do as well as copper apparatus, at one-third the cost. The water and fuel are at hand for nothing, and labor—discreet, non-blabbing labor—is to be had for next to that, or for the promise of rare libations when all shall be in readiness. As for the bottling, the glass jars in which quinine comes will do, or kerosene cans, or second-hand flasks and bottles got from the yard of the town druggist or hotel-keeper. For corks, the swamp-whisky distiller knows the very root that is impervious to air or moisture, and that will protect his precious spirits. He has friends and colleagues in the turpentine distillery business, either past or present, who can inform him on such matters, if he does not know himself, and who can even devise and render secure the home-made keg or cask for holding tussick. Expert distillers can separate the pernicious oil from the alcoholic liquid and make it more endurable to discriminating palates—at least, this was the verdict passed upon the few sample bottles of tussick whisky that the constables contrived to get hold of—but the habitual tussick drinker likes the tippie best just as it is, oil and all. He comes of a hardy, nerve and tissue toughened race, immune to crudities, and is no whit disturbed in any fundamental manner by a potation that would knock spots out of a politely nurtured system.

*Ships That Pass in the Air.....Boston Transcript*

One of the few points which the Czar of Russia has proposed for consideration by the approaching international peace conference is that of the use of balloons for dropping explosives upon an enemy.

The prominence thus given to navigable balloons brings a startling suggestion of the imminence of a mode of warfare which most intelligent persons had regarded as at least remote. The importance of more speedy and effective methods in waging war continually urges to improvement in weapons and more practicable means of bringing them to bear upon the foe. The atmosphere has, in recent years, been earnestly considered as a field in which new engines of destruction might be used with advantage. Thus balloons of various forms have, in the minds of some, had a chief place in expectant dreams of the conquering elements in the next war. Such ships of the air, for transportation in time of peace as well as for offensive action in war, were for several months in 1897 reported as actually employed in long-trial trips within our national limits. Mention of them was made in the columns of some of the religious journals even; yet after long waiting for positive demonstration of the actuality of these vessels, the newspapers, in their own parlance, pronounced all these stories mere "fakes." Yet there is indisputable evidence that the air has been successfully navigated for short distances by vessels carrying passengers.

The navigable balloon is, therefore, in existence; but, as with ships that ride upon the ocean waves, its navigation will have to be learned.

Since the air-ship was demonstrated to be a practical thing, it has not been easy to get accounts of the trips nor of the craft themselves; therefore we do not know to what development the aerostat has now been brought by the French War Department. There was a report last year that trials of an air-ship at Vienna had proved eminently successful, and that a company had been formed for building similar craft. The balloon of this ship was said to be of pencil shape, over three hundred feet long, and containing several interior compensating balloons. The motive power is electricity. Water contained in a tank beneath the car serves as ballast. It is claimed that this ship will carry supplies sufficient for eight days. Count Zeppelin, its builder, last autumn announced his purpose of making a voyage to America, which he said could be performed in four days; but no aerial voyager has yet been despatched coming shoreward from the sunrise.

Governments are reticent in regard to their engines of war; and in France, at least, the Dreyfus case has doubtless had an influence on the preservation of war secrets. Probably there is no foreign ruler who is so well-informed in the matter of French aerial craft as the Czar of Russia, because of the very friendly relations of the two nations; so that we may confidently infer from his utterance that aerial cruisers are no myth.

The fact, too, that our own Congress some months ago, made an appropriation of \$25,000 for experiments in flying machines; and that the army is to be furnished with field-pieces specially designed for shooting at an enemy directly overhead, show that American authorities also are convinced that something more offensive than observation balloons, which are usually anchored in the rear of the fighting line, are expected to be in the air in the next war between civilized nations.



# SOCIETY VERSE: SONGS IN LIGHTER VEIN

Where Helen Comes.....John Jerome Rooney.....Donahue's

Where Helen comes, as falls the dew,  
Where Helen comes Peace cometh, too!  
From out the golden Western lands,  
White lilies blooming in her hands,  
A light of beauty in her face,  
She passeth on with nameless grace.  
Before her fly the shades of life—  
The darkling, wheeling bats of strife—  
They flee her very garments' stir,  
And greater fear the soul of her;  
For hath she not the magic touch—  
The sesame of loving much?  
Where'er her morning footsteps pass  
The daisies sing unto the grass;  
Soft whispers full of praises sweet  
Her evening presence rise to greet,  
And if she go through deserts bare  
The angels of the heart are there—  
They find no spot to weave their spells  
So fair as that where Helen dwells!  
Where Helen comes, as falls the dew,  
Where Helen comes Peace cometh, too!

Don't Hesitate.....Philadelphia North American

I pondered long upon my choice  
'Twixt Annabel and Dolly;  
I knew not which 'twere best to wed;  
And now I see my folly—  
For girls can't wait while men decide.  
Be warned by my fate, brothers;  
I pondered long upon my choice—  
Too long—both married others.

Pretty Pierrette.....London St. Paul's

Fair as a butterfly, false as you're fair,  
What do I care, Pierrette, what do I care?  
Smile on me, little one, frown at me so,  
Love of you lives not for Pierrot I know;  
Flaunt it most gaily, dance for me, yet  
I give you good day, my pretty Pierrette.  
Fair as a butterfly, Butterflies die;  
Love is a butterfly, so then good-by.  
Butterflies flit away singing good day;  
Butterflies kiss and then flutter away.  
Fair as a butterfly, false though so fair,  
What do I care, Pierrette, what do I care?  
False as a woman, as butterfly fair,  
What do I care, coquette, what do I care?  
Tears or your kisses, sweet kisses or tears,  
Heart of mine holdeth not hopes nor yet fears.  
Smile on me, frown on me, just as you will,  
Coquette, I know you are just the same still.

Before and After.....Chicago News

She kissed a rose—a sweet red rose—  
And dropped it to the floor;  
He picked it up and pressed his lips  
Where hers had been before.  
  
"And may I keep it," he implored,  
"To treasure all through life?"  
She said he might, and later on  
He won her for his wife.  
  
She weeps to-day who kissed the rose—  
'Twas seven years ago—  
Last night she asked him where it was;  
He said he didn't know.

Love's Geography.....C. M. Seymour.....The Criterion

My kingdom is my sweetheart's face,  
And these the boundaries I trace;  
Northward—a forehead fair,  
Beyond—a wilderness of golden hair;  
A pretty cheek to east and west.  
Her little mouth the sunny south.  
It is the south that I love best.  
Her eyes two sparkling lakes,  
Held by the stars at night—the sun by day  
The dimples in her cheek and chin,  
Are snares which Love has set,  
And I have fallen in.

Penelope.....Theodosia Pickering Garrison.....Life

She walks demurely through the town  
When April days are sweet;  
The sun shines on her lilac gown  
And dances at her feet,  
And every blossom on the way  
Has cunning eyes to see  
How well she matches with the day,  
This fair Penelope.

I watch her from my window ledge;  
I dog her where she goes;  
Yet loiter bashful at the hedge  
Despite my Sabbath hose.  
For ah! she flouts me high and low—  
The town folk laugh in glee—  
Sure, lass, thy heart in mail should go,  
And not in dimity.

I see her on the deacon's walks  
Through box-lined pathways go;  
She strolls among the hollyhocks  
That blossom row on row.  
All crimson-clad, they flaunt and swell  
Above her furbelows,  
As might about some city belle  
A galaxy of beaux.

She heedeth not my sighs or rhymes;  
My life is out of tune;  
What care I for the Easter chimes,  
The white Lent-lilies' bloom?  
Ah, prithee, sweet, next Eastertide  
I may walk forth with thee;  
Just thou and I, and Love beside—  
A goodly company.

The Society Girl.....Cleveland Plain Dealer

She sighed a little nervous sigh,  
She said, "I'll rest me by and by,"  
And then she girded up her stays  
And sought again those devious ways  
That mark to such a large extent  
The hours that lead us on to Lent.  
She went to luncheon at the B's,  
She played at euchre at the C's,  
She sipped the "tea" at Mrs. A's,  
She dined in state at Mrs. J's,  
She joined the "box" of Mrs. I.,  
And then she supped with Mrs. Y.;  
And when the dainty feast was o'er  
She staid and danced till after four.  
"Another day," she gasped, "is blent  
With those that down the highway went—  
I hope I will survive till Lent!"

## THE STORY OF A REGIMENTAL DOG\*

The incident which follows is an excerpt from a narrative taken from the diary of Sergeant Bourgogne of Napoleon's Old Guard. There are lively descriptions in the volume of the burning of Moscow and the memorable retreat. And though there have been other accounts of the horrors and the awful suffering of man and beast, there is none that so vividly portrays them or puts us so closely in touch with the rank and file of Napoleon's devoted followers.

I now heard cannon, and then musketry fire. It was the rear-guard leaving the town of Wilna, with Marshal Ney in command, engaging the Russians. Those who were no longer able to fight ran as fast as they possibly could. I tried to follow them, but my frozen foot and bad boots prevented me; then the colic, which came on repeatedly, and forced me to stop, hindered me, and I found myself always in the rear. I heard a confused sound behind me, and I was hustled by several men of the Rhine Confederation running off as fast as they could. I fell full length in the snow, and immediately several others passed over my body. I raised myself with great difficulty, for I was in great pain; but I was so accustomed to suffering, I said nothing. The rear-guard was not far off—if it passed me I was lost; but the Marshal called a halt, to give the other men still leaving the town time to join us. To hold the enemy in check, the Marshal had with him about 300 men.

In front of me was a man whom I recognized by his cloak as belonging to the regiment. He was walking very much bent, apparently overwhelmed by the weight of a burden he was carrying upon his knapsack and shoulders. Making an effort to get near him, I saw that the burden was a dog, and that the man was an old sergeant named Daubenton. The dog he carried was their regimental dog, though I did not recognize it. I told him how surprised I was at seeing him carrying the dog, when he had trouble to drag himself along; and, without giving him time to reply, I asked him if the dog was to eat—if so, I should prefer the horse.

"No," he answered; "I would rather eat Cossack. But don't you recognize Mouton? His paws are frozen, and now he can't walk any longer."

"Now I do," I said; "but what can you do with him?"

As we walked, Mouton, whose back I had patted with my bandaged right hand, raised his head to look at me, and seemed to recognize me. Daubenton assured me that from seven in the morning, and even before, the Russians had occupied the first houses of the suburb, where we had lodged; that all that remained of the guard had left it at six, and that it was certain that more than 12,000 men of the army, officers and soldiers who were no longer able to march, had remained in the hands of the enemy. He had just missed submitting to the same fate himself through devotion to his dog. He saw very well that he would be obliged to leave him on the way in the snow. The evening of the day when we had arrived at Wilna—at twenty-eight degrees—the poor dog had had his paws frozen,

and this morning, seeing that he could walk no longer, he had made up his mind to leave him; but poor Mouton got an idea that he was to be deserted, for he began to howl in such a way that in the end he decided to let him follow. But hardly had he taken six steps along the street when he saw his unfortunate dog fall upon his nose; so he fastened him across his shoulders over his knapsack, and it was in this fashion that he had rejoined Marshal Ney, who, with a handful of men, formed the rear-guard.

While still marching we found ourselves stopped by an overturned wagon barring part of the way. It was open and contained canvas bags, but all these were empty. This wagon had probably left Wilna the preceding evening or in the morning, and had been pillaged by the way, for it had been laden with biscuits and flour. I proposed to Daubenton to halt a moment, for my colic had come on again. He consented willingly, especially as he wished to rid himself of Mouton in one way or another.

We had hardly stopped when we saw at the back of a ravine a troop of about thirty young Hessians, who had formed part of the garrison of Wilna, and had left there at daybreak. They were waiting for Marshal Ney, about thirty paces away from us, and ahead of us to the right. At the same moment we saw on our left another troop of horsemen, about twenty in number. We recognized them at once for Russians. They were Cuirassiers in black cuirasses over white coats, accompanied by several Cossacks scattered here and there. They moved on so as to cut off the Hessians and ourselves, and a vast number of other unfortunate men who had just caught sight of them, and who turned back to rejoin the rear-guard, crying out, "Beware of the Cossacks!"

The Hessians, under command of two officers, who had probably caught sight of the Russians before we did, put themselves in order of defence.

At this moment we saw a grenadier of the line pass near to us, running to take rank among the Hessians. We prepared to do the same, but Daubenton, hampered by Mouton, wished to put him in the wagon. We had not time, however, for the cavalry came at a gallop alongside the Hessians. There they halted, signing to them to lay down their arms. A musket-shot was the reply. It was that of the French grenadier, followed by a general discharge from the Hessians.

At this report we expected to see half the troopers fall, but, to our astonishment, not one did so, and the officer, who was in advance, and who ought to have been shot in pieces, seemed to be whole and sound. His horse simply leaped to one side. He turned round again instantly toward his men. They all thundered upon the Hessians, and in less than two minutes they were sabred. Several took to flight, but the cavalry pursued them.

At the same time Daubenton, wishing to rid himself of Mouton, called out to me to help him, but three of the men in pursuit of the Hessians passed close by him. So as to defend himself better, Daubenton thought of retiring under the wagon, where

\*From the Memoirs of the Sergeant Bourgogne. Compiled by Paul Cottin. Doubleday & McClure.

I had taken refuge, suffering terribly from colic and cold; but he had not time, for one of the three horsemen was on the point of charging him. Daubenton was fortunate enough to see the man in time, and get ready for him, but not so well as he could wish, for Mouton, barking like a good dog, hampered him in his movements. Meanwhile, although nearly dying of cold, I felt rather better, and had arranged my right hand to make use of my weapon the best way possible, having hardly any strength left to speak of.

The man wheeled continually round Daubenton, but at a certain distance, fearing a musket-shot. Seeing that neither of us attempted to fire, he no doubt thought that we were without powder, for he advanced upon Daubenton and hit him a blow with his sword, which the latter parried with the barrel of his musket. Instantly the man crossed to the right, and gave him a second blow upon the left shoulder, which struck Mouton on the head. The poor dog howled enough to break one's heart. Although wounded and with frozen paws, he leaped off his master's back to run after the man, but being fastened to the straps of the knapsack he pulled Daubenton down, and I thought all was over with him.

I dragged myself on my knees about two steps ahead and took aim, but the priming of my gun did not burn. Then the man, shouting savagely, threw himself on me, but I had had time to get under the wagon and present my bayonet at him.

Seeing that he could do nothing to me he returned to Daubenton, who had not yet been able to rise on account of Mouton, who all the time dragged him sideways, howling and barking after the cavalry. Daubenton was dragged against the shafts of the wagon, so that his enemy on horseback could not get near him. This man faced Daubenton, his sword raised as if to split him in two, appearing all the while to mock at him.

Daubenton, although half-dead with cold and hunger, his face thin, pale and blackened by the bivouac fires, still seemed full of energy; but he looked odd and really comical, as that devil of a dog was barking all the time and dragging him sideways. His eyes were shining, his mouth foamed with rage at being at the mercy of such an enemy, who in any other circumstances would not have dared stand up one minute before him. To quench his thirst, I saw him fill his hand with snow and carry it to his mouth, and instantly seize his weapon again. Now in his turn he threatened his enemy.

By the man's shouts and gestures one could see that he had no command over himself, and seemed to have drunk a great deal of brandy. We saw the others passing, repassing and shouting round some men who had not been able to reach the side where the rear-guard would come; we saw them thrown into the snow and trampled under the horses' feet; for almost all who followed were without arms, wounded, or with frozen feet and hands. Others, who were stronger, as well as some Hessians, escaped from the first charge, were able to withstand them for a little, but that could not last, either—they must be relieved or captured.

The cavalryman with whom my old comrade was doing business had just passed to the left, when

Daubenton shouted out to me: "Don't be frightened; don't stir, I'll finish him off!" Scarcely had he said these words, when he fired. He was luckier than I. The cuirassier was struck by a ball which entered under the right arm first, and passed out again on the left side. He uttered a savage cry, moved convulsively, and at the same moment his sword fell with the arm that held it. Then a stream of blood came from his mouth, his body fell forward over his horse's head, and in this position he remained as if dead.

Hardly was Daubenton rid of his enemy and free from Mouton so as to seize the horse, when we heard behind us a great noise, then cries of "Forward! Fix bayonets!" I came out of my wagon, looked toward the side from which the cries came, and saw Marshal Ney, musket in hand, running up at the head of a party of the rear-guard. The Russians, on seeing him, took to flight in all directions. Those who rushed to the right on the side of the plain found a large ditch filled with ice and snow, which prevented them crossing. Several flung themselves in it with their horses, others stopped still in the middle of the road, not knowing where to go. The rear-guard seized several horses, and made their riders walk on foot among them. Afterward they were left on the road. What else could one do? One could barely look after oneself.

I shall never forget the Marshal's commanding air at this moment, his splendid attitude toward the enemy, and the confidence with which he inspired the unhappy sick and wounded round him. In this moment he was like one of the heroes of old time. In these last days of this disastrous retreat he was the savior of the remnant of the army.

All this took place in less than ten minutes. Daubenton had rid himself of Mouton, so as to get hold of the horse, when a man, emerging from behind a clump of pines, threw the cuirassier off the horse, seized the animal by the bridle, and made off. Daubenton shouted to him: "Stop, rascal! That is my horse. I killed the fellow!" But the other escaped with the horse among the rabble of men who were hurrying forward. Then Daubenton called out to me: "Look after Mouton. I am going after the horse; I must have him, or there will be the devil to pay." The last word was hardly out of his mouth when more than 4,000 stragglers of all nations came on like a torrent, separating me from him and from Mouton, whom I never saw again.

This seems to be the place for giving a little biography of the regimental dog.

Mouton had been with us since 1808. We found him in Spain, near the Bonaventura, on the banks of a river where the English had cut the bridge. He came with us to Germany. In 1809 he assisted at the battles of Essling and Wagram, afterward he returned to Spain in 1810-11. He left with the regiment for Russia, but in Saxony he was lost, or perhaps stolen, for Mouton was a handsome poodle. Ten days after our arrival in Moscow we were immensely surprised at seeing him again. A detachment composed of fifteen men had left Paris some days after our departure to rejoin the regiment, and as they passed through the place where he had disappeared, the dog had recognized the regimental uniform, and followed the detachment.



## THE GORGE OF SHAME\*

A STORY OF INDIAN RETALIATION.

It seems proper to preface the brief chapter of life in India with a word of caution, for the tale is grewsome. It is a story from life, a reminiscence of the early colonial days, and forms one of a series of tales illustrating the march of British power in the East Indian Empire. The Waziris are a tribe inhabiting Afghanistan, which was transferred to the British in 1894.

In their manner of dealing with the woman question the Waziris are old-fashioned. With them, above all peoples, chastity is the virtue of woman, courage of the man. There is no place among them for the wanton or the coward; and the expression of public opinion seems to be founded on some such maxim as "The dead sin no more."

Ludlow, the doctor, Gordon, my subaltern, and myself were sitting outside the little fort smoking after one of the scrubby dinners of the country, and Bakshan Khan, who had been invited to share our cheroots, was smoking with us. Ludlow had spent a thirteen-hour day tramping after elusive Markhor, in the course of which he had climbed to 7,000 feet above the sea level, and, tough as he was, was very tired. He showed no wish to tell us of his sport, which had been confined to fleeting glimpses of distant Markhor; but, somewhat wearily, he told us that he had come across the bones of a woman in the soft sand under the lee of a boulder at the mouth of a very ugly gorge; bones curiously shattered—skull, arms, legs, ribs, not a bone whole. And the sepoys who were acting as his shikarris had spat on the bones and covered them again, and would tell him nothing, only that the gorge was called "The Gorge of Shame."

I looked at the Bakshan Khan. He blew a slow cloud of smoke from his mouth and said, "Years ago—" We pulled ourselves together to listen, for we always listened to Bakshan Khan, and he told us the story of Grierson.

Years ago, when the post was first held by the English, there was a Sahib in command named Grierson. Perhaps it was fifteen, perhaps twenty, years ago. "What is time to us who only know day and night, summer and winter?" He was a brave man, but reckless. He loved women too well. He also drank and smoked very much, but was never a bit weaker for it. In those days the caravans passing down had to fight for it all the way along the Waziri border, and it was out in the broad bed of the Kuch, where the rivers meet, that they lay safest under the rifles of the little post, as it then was—only one-third as big as it is now, and not half as many men in it. Often the party at the post used to sally out to fire on raiders, and more often wounded traders used to drop in at the post to be healed of gunshot, sword and spear wounds. The days were by no means dull. To a man of Grierson's nature a life of hard living, fighting, drinking and no woman to cheer him was but fuel for fire.

Grierson was not a sentimentalist. Many men who mean and do no wrong to women are not senti-

mentalists, and they do not usually make the worst husbands. One day there had been a dash on a caravan at early dawn and a pursuit. Grierson had succeeded in overtaking and shooting a Mahsud Waziri, who bore away a girl upon his camel, and she lay fainting from its fall, for it dropped dead, shot at the same time as its master. Grierson went to her aid and found her beautiful.

He brought her back to the caravan, made terms and was married to her by the Mohammedan law, and for the handsome price of a thousand rupees in money and kind. It was a difficult matter to arrange, but in those days, even more than now, might was right, and who could say nay to a man who could slay as well as protect? If it had pleased Grierson to have her abducted for him the price would have been less; and, suspicious as all savages are, the caravan of Zillah Khel Waziris saw that they stood a good chance of a greater security if one of their women was the wife of one of their protectors. Besides, the girl was of no consequence. She was an orphan, and the Malik had the legal right to dispose of her. Her relations were few and poor. Four guns, twenty rounds of ammunition a gun and a substantial sum in cash, to say nothing of the influence and security, was a good price for a "tocherless lassie." So Grierson got his way and his wife. Now she was his wife in English law, though he did not know it; but, to do him justice, he meant honestly by her, and treated her kindly and well.

At first a warm bath every morning would scarcely seem a change for the better to Mrs. Grierson. Sand and fat in a cold river by chilly night, once or twice in the year, had been all she had known hitherto. Clean clothes, the use of the fork and a decent table must have tried a poor little savage, used to eating the leavings of half-raw goats' flesh and slabs of dough, cooked on a camel's-dung fire at nightfall, after the men had been gorged. But with a woman's adaptability she rose to the change, and even added something of grace to Grierson's surroundings.

At last there came a day when the old game of "trailing the tail of my coat" was played by the Government of India. Officially this is known as "testing the temper of the tribes"; and it is done by sending parties more or less armed to "visit" various tribes in a friendly way. The "tribes" have the same objections to being called upon in a friendly way—with a gun in your hand—that Englishmen have. They also get alarmed, then they begin to shoot out of funk, whereupon they are said to be "uncertain"; an expedition goes forth, and a little more red paint is added to the map of our Indian empire. It was during one of these episodes that Grierson's ménage came to the notice of an official of the austere kind, and Grierson was sent off abruptly to a remote part of the interior of Panjab. He took his wife with him, and found himself at once in troubled waters. He was harried and squeezed; the English women urged on their

\*From *On the Edge of the Empire*. By Edgar Jepson and Captain D. Beames. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

men to make his life a burden to him; but he held out manfully till the charms of an English girl set waning his affections for his savage wife. He made a trip up to the frontier, and there gave her a writing of divorce, and handed her over to her tribe again. He gave her also clothes, money and jewelry, and the head man a rifle, and refused the return of his purchase-money. Then he rode away, leaving the forsaken woman sitting forlorn on the sand and stones from which he had taken her two years before.

He did not think he was acting unkindly. He had found her poor, and he left her rich. No doubt, too, he felt a pang at parting. But as soon as he was gone the women of the tribe fell on her. She retaliated on them, scoffing at their dirt and savagery, and refused to do the old menial offices. She refused, too, to marry any one of the men, who would have been quite content to take her for her wealth. Then the men turned, too. The women began to teach them to regard her as a spy in the camp, and the inevitable Mullah quickly let it be known that she was a heretic from the faith—whatever that was in their eyes. As she was wealthy, her existence was a shame, a danger and a reproach. It was not long before she was doomed an outcast, a defiled infidel, a rebellious woman. They came quickly to the point of passing sentence of death on her; and they came to it the quicker that the news was brought to them that Grierson was married according to the English religion to one of his own race. What the poor tortured girl did or said in her rage is not known, but it sealed her fate. It also cast the hatred of the entire tribe on Grierson. He had debauched one of their women, and for two years had cast shame on them.

On a gloomy winter morning, between dark and dawn, they led her to the place of execution in the Gorge of Shame. No women were near. They stripped her, and left her standing naked in the midst of a ring of cruel men, pitiless and heedless of her beauty. The Mullah worked himself and his hearers into a religious frenzy, and then, at the height of it, sprung on her with his keen, heavy sabre and cut her through the spine. She reeled with a scream and fell on her hands and knees. He struck her again, and she fell on her side in a torrent of blood, with a strangling cry for mercy. A shower of big stones crashed on her, battering the shape out of her body and piling a mound above her. Hardly had her dying groans ceased when sand and earth and pebbles completed the tomb, and effectually wiped out every trace of her existence.

The men lounged slowly off to join the caravan, which was lurching and straggling away two or three miles ahead toward their native mountains. And her relations divided between them her property. But the atonement was not complete. It was needful that every trace of Grierson and his race should be wiped out. The blood of the murdered woman was on him, and the shame of the tribe. Year by year the traders passed through Hindustan, and sought always Grierson; sought him for years; sought him till his hair, which they had known black, was iron-gray; sought him until many years later two men of the Zillah Khel passed

a native regiment camping on the line of march, while moving in relief, and learned that Grierson was in command. They left their servants and comrades to journey on with their merchandise, and took to the jungle, following the regiment. Grierson was a keen sportsman, and they looked to seeing him alone some day out shooting. At last their time came.

Two days' march from the destined cantonment Mrs. Grierson came out to meet her husband, and brought her three little boys with her. She was to stay in camp that night, and go ahead into cantonment next day, a double march. Grierson took his gun, and said he would go and shoot some game for her; and he went with only his orderly. All unseen and unsuspected, his two enemies dogged him, until some two hours later he came to a duck-jheel, and sent his orderly round to a point a mile away to drive the duck toward him, where he crouched in mud and water behind a heap of weeds. As soon as he was alone the two men dashed for him. Grierson turned at the noise they made in splashing through the water. He recognized the dress of their tribe.

"What do you want?" he shouted.

"Vengeance!" they cried, and rushed at him with their knives drawn.

For answer he fired both barrels at them. He knew what they meant, and in his flurry one man took both charges, and dropped dying. Grierson clubbed his gun. The second man took a smashing blow on his left arm, but got home with his knife, and Grierson went down. The man dispatched him and fled, leaving gun and cartridges and his dead comrade.

The orderly thought nothing of the shots, supposing it was something his master saw fit to fire at, and intent on obeying his orders. So the avenger got clear away and rejoined his friends after many days' privation and wandering in the jungle.

When the bodies were found there was a fierce hue and cry. The story of Grierson's conduct on the frontier came up, and the tribe was overhauled by the Politicals. But, of course, nothing came of it. Poor Mrs. Grierson went home with her little boys, ignorant of the cause of her husband's murder, for who could tell her?

She had not been out of India a month when her husband's only brother was stabbed in the Delhi streets by a fanatic.

"And if any of his sons come out here, even twenty years from now, they will die," said Bakshan Khan.

"Why," said the boy, "young Grierson, who was at Sandhurst with me, came out and went to Peshawur. He was out shooting up Abbotabad way, and was found dead at the foot of a cliff. It was thought he had accidentally shot himself, and so fallen down."

"It may be," said Bakshan Khan. "But only the Zillah Khel know for certain."

"By Jove!" said the boy. "Now I know why his brother, who came out in the Police at the same time, went home again. He told me that he had been warned that his life wasn't safe. And his passage home was paid by Government."

"That was wise," said Bakshan Khan.

## THE SKETCH BOOK: CHARACTER IN OUTLINE

*The Rainsbarger Gang.....The Cape Magazine*

In the early eighties—I think '82—whilst marching through the midland States of North America, I was thrown among one of the worst gangs of outlaws that that country has ever produced. Known as the "Rainsbarger Gang," they terrorized the country with murder and rapine. Banks were robbed, trains held up, people shot down, counterfeit money floated, and a general fear instilled into every law-abiding citizen's heart as to his personal safety. This gang, composed of five brothers and a numerous following, lived in the mountainous regions of Hardin County, Iowa, in a thick forest of hickory and red oak, where a dense undergrowth sheltered them from all observation.

At the time I wish to speak of, however, four of these brothers had been captured. Two had been placed in strong steel cages in the jail at Marshalltown, and Manch and Finch incarcerated in an old-fashioned jail made of cross logs, spiked with irons, at Eldora, the county seat of Hardin. The night following the capture of the latter two, I was awakened by piercing cries of "Help! help! Murder! People of Eldora, for God's sake, help! help!" evidently coming from the jail. I quickly dressed myself and rushed downstairs. When I opened the front door I was suddenly confronted by a revolver, thrust within three inches of my face, accompanied by a peremptory command to "Go back!" The man wore a mask, and his every attitude indicated a resolution I could not mistake, so I closed the door and hurriedly returned to my room. On opening the window I could distinctly hear the thud, thud, thud of some ponderous instrument, used with great force, battering at the prison door, across the public square. From its slumbers the town was awakened. The screams of terrified women, the wails of children, and the anxious voices of men could be heard upon the air from every side. Armed sentinels walked the streets, stern and determined, calling out: "Stay in your homes—stay in! Judge Lynch is out to-night, and holding court. Stay in, stay in!" accompanied by volleys from their guns as a warning to those who disobeyed. Being an artist, I made up my mind to venture out, and by some circuitous route try and get near the jail to sketch the scene. I climbed from a back window of the hotel, and, after many narrow escapes, managed to secrete myself on the roof of an unused one-story house, within fifty feet, quite unobserved. It was with great difficulty I did so, for I found a guard had been placed by the Vigilants to watch all avenues leading to the jail, and thus prevent any interference with, or identification of, any of those so desperately at work there. Seating myself as best I could upon the shingles of the roof, behind a big sign-board, I could see very distinctly all that was going on. Not far away fully 100 horses, saddled and bridled, were hitched in a vacant lot; while below me, across the street, a big crowd of armed men, all wearing red bandanna handkerchiefs across their faces, were silently at work, trying to break open the jail door. Not a word was spoken, but like spectres they

moved about, each one intent on a desperate deed. As I watched them, I could see about forty men swinging a huge tree, fully thirty feet long, against the door. The branches had been sawn off, while spikes had been driven in along its length, for willing hands to hold. With pendulum strokes it swung, each time striking a doleful sound which carried terror to Manch and Finch Rainsbarger's hearts. I could hear curses coming from within, with shouts for help; but the steady thud, thud continued, and no man relaxed his energies to break down the bolts and bars which held the door to its hinges. There was one man standing among them, evidently a leader—a fine-looking fellow, with a slouch hat placed on one side of his head—who, by the motion of his hand, gave orders. Everyone seemed to obey him, and, at a given signal, a mighty effort was made, and with one tremendous rush the door was at last burst from its hinges, and an entrance made into the dark passage within. Yet not a word was uttered—no exultation shown. A stern, deliberate body of men marched in, and only their tread could be heard as they groped their way along the walls to the cell, where, in defiance, Manch and Finch Rainsbarger were shouting blood-curdling execrations. The very atmosphere seemed to reek with blasphemy from those desperate men. Soon the sledge hammers were at work beating at the cell door, but, owing to the narrowness of the passage, very little force could be used. Blow after blow fell, and when at last it began to give way, with a desperate leap, both brothers threw themselves with superhuman strength against it, and with their feet braced against the cots, and their hands on the wall, frustrated all further efforts to free it. Baulked in their attempts to break open the door, a consultation was held. Suddenly a dozen men emerged from the passage, and went round to a narrow window which looked into the cell. Each one in turn fired six chambers from his revolver through the iron gratings into the darkness. Not a sound came from within as round after round was fired. In the distance I could still hear the shrieks of women and children—but all else relapsed into stillness as these men returned to the passage and rejoined their companions. For a long time I heard nothing—moments of suspense which seemed ages to me. But suddenly there broke upon the air shouts and the scuffling sound of men, which made the jail shake to its very foundation. The cell door had given way, and, like a tiger springing from its lair, Finch Rainsbarger had leaped through the opening, and, 'midst oaths and desperate struggles, was fighting his way along the passage, calling to his brother to follow. But Manch lay mortally wounded on the damp floor of his cell, with his blood oozing out, and his life passing away, from bullet wounds received through the iron gratings of the window, and made no response. Through a living mass of men who sought his life, Finch fought his way to the front door, calling, as he went, to the other criminals in the jail: "Tell the boys I died like a man!" With oaths pouring from his lips, he stepped over the threshold; and, while



the stars twinkled and the glory of heaven shone from innumerable worlds, he straightened himself, and, with a quick gasp, fell to the ground, pierced with many balls, and his spirit fled away. Almost simultaneously, shots were fired from the cell, as the heart and brain of Manch were pierced with lead; and together these two brothers, whose lives had been steeped in crime, crossed the borderland to face their God. I cannot describe my feelings as I looked upon the solemn scene of silent men, grouped around the prostrate body of Finch Rainsbarger. Stern—the very embodiment of vengeance seemed to mark their actions as they stood there, the smoke still curling from their revolvers, regarding the dead. Presently from the jail the leader came, and, as they all gathered round him, he stood awhile and surveyed the scene, then, stepping forward and leaning over the corpse, he lifted the head by the hair and scanned it. With a cry of disgust, he let it fall with a thud, and, pulling out his revolver, fired two more shots, crashing through the brain. Turning to his companions, he said: "Boys, Judge Lynch has held court to-night, and this rotten carcass as well as that one in yonder have stood before the bar. The next raid they make will, I reckon, be against the one they have served, for I guess the devil will have a lively time when they meet across the divide. Our law courts are mock tribunals and trials a farce. Bribery, influence and intimidation corrupt the bench as well as jury. Reprieves are found by governors and technical errors by lawyers for those who should expiate their crimes upon the gallows. We have no justice, no law courts, no resource, but that which Judge Lynch has given to us to-night. Let it be a warning to those who defy the people's law. Now, boys, let us to our horses. Give the signal, mount and away."

Three successive shots were fired into the air from rifles, and with a kick at the dead body they all moved toward their horses. From all directions the sentinels placed around the town came hurrying up, and in a body rode away into the darkness, where they dispersed to their homes throughout the country, leaving no trace as to their identity. Within an hour thousands of people thronged around the jail and viewed the scene. No sympathy was expressed, but all seemed to think a just retribution had been meted out, and the costly process of law rightly deprived of its legal earnings.

*Dooley's Aguinado*.....*Chicago Journal*

"Well, sir," said Mr. Dooley, "it looks now as if there was nothing left fr me young frind Aggynaldoo to do but time. Like as not a year fr'm now he'll be in jail, like Napoleon, th' impror iv th' Fr-rinch, was in his day, an', Mike, th' Burglar, an' other pathrites. That's what comes iv bein' a pathrite too long. 'Tis a good job whin they'se nawthin' else to do, but 'tis not th' thing to wurruck overtime at. 'Tis a sort iv out-iv-dure spoort that ye shud engage in durin' th' summer vacation, but whin a man carries it on durin' business hours people begin to get down on him, an' afther awhile they're ready to hang him to git him out iv th' way. As Hogan says, 'Th' las' thing that happens to a pathrite he's a scoundhrel.'"

"Las' summer there wasn't a warmer pathrite annywhere in our imperyal dominions thin this same Aggynaldoo. I was with him, mesilf. Says I, 'They'se a good coon,' I says. 'He'll help us fer to make th' Ph'lippeens indipindant on us fr support,' I says, 'an' whin th' blessin's iv civilization has been ixtinded to his beloved counthry an', I says, 'they put up intarnal rivinue offices an' post-offices,' I says, 'we'll give him a good job as a letter carrier,' I says, 'where he won't have annything to do,' I says, 'but walk,' I says.

"An' so th' consul at Ding Dong, th' man that r-un that ind iv th' war, he says to Aggynaldoo: 'Go,' he says, 'where glory waits yer,' he says. 'Go an' sthrike a blow,' he says, 'fr ye're counthry,' he says. 'Go,' he says; 'I'll stay, but you go,' he says. 'There's nawthin' in stayin', an' ye might get hold iv a tyrannical watch or a pocketbook down beyant,' he says. An' off wint th' brave pathrite to do his jooty. He done it, too. Whin Cousin George was pastin' th' former hated Castiles, who was it stood on th' shore shootin' his bow an' arrow into th' sky, but Aggynaldoo? Whin me frind Gin'ral Merritt was ladin' a gallant charge again blank catredges, who was it ranged his noble ar-rmy iv pathrites behind him fr to see that no wan attacked him fr'm th' sea but Aggynaldoo? He was a good man thin—a good noisy man.

"Th' thrubble was he didn't know whin to knock off. He didn't hear th' wurruck bell callin' him to come in fr'm playin' ball an' get down to business. Says me Cousin George: 'Aggynaldoo, me buck,' he says, 'th' war is over,' he says, 'an' we've settled down to th' ol' game,' he says. 'They're no more heroes. All iv thim has gone to wurruck fr the magazines. They're no more pathrites,' he says. 'They've got jobs as gov'nors or ar're lookin' fr thim or annything else,' he says. 'All th' prom'nint saviors iv their counthry,' he says, 'but mesilf,' he says, 'is busy preparin' their definse,' he says. 'I have no definse,' he says, 'but I'm where they can't reach me,' he says. 'Th' spoort is all out iv th' job an' if ye don't come in an' jine th' tilin' masses iv wage wurruckers,' he says, 'ye won't even have th' credit iv bein' licked in a glorious vichtry,' he says. 'So to th' wood pile with ye,' he says, 'fr ye can't go on cillybratin' th' Foorth iv July without bein' took up fr disordhly conduct,' he says.

"An' Aggynaldoo doesn't undherstand it. An' he gathers his Archery club ar-round him an' says he: 'Fellow-pathrites,' he says, 'we've been be-thrayed,' he says. 'We've been sold out without,' he says, 'gittin' th' usual commission,' he says. 'We're still heroes,' he says, 'an' our pitchers is in th' paapers,' he says. 'Go in,' he says, 'an' sthrike a blow at th' gay deceivers,' he says. 'I'll sell yer lives dear,' he says. An' the Archery club wint in. Th' pathrites wint up again' a band iv Kansas sojers, that was wanst heroes before they larned th' hay-foot-sthraw-foot, an' is now arnin' th' wages iv a good harvest hand all th' year ar-round an' 'd rather fight than ate th' ar'rmy beef, an' ye know what happened. Some iv th' poor divvils iv heroes is liberated fr'm th' cares iv life, an' th' r-rest iv thim is up in threes an' wishin' they was home smokin' a good seegar with mother.

"An' all this because Aggynaldoo didn't hear th' whistle blow. He thought th' boom was still on in th' hero business. If he'd come in ye'd be hearin' that James Haitch Aggynaldoo'd been appinted fourth-class postmaster at Hootchy-Kootchy, but now th' nex' ye know iv him 'll be on th' blotter at th' polis station: 'James Haitch Aggynaldoo, alis Pompydoor Jim, charged with carryin' concealed weepins an' raysistin' an' officer.' Pathritism always dies whin ye establish a polis foorce."

"Well," said Mr. Hennessy, "I'm kind iv sorry f'r la-ads with th' bows-an'-arrows. Maybe they think they're pathrites."

"Divvil th' bit iv difference it makes what they think, so long as we don't think so," said Mr. Dooley. "It's what Father Kelly calls a case iv mayhem et chew 'em. That's Latin, Hinnessy, an' it manes what's wan man's food is another man's pizen."

*Foraging or Stealing.....Dallas News*

The prosecuting attorney sat down. As he mopped his brow he gazed triumphantly at the judge and at the lawyer who represented the prisoner.

The prisoner was an old darky. His face was as black as the ace of spades and as wrinkled as a piece of crinoline. In his kinky hair strands of white outnumbered those of black.

During the trial of the case his eyes had never once left the judge. "Fo' de Lawd, ef dat ain't Marse Jim!" he had exclaimed when brought into the courtroom by a stalwart deputy. And two long, regular rows of white teeth had been revealed by his pleased smile.

The testimony of the witnesses had been of no interest to him. He laughed scornfully when the young lawyer who had been appointed by the court to represent him poured forth college rhetoric. The prosecuting attorney had been ignored. "My ol' Marse Jim gwine ter fix hit," he whispered softly to himself.

The judge straightened himself and wiped his glasses solemnly. "The prisoner is found guilty as charged," he said, as he adjusted the gold-brimmed affairs on his nose. "Has the prisoner at the bar anything to say to show cause why he should not be sentenced?"

In his turn the old darky straightened up. The stern look of the court caused his face to fall. Then he stood up. His eyes were sparkling with indignation.

"Yes, sah," he said, "I has somepen ter say, an' I'se gwine ter say hit. Ef dey's trouble comin' doan' you blame me 'ca'se you ast me ter talk."

"Now looky heah, Marse Jim, you knows me jes' as well as I knows you. I'se known you eber since you was knee high ter a duck an' you ain't nebber done nothin' right mean till jes' now."

"Dey brought me in heah an' tole me I stole a shoat. But I didn't t'ink nothin' ob dat; an' you nebbah did befoah till jes' now. I come heah aftah justice. I thought I was gwine ter git hit 'case you was jedge. But I fin's I is mistaken. If I'd er known I'd er got ter make er fight fer hit, I wouldn't er had nothin' ter do wid dis heah piece of pizen-faced white trash ober heah—I'd er got er lawyah. He ain't none ob de quality, I knows,

'case my folks befoah de wah was de right kin'. But I didn't know dat, an' now you axes me if I'se got anyting ter say. Yes, sah! I hase somepen ter say an' as I tole you, I'se er gwine ter say hit."

"Marse Jim, doan' you 'member dat I was yo' body servint durin' de wah? Didn't I use ter russle fer grub fer you an' yo' chum when de rations got sho't? An' didn't you use ter smack yo' lips ober my cookin' an' say, 'Jim's er powerful good forager'? Why, I stole chickens an' turkeys an' shoats fer you clean from Chattanooga ter Atlanta, Georgy! An' ebery time you got er squah meal, which was most generally 'casionally, you en yo' chum 'ud say, 'Jim's er powerful good forager!' You didn't say nothin' agin' hit then. No, sah! An' I wants ter know, if hit was foragin' then, huc-come hit stealin' now?"

"An' doan you 'member, Marse Jim, dat one day you come ter me an' say, 'Jim, ter-morrer's Christmas, an' we'se got ter have er fine spread?' An' didn't I git out an' steal er turkey an' ham an' er bottle er dewdrop whisky? An' didn't you invite yo' brudder officers in nex' day an' order things jest scan'lous, an' make 'em open dey eyes? Ef hit was foragin' during de wah, huc-come it stealin' now?"

"Yes, en doan you 'membah, Marse Jim, when you was shot an' de Yanks took you prisoner at Chancellorsville? Didn't you gib me yo' gray uniform en er lock ob yo' hah en yo' sword, en didn't you say kinder hoarse like, 'Take 'em ter her'? En didn't I take 'em? I toled dem t'ings through de bresh a hun'ed miles, an' when I come to de front gate dah stood Miss Em'ly! She's daid now, an' God knows, Marse Jim, dat dare ain't no purer nor whiter angil up erbove de clouds dan her! En when she saw me, didn't she hug dat little bald-headed baby dat you was so proud of, up close an' cry: 'He's daid, he's daid; my Gawd, he's daid!' En didn't de tears of grief come rolling down ober dese old black han's an' wash de stains ob trabbel erway? En when I ups an' saiy: 'No, he ain't daid, Miss Em'ly, de Yanks jest got him an' he'll be home bimeby'; didn't de tears of joy come pourin' down an' wash de tears of grief erway?"

"Now, looky heah, Marse Jim, my ole wooman an' three pickaninnies is ober heah in er log cabin in de woods neah Jim Wilson's pasture. Dey hain't got nothin' ter eat. En when I comes by Sam Johnsing's hog pen de yuther day en sees dat skinny little shoat dat, honest ter Gawd, was so poah dat you had ter tie er knot in his tail ter keep him from slippin' 'tween de palin's, I jest began foragin' agin. You cain't call it stealin', nohow, 'case I'se gwine pay Marse Johnsing back jes' es soon es my ole sow has pigs. You ain't gwine to sen' yo' ole body sarvint to de pen fo' dat, is you, Marse Jim?"

There was silence in the courtroom for a moment. The stern features of the old judge had relaxed. There was something moist in his eyes. He wiped them furtively and vainly tried to hide the movement by vigorously rubbing his bald pate with his handkerchief. Finally he said: "The court has considered the motion for a new trial, and the same is hereby granted. The prisoner is released upon his own recognizance. Mr. Sheriff, adjourn court. Jim, you come up to the house with me."

## AFTER THE CACHALOT IN THE SOUTH SEAS\*

BY FRANK T. BULLEN.

[The Cruise of the Cachalot, by Frank T. Bullen (Appleton's), has been widely heralded by Rudyard Kipling as opening a door to a new world. The author, while a youth, engaged in a seafaring life, and his book is the product of experiences encountered while aboard of whalers in the South Sea. We give two extracts from the volume, both of them dealing from actual experience with the excitements attending the catching of cachalots, or sperm whales, in the old-fashioned way.]

"Thet whale'll stay down fifty minutes, I guess," said he, "fer he's every gill ov a hundred en twenty bar'l; and don't yew fergit it." "Do the big whales give much more trouble than the little ones?" I asked, seeing him thus chatty. "Wall, it's jest ez it happens, boy—jest ez it happens. I've seen a fifty-bar'l bull make the purtiest fight I ever hearn tell ov—a fight thet lasted twenty hours, stove three boats, 'n killed two men. Then, again, I've seen a hundred 'n fifty-bar'l whale lay 'n take his grooel 'thout hardly wunkin' 'n eyelid—never moved ten fathom from fust iron till fine out. So yew may say, boy, that they're like peepul—got thair individooal pekyewlyarities, an' thar's no countin' on 'em for sartin nary time." I was in great hopes of getting some useful information while this mood lasted; but it was over, and silence reigned. Nor did I dare to ask any more questions, he looked so stern and fierce. The scene was very striking. Overhead, a bright blue sky just fringed with fleecy little clouds. Beneath, a deep blue sea, with innumerable tiny wavelets dancing and glittering in the blaze of the sun; but all swayed in one direction by a great, solemn swell that slowly rolled from east to west, like the measured breathing of some world-supporting monster. Four little craft in a group, with twenty-four men in them, silently waiting for battle with one of the mightiest of God's creatures—one that was indeed a terrible foe to encounter were he but wise enough to make the best use of his opportunities. Against him we came with our puny weapons, of which I could not help reminding myself that "he laugheth at the shaking of a spear." But when the man's brain was thrown into the scale against the instinct of the brute, the contest looked less unequal than at first sight, for there is the secret of success. My musings were very suddenly interrupted. Whether we had over-run our distance, or the whale, who was not "making a passage," but feeding, had changed his course, I do not know; but, anyhow, he broke water close ahead, coming straight for our boat. His great black head, like the broad bow of a dumb barge, driving the waves before it, loomed high and menacing to me, for I was not forbidden to look ahead now. But coolly, as if coming alongside the ship, the mate bent to the big steer-oar, and swung the boat off at right angles to her course, bringing her back again with another broad sheer as the whale passed foaming. This manoeuvre brought us side by side with him before he had time to realize that we were there. Up till that instant he

had evidently not seen us, and his surprise was correspondingly great. To see Louis raise his harpoon high above his head, and with a hoarse grunt of satisfaction plunge it into the black, shining mass beside him up to the hitches, was indeed a sight to be remembered. Quick as thought he snatched up a second harpoon, and as the whale rolled from us it flew from his hands, burying itself like the former one, but lower down the body. The great impetus we had when we reached the whale carried us a long way past him, out of all danger from his struggles. No hindrance was experienced from the line by which we were connected with the whale, for it was loosely coiled in a space for the purpose in the boat's bow to the extent of two hundred feet, and this was cast overboard by the harpooner as soon as the fish was fast. He made a fearful to-do over it, rolling completely over several times backward and forward, at the same time smiting the sea with his mighty tail, making an almost deafening noise and pother. But we were comfortable enough, while we unshipped the mast and made ready for action, being sufficiently far away from him to escape the full effect of his gambols. It was impossible to avoid reflecting, however, upon what would happen if, in our unprepared and so far helpless state, he were, instead of simply tumbling about in an aimless, blind sort of fury, to rush at the boat and try to destroy it. Very few indeed would survive such an attack, unless the tactics were radically altered. No doubt they would be, for practices grow up in consequence of the circumstances with which they have to deal.

After the usual time spent in furious attempts to free himself from our annoyance, he betook himself below, leaving us to await his return, and hasten it as much as possible by keeping a severe strain upon the line. Our efforts in this direction, however, did not seem to have any effect upon him at all. Flake after flake ran out of the tubs, until we were compelled to hand the end of our line to the second mate to splice his own on to. Still it slipped away, and at last it was handed to the third mate, whose two tubs met the same fate. It was now Mistah Jones' turn to "bend on," which he did with many chuckles as of a man who was the last resource of the unfortunate. But his face grew longer and longer as the never-resting line continued to disappear. Soon he signaled us that he was nearly out of line, and two or three minutes after he bent on his "drogue" (a square piece of plank with a rope tail spliced into its centre, and considered to hinder a whale's progress at least as much as four boats), and let go the end. We had each bent on our "drougues" in the same way, when we passed our ends to one another. So now our friend was getting along somewhere below with 7,200 feet of one-and-a-half-inch rope, and weight additional equal to the drag of sixteen thirty-feet boats.

Of course we knew that, unless he were dead and sinking, he could not possibly remain much longer beneath the surface. The exhibition of endurance we had just been favored with was a very unusual

\*From The Cruise of the Cachalot. By Frank T. Bullen. First Mate. (D. Appleton & Co.)



one, I was told, it being a rare thing for a cachalot to take out two boats' lines before returning to the surface to spout.

Therefore we separated as widely as was thought necessary, in order to be near him on his arrival. It was, as might be imagined, some time before we saw the light of his countenance; but when we did, we had no difficulty in getting alongside of him again. My friend Goliath, much to my delight, got there first, and succeeded in picking up the bight of the line. But having done so, his chance of distinguishing himself was gone. Hampered by the immense quantity of sunken line which was attached to the whale, he could do nothing, and soon received orders to cut the bight of the line and pass the whale's end to us. He had hardly obeyed, with a very bad grace, when the whale started off to windward with us at a tremendous rate. The other boats, having no line, could do nothing to help, so away we went alone, with barely a hundred fathoms of line, in case he should take it into his head to sound again. The speed at which he went made it appear as if a gale of wind was blowing, and we flew along the sea surface, leaping from crest to crest of the waves with an incessant succession of cracks like pistol-shots. The flying spray drenched us and prevented us from seeing him, but I fully realized that it was nothing to what we should have to put up with if the wind freshened much. One hand was kept bailing the water out which came so freely over the bows, but all the rest hauled with all their might upon the line, hoping to get a little closer to the flying monster. Inch by inch we gained on him, encouraged by the hoarse objurgations of the mate, whose excitement was intense. After what seemed a terribly long chase, we found his speed slackening, and we redoubled our efforts. Now we were close upon him; now, in obedience to the steersman, the boat sheered out a bit, and we were abreast of his laboring flukes; now the mate hurls his quivering lance with such hearty goodwill that every inch of its slender shaft disappears within the huge body. "Lay off! Off with her, Louey!" screamed the mate, and she gave a wide sheer away from the whale, not a second too soon. Up flew that awful tail, descending with a crash upon the water not two feet from us. "Out oars! Pull, two! starn, three!" shouted the mate, and as we obeyed our foe turned to fight. Then might one see how courage and skill were such mighty factors in the apparently unequal contest. The whale's great length made it no easy job for him to turn, while our boat, with two oars a side, and the great leverage at the stern supplied by the nineteen-foot steer-oak, circled, backed and darted ahead like a living thing animated by the mind of our commander. When the leviathan settled, we gave a wide berth to his probable place of ascent; when he rushed at us, we dodged him; when he paused, if only momentarily, in we flew, and got home a fearful thrust of the deadly lance.

All fear was forgotten now—I panted, thirsted for his life. Once, indeed, in a sort of frenzy, when for an instant we lay side by side with him, I drew my sheath-knife, and plunged it repeatedly into the blubber, as if I were assisting in his destruction. Suddenly the mate gave a howl: "Starn all—starn

all! Oh, starn!" and the oars bent like canes as we obeyed. There was an upheaval of the sea just ahead; then slowly, majestically, the vast body of our foe rose into the air. Up, up it went, while my heart stood still, until the whole of that immense creature hung on high, apparently motionless, and then fell—a hundred tons of solid flesh—back into the sea. On either side of that mountainous mass the waters rose in shining towers of snowy foam, which fell in their turn, whirling and eddying around us as we tossed and fell like a chip in a whirlpool. Blinded by the flying spray, bailing for very life to free the boat from the water with which she was nearly full, it was some minutes before I was able to decide whether we were still uninjured or not. Then I saw, at a little distance, the whale lying quietly. As I looked he spouted, and the vapor was red with his blood. "Starn all!" again cried our chief, and we retreated to a considerable distance. The old warrior's practiced eye had detected the coming climax of our efforts, the dying agony or "flurry" of the great mammal. Turning upon his side he began to move in a circular direction, slowly at first, then faster and faster, until he was rushing round at tremendous speed, his great head raised quite out of the water at times, clashing his enormous jaws. Torrents of blood poured from his spout-hole, accompanied by hoarse bel-lowsings, as of some gigantic bull, but really caused by the laboring breath trying to pass through the clogged air passages. The utmost caution and rapidity of manipulation of the boat was necessary to avoid his maddened rush, but this gigantic energy was short-lived. In a few minutes he subsided slowly in death, his mighty body reclined on one side, the fin uppermost waving limply as he rolled to the swell, while the small waves broke gently over the carcass in a low, monotonous surf, intensifying the profound silence that had succeeded the tumult of our conflict with the late monarch of the deep. Hardly had the flurry ceased, when we hauled up alongside of our hard-won prize, in order to secure a line to him in a better manner than at present for hauling him to the ship. This was effected by cutting a hole through the tough, gristly substance of the flukes with the short "boat-spade," carried for the purpose. The end of the line, cut off from the faithful harpoon that had held it so long, was then passed through this hole and made fast. This done, it was "Smoke-oh!" The luxury of that rest and refreshment was something to be grateful for, coming, as it did, in such complete contrast to our recent violent exertions.

\* \* \* \* \*

When between the Cosmoledos and Astove, the next island to the northward, we sighted a "solitary" cachalot one morning just as the day dawned. It was the first for some time—nearly three weeks—and being all well seasoned to the work now, we obeyed the call to arms with great alacrity. Our friend was making a passage, turning neither to the right hand nor the left as he went. His risings and number of spouts while up, as well as the time he remained below, were as regular as the progress of a clock, and could be counted upon with quite as much certainty.

Bearing in mind, I suppose, the general charac-

ter of the whales we had recently met with, only two boats were lowered to attack the newcomer, who, all unconscious of our coming, pursued his leisurely course unheeding.

We got a good weather-gage of him, and came flying on as usual, getting two irons planted in fine style. But a surprise awaited us. As we sheered up into the wind away from him, Louis shouted: "Fightin' whale, sir; look out for de rush!" Look out, indeed! Small use in looking out when, hampered as we always were at first with the unshipping of the mast, we could do next to nothing to avoid him. Without any of the desperate flounderings generally indulged in on first feeling the iron, he turned upon us, and had it not been that he caught sight of the second-mate's boat, which had just arrived, and turned his attentions to her, there would have been scant chance of any escape for us. Leaping half out of water, he made direct for our comrades with a vigor and ferocity marvelous to see, making it a no easy matter for them to avoid his tremendous rush. Our actions, at no time slow, were considerably hastened by this display of valor, so that before he could turn his attentions in our direction we were ready for him. Then ensued a really big fight, the first, in fact, of my experience, for none of the other whales had shown any serious determination to do us an injury, but had devoted all their energies to attempts at escape. So quick were the evolutions, and so savage the appearance of this fellow, that even our veteran mate looked anxious as to the possible result. Without attempting to "sound," the furious monster kept mostly below the surface; but whenever he rose, it was either to deliver a fearful blow with his tail, or, with jaws widespread, to try and bite one of our boats in half. Well was it for us that he was severely handicapped by a malformation of the lower jaw. At a short distance from the throat it turned off nearly at right angles to his body, the part that thus protruded sideways being deeply fringed with barnacles, and plated with big limpets.

Had it not been for this impediment, I verily believe he would have beaten us altogether. As it was, he worked us nearly to death with his ugly rushes. Once he delivered a sidelong blow with his tail, which, as we spun round, shore off the two oars on that side as if they had been carrots. At last the second mate got fast to him, and then the character of the game changed again. Apparently unwearied by his previous exertions, he now started off to windward at top speed, with the two boats sheering broadly out upon either side of his foaming wake. Doubtless because he himself was much fatigued, the mate allowed him to run at his will, without, for the time, attempting to haul any closer to him, and very grateful the short rest was to us. But he had not gone a couple of miles before he turned a complete somersault in the water, coming up behind us to rush off again in the opposite direction at undiminished speed. This move was a startler. For the moment it seemed as if both boats would be smashed like eggshells against each other, or else that some of us would be impaled upon the long lances with which each boat's bow bristled. By what looked like a hand-breadth, we cleared each other, and the race continued. Up till

now we had not succeeded in getting home a single lance, the foe was becoming warier, while the strain was certainly telling upon our nerves. So Mr. Count got out his bomb-gun, shouting at the same time to Mr. Cruce to do the same. They both hated these weapons, nor ever used them if they could help it; but what was to be done?

Our chief had hardly got his gun ready before we came to almost a dead stop. All was silent for just a moment, then, with a roar like a cataract, up sprang the huge creature, head out, jaw wide open, coming direct for us. As coolly as if on the quarter-deck the mate raised his gun, firing the bomb directly down the great livid cavern of a throat fronting him. Down went that mountainous head, not six inches from us, but with a perfectly indescribable motion, a tremendous writhe, in fact; up flew the broad tail in air, and a blow which might have sufficed to stave in the side of the ship struck the second mate's boat fairly amidships. It was right before my eyes, not sixty feet away, and the sight will haunt me to my death. The tub oarsman was a poor German, and that awful blow put an end to all his earthly anxieties. At it shore obliquely through the centre of the boat, it drove his poor body right through her timbers—an undistinguishable bundle of what was an instant before a human being. The other members of the crew escaped the blow, and the harpooner managed to cut the line, so that for the present they were safe enough, clinging to the remains of their boat, unless the whale should choose to rush across them.

Happily, his rushing was almost over. The bomb fired by Mr. Count, with such fatal result to poor Bamberger, must have exploded right in the whale's throat. Whether his previous titanic efforts had completely exhausted him, or whether the bomb had broken his massive backbone, I do not know, of course, but he went into no flurry, dying as peacefully as his course had been furious. For the first time in my life I had been face to face with a violent death, and I was quite stunned with the awfulness of the experience. Mechanically, as it seemed to me, we obeyed such orders as were given, but every man's thoughts were with the shipmate so suddenly dashed from among us. We never saw sign of him again. . . . We got the whale cut in as usual without any incident worth mentioning, except that the peculiar shape of the jaw made it an object of great curiosity to all of us who were new to the whale-fishing. Such malformations are not very rare. They are generally thought to occur when the animal is young, and its bones soft; but whether done in fighting with one another, or in some more mysterious way, nobody knows. Cases have been known, I believe, where the deformed whale does not appear to have suffered from lack of food in consequence of his disability; but in each of the three instances which have come under my own notice, such was certainly not the case. These whales were what is termed by the whalers "dry-skins"; that is, they were in poor condition, the blubber yielding less than half the usual quantity of oil. The absence of oil makes it very hard to cut up, and there is more work in one whale of this kind than in two whose blubber is rich and soft.



## ANIMAL LIFE: STORIES, STUDIES AND SKETCHES

*The Horse in Battle.....Pittsburg Bulletin*

A veteran cavalry horse partakes of the hopes and fears of battle just the same as his rider. As the column swings into line and waits, the horse grows nervous over the waiting. If the wait is spun out he will tremble and sweat, and grow apprehensive. If he has been six months in service he knows every bugle call. As the call comes to advance the rider can feel him working at the bit with his tongue to get it between his teeth. As he moves out he will either seek to get on faster than he should or bolt. He cannot bolt, however. The lines will carry him forward, and after a minute he will grip, lay back his ears, and one can feel his sudden resolve to brave the worst, and have done with it as soon as possible. A man seldom cries out when hit in the turmoil of battle. It is the same with a horse. Five troopers out of six, when struck with a bullet, are out of their saddles within a minute. If hit in the breast or shoulder, up go their hands, and they get a heavy fall; if in the leg or foot or arm, they fall forward and roll off. Even with a foot cut off by a jagged piece of shell, a horse will not drop. It is only when shot through the head or heart that he comes down. He may be fatally wounded, but hobbles out of the fight to right or left, and stands with drooping head until the loss of blood brings him down. The horse that looses his rider and is unwounded himself will continue to run with his set of fours until some movement throws him out. Then he goes galloping here and there, neighing with fear and alarm, but he will not leave the field. In his racing about he may get among the dead and wounded, but he will dodge them, if possible, and, in any case, leap over them. When he has come upon three or four riderless steeds, they fall in and keep together, as if for mutual protection, and the "rally" of the bugle may bring the whole of them into ranks in a body.

*Cats and Ships.....F. T. Bullen.....London Spectator*

Many stories are current about the peculiar aptitude possessed by sailors of taming all sorts of wild creatures that chance to come under their care, most of them having a much firmer basis of fact than sea-yarns are usually given credit for. But of all the pets made by Jack none ever attains so intimate an acquaintance with him, so firm a hold upon his affections, as the cat, about whom so many libelous things are said ashore. All things considered, a ship's fore-castle is about the last place in the world that one would expect to find favored by a cat for its permanent abiding place. Subject as it is at all times to sudden invasion by an encroaching wave, always at the extremes of stuffiness or draughtiness, never by any chance cheered by the glow of a fire, or boasting even an apology for a hearth rug—warmth-loving, luxurious pussy cannot hope to find any of those comforts that her long acquaintance with civilization has certainly given her an innate hankering after. No cat's-meat man purveying regular rations of savory horseflesh, so much beloved by even the daintiest aristocrats of the cat family, ever gladdens her ears with the dulcet cry of "Meeet, cassmeet," nor, saddest lack of

all, is there ever to be found a saucer of milk for her delicate, cleanly lapping. And yet, strange as it may appear, despite the superior attractions offered by the friendly steward at the after-end of the ship, irresponsive to the blandishments of the captain and officers, I have many times been shipmate with cats who remained steadily faithful to the fo'c's'le throughout the length of an East Indian or Colonial voyage. They could hardly be said to have any preferences for individual members of the crew, being content with the universal attention paid them by all, although, as a rule, they found a snug berth in some man's bunk which they came to look upon as theirs by prescriptive right, their shelter in time of storm, and their refuge, when in harbor the scanty floor place of the fo'c's'le afforded no safe promenade for anything bearing a tail. Only once or twice in all my experience have I seen any cruelty offered to a cat on board ship, and then the miscreant who thus offended against the unwritten law had but a sorry time of it thereafter.

*The Umbrella Ants of the Tropics.....Leisure Hour*

Of all insects (of South America) the most interesting are the ants; and it is to be hoped that some one duly qualified for the task will, some of these days, undertake to write the life-history of the most important of their tribes; for, by their intelligence and perfect organization, they take rank above all their kind, and are well worthy of the closest and most careful observation.

The umbrella or wee-wee ants are in some ways the most remarkable of all the race; and as I happen to have an intimate acquaintance with their interior economy, it will be well, perhaps, to begin with an account of their manners and customs; how they build their nests, store and keep their food and organize their vast armies.

The name of wee-wee is a mystery, but so the negroes call them; though why they do not know themselves. The Spaniards simply call them by the generic name of hormigas, or ants. Along the forest paths the great mounds of earth they throw up are conspicuous enough, and from them radiate well-beaten roads, four or five inches in width, and running in all directions. There they do no harm; but when they make their nests near a garden or plantation, it becomes a question which is to survive, the ants or the garden, for one or the other must be destroyed. Their food almost entirely consists of leaves of trees and other plants, and so numerous are they in a well-established colony, and such indefatigable workers, that they will strip a good-sized tree, such as an orange, in a single night, carrying off the spoil, cut into pieces about the size of one's thumbnail, into their nests, there to be stored for future use in a manner I will describe when we come to the structure of their houses.

It was my misfortune on two occasions to find strong colonies of these ants within measurable distance of where I had to make my garden; so there was nothing for it but to dig them out bodily, or give up the hope of vegetables. The process of digging was a laborious one, as in one instance



over 250 cubic yards of earth had to be moved; but it certainly gave me a close acquaintance with their ways and habits.

They are divided into four classes—queens, drivers, workers and builders. The queens are nearly as large as hornets, with well-developed wings, though why, it is hard to understand, since they are always found in the interior of the nest, and devote their time and attention solely to the propagation of the race. The drivers, or officers, are nearly half an inch in length, and are armed with formidable nippers in their jaws, with which they can inflict a sharp bite; quite sharp enough to cut through the skin of one's finger. They are absolutely fearless, and will attack any enemy, however large, without hesitation. They do not work themselves, but run up and down the roads, when the workers are out, keeping them in order, and seeing that all goes well with the procession. The workers, about one-half the size of the drivers, cut the leaf and carry it in their mandibles, held perpendicularly over their heads, to the nests—whence the name of umbrella ants.

The builders, as I have called them, because it is difficult to conceive what else they do, are the size of the common red garden ant of this country. They always accompany the workers on their expeditions, and, I believe, carry into the nests minute particles of clay, with which they line all the galleries and passages, as well as the actual nests themselves, until they look as though they were cemented and smoothed by the careful hand of an expert mason. The ants do not always select a tree near their abode on which to work, but will often march to and fro, quite a quarter of a mile or more, to one that suits their taste. Once they have made up their minds to strip a certain tree, nothing but death will stop them. Often and often I have watched the negroes and Indians trying to drive them away from, say, a favorite orange tree, with flaming torches of dry palm-leaves. Running these over the ants' road, close to the ground, millions of them are burned to death, while the survivors shelter in the grass, or hurry back pell-mell to the nest. This process the niggers call "swingeing," but it is no good whatever, for if you go out in an hour or so, you will find the undaunted ants hard at work on the very tree they were turned back from.

Some faint idea can be formed of their numbers when it is remembered that the whole of this road to the tree, perhaps nearly half a mile long, is densely thronged with the multitudes going out empty, and returning laden with their umbrella-like burdens; while thousands and thousands will be swarming in the doomed tree. They have a strong objection to rain, and when they are caught out at work by a sudden shower, they incontinently drop their loads, and scuttle off home. When this happens—which is not often, for they are wonderfully weather-wise—the whole road will be found strewn thickly with bits of leaf.

It is a very easy matter to prove that the vast army is under proper discipline, for the drivers are constantly running up and down the line, giving their orders, which they communicate in some mysterious manner by touching heads for an instant with the ant who is to receive the order. If you

carefully watch the individual so touched, you will see that he stops, or turns back, or hurries on faster as the case may be—generally the latter.

But the clearest proof of their discipline is to place some obstacle they cannot easily pass, such as a log of wood or a big stone, across the line of march. There is at once a jam of ants on both sides, and they run about in utter dismay and confusion. Instantly the drivers come tearing along from either side in a state of frantic excitement. Arrived at the impediment, they run over it, round it and under it, if they can, and, having found out the best way out of the difficulty, speedily lead off the host in proper order. Remember, that until the drivers have duly investigated the cause of the block not an ant tries to pass the obstacle.

When the colony is established on a level piece of ground a central perpendicular shaft is made, some eight inches in diameter and six or seven feet deep. This is for ventilating and draining purposes only, and is never used for ingress or egress. If the ground slopes, the shaft is horizontal; the mouth, of course, being at the bottom of the hill. From the perpendicular shaft, commencing at the bottom, radiate galleries, like the spokes of a wheel, set at a slight angle. These will be about thirty inches long and about eighteen inches one above another. At the end of each series of spokes a circular gallery is made, forming, as it were, a set of wheels, one above the other. In, or rather above, these circular galleries, the nests, or dwelling-places, are constructed; oval in shape and about a foot long. The narrow end of the oval is downward, and opens into the roof of the gallery; and, as the spokes always slope slightly toward the shaft, however heavy the tropical rains may be, no water can enter the homes and breeding-places of the ants. Once I tried the experiment of diverting a rivulet of water into the upper part of one of the nests, hoping to drown out the enemy, and to economize labor; but it had not the slightest effect on them, for it never penetrated into a single nest.

*The Horse in Folk-Lore.....J. F. O'Donnell.....Lippincott's*

Animals play an important part in the beliefs of different nations. There is scarcely one about which tradition has not woven a curious net of legend and superstition, whose threads grow naturally thicker around those most familiar to human ken. The domestic animals have an extensive folk-lore of their own.

From the *Orohippus* of the Eocene Period the ancestor of our horse, the description of which reads almost like that of a mythological being ("an animal as small as the common silver fox of to-day, with sixteen hoofs, four on each foot"), to the over-worked drudge about to be superseded by various mechanical contrivances, or perhaps preserved for his proper sphere—that of the highly-developed, well-cared-for steed of luxury—the horse has appeared again and again in lore and legend. In Aryan mythology, as the type of beautiful strength and freedom, he plays a less important part than the reproductive principle typified by the cow, yet is not missing from this nature-worship of primitive man. Among the various names given to the sun was that of a horse. A swiftly-moving cloud was

a horse fleeing from pursuers. The legend of The Wild Huntsman, condemned to hunt till the Judgment Day, and of his steed, which breathed fire from mouth and nostrils, goes back to Odin's time. The Gandharves, a race of demigods, were renowned for their horses, and could assume their shapes. They are supposed to be identical with the half-human, half-equine Centaurs of Grecian fable.

In the preface to a translation from the *Mahá-Bhārata*, that colossal epic of India, Sir Edwin Arnold says: "The most magnificent of ancient Hindu rites was the Sacrifice of the Horse. It is difficult to raise the thoughts of a modern and Western public to the solemnity, majesty, and marvel of this antique Oriental rite as viewed by Hindus. The monarch who was powerful enough to perform it chose a horse of pure white color, 'like the moon,' with a saffron tail and a black right ear; or the animal might be all black, without a speck of color. This steed, wearing a gold plate on its forehead with the royal name inscribed, was turned loose, and during a whole year the king's army was bound to follow its wanderings. Whithersoever it went, the ruler of the invaded territory must either pay homage to the king and join him with his warriors or accept battle. But whether conquered or peacefully submitting, all these princes must follow the horse, and at the end of the year assist at the sacrifice of the consecrated animal. Moreover, during the whole year the king must restrain all passion, live a perfectly purified life, and sleep on the bare ground. The white horse could not be loosened until the night of the full moon in Chaitra, which answers to the latter half of March and the first half of April; in fact, at Eastertime; and it may be observed here that this is not the only strange coincidence in the sacrifice."

The ancient Scandinavians attributed chariot and horses to the sun and moon, with which to drive daily around the heavens, hastening away from the wolves of Jotenheim, Land of Darkness, which pursue them. Horses were the most sacred of animals of these Northern nations; auguries were drawn from their neighing (this long before the horse of Darius the Great won the Persian throne for his master), and they were among the victims of the great sacrificial feasts of Scandinavia; while the head of a horse, placed upon a stake with certain imprecations, was thought to work evil to a foe. When the ill-fated Darius III. marched against Alexander the Great, in his train was a chariot drawn by white horses consecrated to the chief god of the Persians, and followed by a superb courser of enormous size, called the sun's horse; and in II. Kings, xxiii., 11, we read that Hilkiah, the high-priest, "took away the horses that the kings of Judah had given to the sun, . . . and burned the chariots of the sun with fire." The kings of Judah borrowed this custom from the Babylonians.

The enchanted flying horse of brass in the Arabian tales may have originated with the Grecian Pegasus, for Greek works were early translated into Arabic, though Plato, quoting the Asiatic story of Gyges, who has a ring which makes him invisible,

says that he took it from the finger of a dead man enclosed in a bronze horse.

Sleipner, the steed who in Northern mythology carried Hermodur to Hades in search of his brother Baldur, had eight legs in place of wings, but was as much at home in the air as on earth. Elijah's celestial coursers of fire were doubtless endowed with wings; and Al Borak, the marvelous mare upon which Mahomet took his pretended nocturnal journey to the seventh heaven, had eagles' wings which bore her onward with incredible swiftness. She was snow-white, with a human face, and eyes "radiant as stars," while her whole body glittered with precious stones.

The flying horse appears in the Arabian tale of Prince Agib; in Ariosto's "*Orlando Furioso*," Ruggiero is the lucky possessor of one of these wonderful creatures; Chaucer introduces a winged steed into his *Canterbury Tales*; Cervantes, also, makes use of him, and in Grecian legend, Aurora, Mother of the Winds, has flying coursers.

The winged horse Pegasus was the offspring of Neptune and Medusa. He carried the thunderbolts of Jupiter, according to the most ancient writers, though later authorities give him a place among the stars as steed of the Dawn. In more modern literature he has become almost exclusively the horse of the Muses.

The Centaurs were a race of mythological creatures of superior intelligence, in form half-man, half-horse. The Kinarees of ancient Buddhism have horses' heads, and are allied to the Centaurs.

Castor and Pollux, the famous brothers of Helen of Troy, are represented in art as young horsemen in robes of white and purple. Castor is said to have excelled in taming horses. A horse's head, or a figure on horseback, frequently appears on Greek funeral monuments, symbolizing death as a journey. In the Apocalypse, death appears as a rider on a pale horse; in the religion of Brahma, Siva, the Destroyer, when he puts an end to one age of the world, rides on a great white steed; and it has been the custom of many savage nations to slay horses on graves of their kings and warriors, to accompany them into the shadow-land.

The inhabitants of the Isle of Man, an ancient Celtic race, held a superstitious belief that fairies, when they "went a-hunting" moonlight nights, borrowed for their use, not the common Manx horses in the fields, but English and Irish ones from the stables of wealthy gentlemen. It was common to find the poor animals covered with sweat and foam, and tired to death, when their owners had not known that they had been out of the stables during the night.

The huge wooden horse, intended as an offering to Minerva, which concealed the warriors who overthrew Troy, must be mentioned in our inquiry into these fables, the many marvelous tales told of Bucephalus, the horse of Alexander the Great, and that of the Roman emperor, Caligula, who made his favorite steed consul, and paid to him divine honors.

Nor must we forget the Houyhnhnms, a race of horses endowed with reason, discovered by Gulliver in his travels; nor the celebrated Hobby-Horse, the play-mare of Scotland, which was prominent in all holiday fun.



*The Parson-Bird of New Zealand.....Century Life*

It has taken some hundreds of years for mankind to think out and develop the idea of a clergyman, but Nature anticipates all man's ideas, however original. For hundreds of years the New Zealand bush has swarmed with clergymen—dapper little gentlemen in black coats and white ties. Yes, clergymen, for their suits are not the dress clothes of civilization. They are, when seen in certain lights, a beautiful glossy dark green; in fact, they have seen service and done duty, and their coats have become as green as those of the most benevolent gentleman who ever cured souls "on £40 a year." The tui, as he is called by the Maori, or parson-bird, as named by the Briton, is the delightful little comforter and joy of every tennis party or five-o'clock tea that is held by the bird world of the New Zealand bush.

There he sits, perched in his pulpit at the top of some tree, "shaking his head, bending to one side and then to another, as if he remarked to this one and that one, and now and again, with pent-up vehemence, contracting his muscles and drawing himself together, his voice waxes loud in a manner to waken sleepers to their senses," as says Sir Walter Buller.

He can be taught to speak, to crow like a dog, and to whistle tunes, and at evening he literally sings vespers and rings the curfew bell—for his note is then "like the clear high note of an organ, and again like the striking together of hollow metallic rods." He closes the day with a clear, silvery "toll," then retires decently to rest at a suitable hour, and sends all other respectable birds off to rest also. He is during the day a most restless, energetic little person, seldom still for a moment—preaching, singing, exhorting, mimicking; he will mimic every bird in the bush to perfection. Then he is such a buffoon; he will break off in the middle of an exquisite melody, and indulge in the most strange medley of sounds, impossible to reproduce and difficult to describe; but if one can imagine "the combination of a cough, a laugh and a sneeze, with the smashing of a pane of glass," that will be some approach to the idea. The Maoris have a song of forty-eight lines, each descriptive of a movement of the tui's sonata.

The bird is about the size and shape of a blackbird, but has a pair of delicate tufts of white feathers at his throat, and is a glossy dark green otherwise, looking black in ordinary lights. He is a honey eater, and may be seen hovering at the flowers of a flax plant or fuchsia tree, which flowers he fertilizes. But, alas! the introduction of the bee is fast destroying the tui. On more than one occasion he has been found dead with a bee's sting in his tongue; as also has the huia, another "beautiful bird," for that is, freely translated, what the word huia means. These honey-feeding birds thrust their sensitive tongues into the flowers and find the bee there, who promptly attacks the intruder.

The tui seems to be, like other New Zealand birds, unconscious of danger from man; in fact, it seems as if the colony was never part of the created world at all, any more than Mars or the moon. It is another planet to all intents and purposes,

whence all mammals were excluded, except perhaps a chance whale or seal thrown on the shores from the sea. It has been the land of birds and spiders almost exclusively. There were no venomous reptiles till the Hom. sap. arrived in the land. Now there are.

When the flax plant seeds the tuis have a good time—real May meetings. Every flower stalk is besieged by anxious, vivacious little persons, chattering, eating and happy. They put away such quantities of "tea and buns" in their excitement that they get enormously fat, and literally have to "undo the top button." They are said to peck their breasts to let out the skin and make room for the fat. But stop a bit. The tui's mate is as active as himself. She preaches, sings and performs at penny readings as cleverly and with as much energy as her husband; in short, she is not only the rector's wife, but she is a Hallelujah Lass as well. Then, again, the tui has a curate—the mocking-bird—whose sole ambition in life is to copy his rector and preach his sermons. He does his level best, but never quite succeeds; he can imitate the tui, and does, up to a certain point, but falls short in the higher walks—he is only an under-study after all.

The tuis nest twice or thrice a year, and have large families, excellently brought up. There is one thing the tui cannot endure, and that is scandal. If one of his cloth is wounded or injured, the whole fraternity set on him and peck him to death; you see, he must keep up his reputation for an active, busy, little person. It is sad that all the New Zealand native birds are becoming so scarce. They speak to us of a time when Nature was harmless, when the snakes, the tiger and the falcon did not exist.

*Bird Migrations.....F. H. King.....Arbor and Bird-Day Annual*

The distances over which birds migrate vary between wide limits and are often surprisingly great. The bobolinks, which rear their young on the shores of Lake Winnipeg, and go to Cuba and Porto Rico to spend the winter, twice traverse a distance exceeding 2,800 miles, or more than a fifth of the circumference of our earth each year. The kingbird breeds as far north as the 57th degree of latitude, and is found in the winter in South America. The biennial pilgrimages of the little redstart exceed 3,000 miles, and the tiny humming-bird 2,000. But that beautiful little summer yellow bird, which occasionally builds its nest under our chamber windows, sends some of its kin even to the white sea-foam of the Arctic Ocean, where they arrive the last of May, only ten or fifteen days after the sun has begun to ride continuously above the horizon, and yet these have come all the way from Guatemala, over a distance of 3,800 miles, leaving members, even of their own species, to spend the summer among those tropical scenes. Wonderful mechanism that, which in a stomach no larger than a pea, and an alimentary canal about six inches long, will manufacture from two or three slim caterpillars, a fly, a moth, or a spider, its own fuel and use it with such incomparable economy as to transport itself through the air during the whole night at the rate of about fifty miles per hour, and at the same time maintain its temperature at about 104 degrees Fahr.



## THE SURF-BOARD IN SOUTH SEAS\*

BY LOUIS BECKE

Just as my wild-eyed, touzle-headed Gilbert Isl-and cook brought me my early coffee and hard ship biscuit, Toria and Vailele—brown-skinned brother and sister—peeped in through the window, and in their curious bastard Samoan said 'twas a glorious morn to "fahaheke."

Now I had learned to "fahaheke" (use a surf-board), having been instructed therein by the youths and maidens of the village individually and collectively. And when you have once learned surf-swimming the game takes possession of your innermost soul like unto cycling and golf. So I said I would come, and instantly my young friends handed me in a surfing costume, a highly indecorous-looking girdle of thin strippings of the leaf of the pandanus palm. This I blushing declined, preferring a garment of my own design—a pair of dungaree pants razed from the knees down.

A strong breeze had sprung up during the night, and the long rolling billows, which had sped waveringly along for, perhaps, a thousand miles from beyond the western sea-rim, were sweeping now in quick succession over the wide flat stretch of reef that stood out from the northern end of the island like a huge table. This was the favored spot with the people for surf-swimming, for when the tide was full the surf broke heavily on the reef, and there was a clear run of half a mile from the starting point on the inner face of the coral table to the soft, white beach.

The north point was quite a mile from the village, and the tide being very high we had to follow a path through the cocoanut groves instead of walking along the beach, for the swirling waves, although well spent when they reached the shore, were washing the butts of the coco-palms, whose matted roots protruded from the sand at high-water mark. In front of us raced some scores of young children ranging from six years of age to ten, pushing and jostling each other in their eagerness to be first on the scene. Although the sun was hot, the breeze was cool and blew strongly in our faces when we emerged from the narrow leafy track out upon the open strand. Then, with much shouting and laughing and playful thumping of brown backs and shoulders, Timi, the master of ceremonies for the occasion, marshaled us all in line and then gave the word to go, and with a merry shout, mingled with quavering feminine squeaks, away we sprang into the sea, each one pushing his or her surf-board in front, or shooting it out ahead, and trying to reach the reef before any one else.

And now the slight regard for the conventionalities that had been maintained during the walk from the village vanished, and the fun began—ducking and other aquatic horse-play, hair-pulling, seizing of surf-boards and throwing them back shoreward, and wrestling matches between the foremost swimmers. The papalagi (white man), swimming between the boy Toria and a short, square-built native named Temana, had succeeded in keeping well

in the van, when he was suddenly seized by the feet by two little imps, just as a sweeping roller lifted him high up. And down the white man went, and away went his surf-board shoreward amid the shrieking laughs of the girls.

"Never mind," shouted Temana, shaking his black curly head like a water-spaniel, and seizing a board from a girl near him, and pushing her under at the same time, he shot it over toward me, and then Toria, with a wrathful exclamation, caught one of the imps who had caused my disaster, and twining his left hand in her long, floating hair, pitched her board away behind him. This little incident, however, lost us our places, and amid the merry gibes of some naked infants who were in the ruck, we swam on in face of the slapping seas, and at last gained the edge of the reef, which was now alive with nude, brown-skinned figures, trying to keep their position in the boiling surf for the first grand "shoot" shoreward.

Between the lulls of the frequent seas the water was only about four feet deep, and presently some sort of order was formed, and we awaited the next high roller. Over the outer reef it reared its greeny crest, curled and broke with thundering clamor, and roared its mile-line length toward us. Struggling hard to keep our feet on the slippery coral against the swift back-wash, we waited till the white wall of hissing foam was five feet away, and then flung ourselves forward flat upon our boards. Oh, how can one describe the ecstatic feeling that follows as your feet go up and your head and shoulders down, and you seem to fly through the water with the spume and froth of the mighty roller playing about your hair and hissing and singing in your ears? Half a mile away lies the beach, but you cannot see it, only the plumed crowns of the palms swaying to and fro in the breeze; for your head is low down, and there is nothing visible but a wavering line of shaking green. Perhaps, if you are adept enough to turn your head to right or left, you will see silhouetted against the snowy wall of foam scores and scores of black heads, and then before you can draw your breath from excitement the beach is before you, and you slip off your board as the wave that has carried you so glorious in sweeps far up on the shore, amid the vines and creepers which enwrap the sea-laved roots of the coco-palms.

Then back again, up and down over the seas, diving beneath any that are too high and swift to withstand, till you reach the ledge of the reef again and wait another chance. Not all together do we go this time, for now the swimmers are widely separated, and as we swim out we meet others coming back, flying before the rollers under which we have to dive. Here and there are those who, from long practice and skill, disdain to use the board; for springing in front of a curling sea, by a curious trick of hollowing in the back and depressing the head and neck, they fly in before the rolling surge at an amazing speed, beating the water with one hand as they go, and uttering wild cries of triumph as they pass us, struggling seaward.

\*Wild Life in Southern Seas.

## TREASURE TROVE: OLD FAVORITES RECALLED

*The Dawn of Peace..... John Ruskin*

Put off, put off your mail, O kings,  
And beat your brands to dust!  
Your hands must learn a surer grasp,  
Your hearts a better trust.

Oh, bend aback the lance's point,  
And break the helmet bar;  
A noise is in the morning wind,  
But not the note of war.

Upon the grassy mountain paths  
The glittering hosts increase—  
They come! They come! How fair their feet!  
They come who publish peace.

And victory, fair victory,  
Our enemies are ours!  
For all the clouds are clasped in light,  
And all the earth with flowers.

Aye, still depressed and dim with dew:  
But wait a little while,  
And with the radiant deathless rose  
The wilderness shall smile.

And every tender, living thing  
Shall feed by streams of rest;  
Nor lamb shall from the flock be lost,  
Nor nursling from the nest.

*The Organ..... Unknown*

It is no harmony of human making,  
Though men have built those pipes of burnished gold;  
Their music out of nature's heart awaking,  
Forever new, forever is of old.

Man makes not—only finds—all earthly beauty,  
Catching a thread of sunshine here and there,  
Some shining pebble in the path of duty,  
Some echo of the songs that flood the air.

That prelude is a wind among the willows  
Rising until it meets the torrent's roar;  
Now a wild ocean, beating his great billows,  
Among the hollow caverns of the shore.

It is the voice of some vast people pleading  
For justice, from an ancient shame and wrong;  
The tramp of God's avenging armies, treading  
With shouted thunders of triumphant song.

O, soul that sittest chanting dreary dirges,  
Could'st thou but rise on some divine desire,  
As those deep chords upon the swelling surges  
Bear up the wavering voices of the choir!

But ever lurking in the heart there lingers  
The trouble of a false and jarring tone,  
As some great organ which unskillful fingers  
Vex into discords when the master's gone.

*Indirection..... Richard Realff*

Fair are the flowers and the children, but their subtle  
suggestion is fairer;  
Rare is the roseburst of dawn, but the secret that clasps  
it is rarer;  
Sweet the exultance of song, but the strain that precedes  
it is sweeter;  
And never was poem yet writ, but the meaning over-  
mastered the meter.

Never a daisy that grows, but a mystery guideth the  
growing;  
Never a river that flows, but a majesty scepters the flow-  
ing;  
Never a Shakespeare that soared, but a stronger than  
he did enfold him,  
Nor ever a prophet foretells, but a mightier seer hath  
foretold him.

Back of the canvas that throbs the painter is hinted and  
hidden;  
Into the statue that breathes the soul of the sculptor is  
bidden;  
Under the joy that is felt lie the infinite issues of feeling;  
Crowning the glory revealed is the glory that crowns  
the revealing.

Great are the symbols of being, but that which is sym-  
boled is greater;  
Vast the create and beheld, but vaster the inward creator;  
Back of the sound broods the silence, back of the gift  
stands the giving;  
Back of the hand that receives thrill the sensitive nerves  
of receiving.

Space is as nothing to spirit, the deed is outdone by the  
doing;  
The heart of the wooer is warm, but warmer the heart  
of the wooing;  
And up from the pits where these shiver, and up from  
the heights where those shine,  
Twin voices and shadows swim starward, and the  
essence of life is divine.

*Things That Never Die..... Charles Dickens*

The pure, the bright, the beautiful,  
That stirred our hearts in youth,  
The impulses to wordless prayer,  
The dreams of love and truth;  
The longings after something lost,  
The spirit's yearning cry,  
The strivings after better hopes—  
These things can never die.

The timid hand stretched forth to aid  
A brother in his need,  
A kindly word in grief's dark hour  
That proves a friend indeed;  
The plea for mercy softly breathed,  
When justice threatens high  
The sorrow of a contrite heart—  
These things shall never die.

The memory of a clasping hand,  
The pressure of a kiss,  
And all the trifles, sweet and frail,  
That make up love's first bliss;  
If with a firm, unchanging faith,  
And holy trust and high,  
Those hands have clasped, those lips have met—  
These things shall never die.

The cruel and the bitter word,  
That wounded as it fell;  
The chilling want of sympathy  
We feel, but never tell;  
The hard repulse that chills the heart,  
Whose hopes were bounding high,  
In an unfading record kept—  
These things shall never die.

Let nothing pass, for every hand  
Must find some work to do;  
Lose not a chance to waken love—  
Be firm, and just, and true:  
So shall a light that cannot fade  
Beam on thee from on high,  
And angel voices say to thee—  
These things shall never die.

*Early Rising.....John G. Saxe*

"Now blessings light on him that first invented sleep! it covers a man all over, thoughts and all, like a cloak; it is meat for the hungry drink for the thirsty, heat for the cold, and cold for the hot."—*Don Quixote. Part II., chapter 67.*

"God bless the man who first invented sleep!"

So Sancho Panza said, and so say I;  
And bless him, also, that he didn't keep  
His great discovery to himself, nor try  
To make it—as the lucky fellow might—  
A close monopoly by patent-right!

Yes—bless the man who first invented sleep,  
(I really can't avoid the iteration);  
But blast the man with curses loud and deep,  
Whate'er the rascal's name, or age, or station,  
Who first invented, and went round advising,  
That artificial cut-off—Early Rising!

"Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed,"

Observes some solemn, sentimental owl;  
Maxims like these are very cheaply said;  
But, ere you make yourself a fool or fowl,  
Pray, just inquire about his rise and fall,  
And whether larks have any beds at all!

The time for honest folks to be abed  
Is in the morning, if I reason right;  
And he cannot keep his precious head  
Upon his pillow till its fairly light,  
And so enjoy his forty morning winks,  
Is up to knavery, or else—he drinks!

Thomson, who sung about the "Seasons," said  
It was a glorious thing to rise in season;  
But then he said it—lying—in his bed,  
At 10 a. m.—the very reason  
He wrote so charmingly. The simple fact is,  
His preaching wasn't sanctioned by his practice.

'Tis, doubtless, well to be sometimes awake—  
Awake to duty, and awake to truth—  
But when, alas! a nice review we take  
Of our best deeds and days, we find, in sooth,  
The hours that leave the slightest cause to weep  
Are those we passed in childhood or asleep!

'Tis beautiful to leave the world awhile  
For the soft visions of the gentle night;  
And free, at last, from mortal care or guile,  
To live as only in the angels' sight,  
In sleep's sweet realm so cozily shut in,  
Where, at the worst, we only dream of sin!

So let us sleep, and give the Maker praise,  
I like the lad who, when his father thought  
To clip his morning nap by hackneyed phrase  
Of vagrant worm by early songster caught,  
Cried, "Served him right! 'tis not at all surprising;  
The worm was punished, sir, for early rising!"

*The Song of the Dying.....Captain Dowling*  
(Written during an Indian epidemic.)

We meet 'neath the sounding rafter,  
And the walls around are bare;  
As they shout to our peals of laughter  
It seems that the dead are there.  
But stand to your glasses, steady!  
We drink to our comrade's eyes;  
Quaff a cup to the dead already,  
And hurrah for the next that dies!

Not here are the goblets glowing,  
Not here is the vintage sweet;  
'Tis cold as our hearts are growing.  
And dark as the doom we meet.  
But stand to your glasses, steady!  
And soon shall our pulses rise;  
A cup to the dead already;  
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Not a sigh for the lot that darkles,  
Not a fear for the friends that sink;  
We'll fall 'midst the wine cup's sparkles  
As mute as the wine we drink.  
So! stand to your glasses, steady!  
'Tis this that the respite buys;  
A cup to the dead already;  
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Time was when we frowned at others;  
We thought we were wiser then;  
Ha! ha! let them think of their mothers  
Who hope to see them again.  
No; stand to your glasses, steady!  
The thoughtless are here and the wise;  
A cup to the dead already;  
Hurrah for the next that dies!

There's many a hand that's shaking,  
There's many a cheek that's sunk;  
But soon, though our hearts are breaking;  
They'll burn with the wine we've drunk.  
So, stand to your glasses, steady!  
'Tis here the revival lies;  
A cup to the dead already;  
Hurrah for the next that dies!

There's a mist on the glass congealing:  
'Tis the hurricane's fiery breath;  
And thus doth the warmth of feeling  
Turn ice in the grasp of death.  
So, stand to your glasses, steady!  
For a moment the vapor flies;  
A cup to the dead already;  
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Who dreads to the dust returning?  
Who shrinks from the sable shore,  
Where the high and haughty yearning  
Of the soul shall sting no more?  
So, stand to your glasses, steady!  
The world is a world of lies;  
A cup to the dead already;  
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Cut off from the land that bore us,  
Betrayed by the land we find,  
Where the brightest have gone before us,  
And the dullest remain behind.  
Stand, stand to your glasses, steady!  
'Tis all we have left to prize;  
A cup to the dead already;  
Hurrah for the next that dies!

*To Sleep.....Alfred Tennyson*

To sleep! To sleep! The long bright day is done,  
And darkness rises from the fallen sun,  
To sleep! to sleep!

Whate'er thy joys, they vanish with the day;  
Whate'er the griefs, in sleep they pass away.  
To sleep! to sleep!

Sleep, mournful heart, and let the past be past;  
Sleep, happy soul, all life must sleep at last.  
To sleep! to sleep!



## SOCIOLOGIC QUESTIONS OF THE TIMES

*A Message to Garcia.....Elbert Hubbard.....The Phillistine*

In all this Cuban business there is one man stands out on the horizon of my memory like Mars at perihelion.

When war broke out between Spain and the United States, it was very necessary to communicate quickly with the leader of the insurgents. Garcia was somewhere in the mountain fastnesses of Cuba—no one knew where. No mail nor telegraph message could reach him. The President must secure his co-operation, and quickly.

What to do!

Some one said to the President: "There's a fellow by the name of Rowan will find Garcia for you, if anybody can."

Rowan was sent for and given a letter to be delivered to Garcia. How "the fellow by the name of Rowan" took the letter, sealed it up in an oilskin pouch, strapped it over his heart, in four days landed by night off the coast of Cuba from an open boat, disappeared into the jungle, and in three weeks came out on the other side of the island, having traversed a hostile country on foot, and delivered his letter to Garcia, are things I have no special desire now to tell in detail.

The point I wish to make is this: McKinley gave Rowan a letter to be delivered to Garcia; Rowan took the letter and did not ask: "Where is he at?" By the Eternal! there is a man whose form should be cast in deathless bronze and the statue placed in every college of the land. It is not book-learning young men need, nor instruction about this and that, but a stiffening of the vertebræ which will cause them to be loyal to a trust, to act promptly, concentrate their energies; do the thing—"Carry a message to Garcia!"

General Garcia is dead now, but there are other Garcias.

No man, who has endeavored to carry out an enterprise where many hands were needed, but has been well-nigh appalled at times by the imbecility of the average man—the inability or unwillingness to concentrate on a thing and do it.

Slipshod assistance, foolish inattention, dowdy indifference, and half-hearted work seem the rule and no man succeeds, unless by hook or crook, or threat, he forces or bribes other men to assist him; or mayhap, God in His goodness performs a miracle, and sends him an Angel of Light for an assistant. You, reader, put this matter to a test: You are sitting now in your office—six clerks are within call. Summon any one and make this request: "Please look in the encyclopedia and make a brief memorandum for me concerning the life of Correggio."

Will the clerk quietly say, "Yes, sir," and go do the task?

On your life he will not. He will look at you out of a fishy eye and ask one or more of the following questions:

Who was he?

Which encyclopedia?

Where is the encyclopedia?

Was I hired for that?

Don't you mean Bismarck?

What's the matter with Charlie doing it?

Is he dead?

Is there any hurry?

Shan't I bring you the book and let you look it up yourself?

What do you want to know for?

And I will lay you ten to one that after you have answered the questions, and explained how to find the information, and why you want it, the clerk will go off and get one of the other clerks to help him try to find Garcia—and then come back and tell you there is no such man. Of course, I may lose my bet, but according to the law of average, I will not.

Now, if you are wise you will not bother to explain to your "assistant" that Correggio is indexed under the C's, not in the K's; but you will smile sweetly and say: "Never mind," and go look it up yourself.

And this incapacity for independent action, this moral stupidity, this infirmity of the will, this unwillingness to cheerfully catch hold and lift, are the things that put pure Socialism so far into the future. If men will not act for themselves, what will they do when the benefit of their effort is for all?

A first mate, with knotted club, seems necessary; and the dread of getting "the bounce" Saturday night, holds many a worker to his place.

Advertise for a stenographer, and nine out of ten who apply can neither spell nor punctuate—and do not think it necessary to.

Can such a one write a letter to Garcia?

"You see that bookkeeper," said the foreman to me in a large factory.

"Yes; what about him?"

"Well, he's a fine accountant; but if I'd send him uptown on an errand he might accomplish the errand all right, and on the other hand, might stop at four saloons on the way, and when he got to Main street would forget what he had been sent for."

Can such a man be entrusted to carry a message to Garcia?

We have recently been hearing much maudlin sympathy expressed for the "down-trodden denizen of the sweat-shop" and the "homeless wanderer searching for honest employment," and with it all often goes many hard words for the men in power.

Nothing is said about the employer who grows old before his time in a vain attempt to get frowsty ne'er-do-wells to do intelligent work; and his long, patient striving with "help" that does nothing but loaf when his back is turned. In every store and factory there is a constant weeding-out process going on. The employer is constantly sending away "help" that have shown their incapacity to further the interests of the business, and others are being taken on. No matter how good times are, this sorting continues, only if times are hard and work is scarce, the sorting is done finer—but out and forever out, the incompetent and unworthy go. It is the survival of the fittest. Self-interest prompts every employer to keep the best—those who can carry a message to Garcia.

I know one man of really brilliant parts who has not the ability to manage a business of his own, and yet who is absolutely worthless to any one else, because he carries with him constantly the insane suspicion that his employer is oppressing or intending to oppress him. He cannot give orders; and he will not receive them. Should a message be given him to take to Garcia, his answer would probably be: "Take it yourself, and be damned!"

To-night this man walks the streets looking for work, the wind whistling through his thread-bare coat. No one who knows him dare employ him, for he is a regular firebrand of discontent. He is impervious to reason, and the only thing that can impress him is the toe of a thick-soled No. 9 boot.

Of course I know that one so morally deformed is no less to be pitied than a physical cripple; but in our pitying, let us drop a tear, too, for the men who are striving to carry on a great enterprise, whose working hours are not limited by the whistle, and whose hair is fast turning white through the struggle to hold in line dowdy indifference, slip-shod imbecility, and the heartless ingratitude, which but for their enterprise, would be both hungry and homeless.

Have I put the matter too strongly? Possibly I have; but when all the world has gone a-slumming I wish to speak a word of sympathy for the man who succeeds—the man who, against great odds, his directed the efforts of others, and having succeeded, finds there's nothing in it; nothing but bare board and clothes.

I have carried a dinner pail and worked for day's wages, and I have also been an employer of labor, and I know there is something to be said on both sides. There is no excellence, *per se*, in poverty; rags are no recommendation; and all employers are not rapacious and high-handed, any more than all poor men are virtuous.

My heart goes out to the man who does his work when the "boss" is away, as well as when he is at home. And this man, who, when given a letter for Garcia, quietly takes the missive, without asking any idiotic questions, and with no lurking intention of chucking it into the nearest sewer, or of doing aught else but deliver it, never gets "laid off," nor has to go on a strike for higher wages. Civilization is one long anxious search for just such individuals. Anything such a man asks shall be granted; his kind is so rare that no employer can afford to let him go. He is wanted in every city, town and village—in every office, shop, store and factory. The world cries out for such; he is needed, and needed badly—the man who can carry a message to Garcia.

*Peons of Mexico.....Prince A. De Iturbide.....North American Review*

It may as well be said that a peon is a day-laborer—not necessarily a field hand; but, taking the word in the latter restricted sense, the peon system is the only one in force, on this continent, that regulates the relations between capital and labor to the satisfaction of both. It does not obtain throughout the whole of Mexico with unvaried details; what I say concerning it applies to the middle belt of Mexican States, as distinguished from the ones bordering on our northern frontier and from that portion of the country known as *Tierra Caliente*.

But variations in the peon system are not material in those different sections, except in so far as the diversity of climate and of agricultural products implies a corresponding diversity in labor and in the exigencies of life. The greater or less abundance of field hands, also, affects the system in question; in fact, each of the larger haciendas has its own unwritten constitution originating in its own special circumstances as well as in national or in regional ones, and dating back, as a rule, from one to three centuries; because few of these haciendas are of recent establishment. They may have been transformed in different ways, but their foundation is older, in most cases, than the century; and their traditional continuity is ensured by peon families and others that, in each case, are identified by birth or by marriage, with the hacienda. The peon, with rare exceptions, is of the Indian or mixed races. He is bound by debt to the hacienda on which he works, and, regardless of color, he may rise, along the scale of promotion, to the highest employments on the place.

The indebtedness referred to in the preceding paragraph is one of the essential features of the peon system, and is contracted by peons, either directly or by voluntary inheritance. In the former case, a peon seeking employment presents himself to the administrator—by which title the manager of a hacienda is known—and asks for an "enganche," that is, a retainer, the amount of which, as a rule, varies between ten and thirty dollars. If the applicant be acceptable, the retainer is paid, and the peon becomes part and parcel of the establishment. If he happens to be indebted to another hacienda, and, for his own reasons, is changing employers, his debt being a recommendation, larger amounts than those named will be advanced to buy the debt and allow the peon a cash margin. His contract obliges him to work for the hacienda until his debt is canceled. On the other hand, his prerogatives are such as no other laborer in the world enjoys. In the first place, it is tacitly understood that, while the peon remains in the employ of the hacienda, his debt will not be canceled, but, on the contrary, that it will be increased, until, if ever, his children are pleased to assume it, or death or old age wipes it out. The debt may not be sold, without his consent, except to a new owner of the hacienda. The peon is free, however, to change creditors at will. Only a part of his earned wages may be applied, each week, to his debt. Each week he receives rations, sufficient for his maintenance and for that of his family. Each year he and his family receive an ample supply of clothing. Medical services are furnished them, free of expense, and the sums of money that they may require for baptisms, confirmations, marriages or burials are advanced to them, regardless of the balance that the peon's account may show against him. Haciendas, such as are described in this paper, have schools to which the peon may—and, often, must—send his children. He is furnished space, of course, and material for the construction of his hut, and is entitled to the use of a fair measure of ground, which he cultivates for his own benefit, with the hacienda's stock, implements and seed. Finally, there are two days in the year on each of which the peon receives extra wages amounting to several

dollars. And when, through age or accident, the peon is no longer able to work, he becomes a charge of the hacienda.

There, then, is a numerous class of human beings who are born, not only in poverty, but in debt, and heirs, by natural law, to all the misery of the proletariat—to which they would be a prey, if the peon system were not there to solve their problem of life. As it is, from his cradle to his grave, the peon will never lack food, raiment or shelter. His wife and his children will never know the pinch of hunger. If he has the capacity to rise above his class, the hacienda will afford him the opportunity to do so. If he goes through life an insolvent debtor, still at the hacienda he will have an open credit, and, not only his needs, but, in a measure, his limited appetite for the superfluous will be satisfied. In a word, he will be above the proletariat, and that through no charity of his employer; for all that is done in his interest is his due. The peon system affords the farmer proportionate advantages. It is less expensive than others—so much so that, in many instances, peon labor competes successfully with machinery. The prerogatives and perquisites that it secures to the field hands could not be replaced by increased wages of reasonable amounts; hence, the owner secures greater satisfaction among his laborers, by this system, than he would by others that demand larger pecuniary disbursements. Then, the laborer becomes identified with the hacienda. It is his home, and he takes a natural interest in its welfare; whilst his relations with the owner are such as to preclude the antagonism that so often redounds to the detriment of both employer and employee.

*Collectivism as a Social Policy.....The Spectator*

The volume of capital which can thus be employed, the extinction of reckless competition, the reduction in the expenses of management, and the immensely increased power of dealing with workmen all help to invest the great trusts, combinations, associations and co-operative societies with virtual monopolies, with which individuals, however able or industrious, are unable to contend. There is no sound hope of preventing the growth of such corporations by legislation or by strikes, or through popular opinion, and their multiplication produces two results. They decrease individualism, for small employers disappear and are replaced by armies of foremen, and they concentrate on themselves a great amount of popular hatred. The able workers grow indignant at the extinction of independent careers, and the average workers attribute any suffering they may endure to the existence of "monopolies" and their vast money-power. We hear murmurs already even in England, and in America those who murmur control great parties. As it is obviously impossible to revive individual trading when the world has grown accustomed to the promptitude, cheapness and superior methods of its rival, people fall back on the substitution of tyrannies which they can control for tyrannies which they cannot, and clamor for the municipalization of all great industries. Why not, they say, buy the working capitalists out, with money raised at low rates from the capitalists who want to enjoy

without working, and use the profits in reduction of taxation, and to increase the amenities of the collective life? These things are already said about the railways, gas companies, water companies, coal mines, iron mines and liquor factories, and the argument will be extended to all the industries which are most easily worked through large establishments paid out of great capitals. This tendency, already unmistakable, will, as we have said, be accelerated by a popular illusion. It is almost impossible to convince men, except by experience, that the community will not be a gentle master. "Why," they say, "we ourselves, being the electors, shall ourselves be masters; and can we not trust ourselves to be kind to ourselves even if we are not kind to other men?" The answer, of course, is that there are competing wants, and competing necessities, as well as competing modes of supply, and that the first competitions are as sharp as the last and make men as unreasonable and dour. The instinct of the masses when bread rises is to nail the baker's ears to the doorpost as they do in Turkey. The masses as lords of industry will insist on cheapness, and cheapness when insisted on by irresistible power means low wages, long hours and that sharp discipline which extracts efficiency from the unwilling. Ask any head of a "sweating" firm if the whip behind him is not this demand. Take the supply of coals, for instance. Imagine the coal mines nationalized, and say whether the average elector, and his wife, would bear to see coals in London sold at thirty shillings a ton instead of a guinea, in order that miners whom they never see may work for six hours a day at high wages. They will ask for convict labor sooner; and this is merely one illustration. The consumer as direct master of industry will be to the capitalist, who has bowels, and can be hooted, as Rehoboam was to Solomon. There is not a community in Europe which pays the soldier even decently, or one which does not acknowledge that the soldier is as necessary as the baker's man. Scarcely an average man in London had patience with the gas men when they tried to strike, and there is not one man in three who, if all scavengers struck, would hesitate for a moment to resort to forced labor. The workmen, however, cannot be convinced of this, and the belief in municipalities as employers, like the trend of industry toward monopoly, works directly for collectivism.

*A Tramp Chair.....Cleveland Plain Dealer*

Sanford Baker, of Oakland, Me., has invented a new punishment for the hobo. It is a strongly built cage in the form of a chair on wheels. It is so constructed that the occupant must remain perfectly quiet in a sitting position. A shelf is placed near the top for food, and the contrivance can be handed about from place to place at will. The chief peculiarity of the chair lies in its door. When used as a method of punishment the culprit is obliged to enter into it and sit down. The door follows the lines of the chair, and when closed and locked the victim is confined as firmly as though he were glued to the seat; he cannot draw his feet up or move any part of his body enough to obtain rest. The chair resembles some of the ancient instruments of torture used by the Inquisition.



## MODERN MEDICINE, SURGERY AND SANITATION

*The Mystery of Sleep.....The Spectator*

The most wonderful events in the world are the most common. If the sun appeared, says Carlyle, only once in a long term of years, how excited everybody would be. But the miracle takes place every day unregarded. The most wonderful thing that happens to man from the cradle to the grave is also a daily event, and it excites hardly any wonder or curiosity. That phenomenon is sleep. We go to bed at night and expect sleep as a matter of course. It approaches us with no sense of surprise or apprehension on our part; we pass within the ivory gate with as little concern as we walk down the street, and yet sleep is as wonderful as death, to which not a few poets have likened it. Only the confirmed victim of insomnia realizes its beneficent influence; to the rest it is as commonplace as breakfast. And yet sleep is not only the profoundest mystery we know, but it is the result and the accompaniment of the most remarkable changes in our bodies—themselves also subjects of deepest wonder. The first fact relating to sleep is that the sum total of our energy is reduced. Whether this reduction of the play of bodily force causes or merely accompanies sleep it might be hard to say. It is a beautiful thought in *The Ancient Mariner* that sleep is a blessed influence descending from above, but we suppose science will not listen to that, though it is not incompatible with the idea of the preparation for sleep by the bodily forces. The scientific statement would be that there is a general displacement and rearrangement of molecules, but that does not help us much, for the movements of molecules are unintelligible as an ultimate expression of why things are so and so. Then the work of the glands is slackened, they are not called on to secrete so many products from the blood. The most striking fact is the change in temperature. The temperature of the human body rises at a quick rate from 6 a. m. to 10 or 11 a. m., increases at a slower rate from that time to 6 p. m., and then falls, reaching the minimum point at about 4 a. m. It is probable, by the way, that colds are often caught in bed at this last hour, especially by restless sleepers who partially divest themselves of their bedclothes, and so are exposed at the very time when the body demands the greatest protection. At this hour, too, the tissue-changes are reduced to a minimum. The pulsations of the engine are, in a word, at their feeblest. The brain becomes paler, the appearance of even the ruddiest people grows more pallid, the resemblance to death is more apparent, so that it seems natural to speak of the dead as asleep. . . .

We see clearly what physiological phenomena accompany sleep, but what of sleep itself, what of the human soul lately so active, now buried in a repose as still as death? Does the soul itself, as it were, sleep? Does it, like the body, need repose? What happens to the mental and moral powers of man when overcome by slumber? Is the mind liberated from the bonds of time and place, and can it visit then "worlds not realized"? What of the strange phenomena of our dreams, wherein ordi-

nary and familiar secular events connected palpably with some of our daily experiences are either blended with others not so connected or are turned upside-down, and presented in an unmeaning fantasy which, nevertheless, seems at the time natural? Is our full normal consciousness there? Hardly, or the dream could not be so incongruous and impossible. Yet a partial consciousness there must be, or we could not recall the dream in the morning. And what of those strangest, but well-attested, of all dreams, in which the dreamer sees with vivid intensity an event in the future? If the sleeping form held the complete and normal consciousness with the brain functioning in the usual way, one would suppose the activity of the connected brain cells to be more than usually vigorous in the light of such an astounding experience; yet the very sleep in which the dream occurs depends, we are told, on the quiescence of these cells. Can it be possible, then, that in sleep, whatever the physical accompaniments, the soul does become at least partly liberated, finding the cells for the time useless as functioning organs? In a trance is this liberation still more completely effected? And in death is the liberation final and complete? We know nothing, perhaps we never shall know, but to us the problem of sleep can never be solved on any mere material ground. All the scientific problems lead up to the mysterious problems of spirit.

*Difficulty in Identification.....Medical Record*

The identity of the living may usually be established by the direct evidence of those who have had such acquaintance with the person in question that they have a perfect recollection of his personal appearance. This kind of evidence is, however, often very defective, for the reason that instances do occur in which the most confident identification of persons has afterward proved to be of no value whatever. In the celebrated Tichborne and Guerre cases illustrations are afforded of the extreme difficulty of deciding this question. In the former instance eighty-five witnesses swore that the claimant was Sir Roger Tichborne, even the latter's mother and family solicitor being among the number. The claimant's case, however, was lost on the cross-examination. The uncertainty of identification is also well shown in the Martin Guerre case, which was tried in the year 1560 before the Parliament of Toulouse, and is recited at length in *Celebrated Crimes*, by Dumas. This personage, Martin Guerre, had been away from his home for a period of about eight years, when an individual named Du Tilh appeared and represented himself as the long-absent man. So strong was the resemblance that his statement was universally accepted by all of Guerre's family, including his wife, sisters and two brothers-in-law, among whom he had lived unsuspected for three years, having two children by Guerre's wife. Some circumstances, however, occurred to cause suspicion in regard to his true character, and he was arrested on a charge of fraud. Upon his examination he gave perfectly satisfactory answers to the most minute inquiries in relation of Guerre's for-

mer life. Some one hundred and fifty persons were examined during the proceedings, of whom between thirty and forty testified from a lifelong acquaintance that the prisoner was Martin Guerre, while about the same number swore positively that he was Armand Du Tilh, whom they well knew, and over sixty, who knew them both, declared that they were unable to say which the prisoner was. Finally, however, the real Martin Guerre appeared upon the scene, when immediately he was recognized by the four sisters who had previously testified that Du Tilh was their brother. They admitted their error and acknowledged the distinction. There being now no doubt of the guilt of the prisoner, he was condemned and executed. From these two most astonishing examples the fact is demonstrated that appearances are not conclusive evidences of personal identity, simply because they convey different impressions to different observers. This goes to show that a large proportion of people are untrained in minute observation.

*Queer Ways of Lengthening Life ..... Household Words*

The serious study of the problem of longevity is as old as the hills. All the old world nations, the Chinese, Hindoos, Arabians, Egyptians, Greeks and Romans gave their minds to it, and our own medieval genius, Francis Bacon, bestowed much thought upon the subject. The Egyptian methods had at least the merit of originality, although they were not, perhaps, strictly in accordance with our views of to-day. They consisted in the swallowing of frequent draughts of sudorific and emetic preparations; the former frequently and the latter about once a week. Indeed the Egyptian mother probably gave her offspring their Saturday night emetic very much in the same way that her English prototype of to-day gives the present generation of little Britons and Britonesses their Saturday night tub. And, to carry the simile further, the little Egyptian probably looked upon Saturday night with very much the same sort of holy awe that the little Briton does to this day. On the whole, however, the balance seems sufficiently in favor of the little Briton to make one thankful one was not born a little Egyptian of some 2,000 or 3,000 years ago. The use of the sudorific, or sweat-making draught, is, however, much more defensible in the light of modern medical research. The common salutation of the ancient Egyptian was not, "How are you?" or "How d'ye do?" but "How do you perspire?" And in a hot country like Egypt, the condition of one's pores is a matter of no small importance, as not a few of our officers and men discovered for themselves in the late Sudan campaign. One of the first questions which every medical man asks a patient who proposes living in the tropics, is that same Egyptian greeting: "How do you perspire?" As a general rule, if a man perspires freely he can safely go to the tropics. If, on the contrary, he seldom perspires, the odds are that he will speedily die of heat apoplexy or fever. During the middle ages elixirs of life were very common, and some of the greatest of the world's scholars seemed to have believed in them. Their production was closely mixed up with the science of alchemy, and even men such as Bacon and Erasmus were not above

consulting their compounders. The most abiding results of the researches consequent upon their manufacture have been the discovery of numerous remedies which were previously unknown to the medical faculty. Indeed, it is to one of these "quacks," Paracelsus by name (who manufactured a wonderful "stone of immortality" about the year 1500), that we are indebted for our knowledge of the uses of mercury.

Many elixirs consisted of metallic talismans which were worn to counteract the attractive power of evil which was then supposed to be exercised by the planets upon frail humanity. Hundreds of other remedies and elixirs have been and, strange to say, are still being employed for the prolongation of life. Chief among these have been transfusion, the process of transferring the healthy blood of a young person to the veins of an older one by means of a tube; and mesmerism, by means of which people were to be put to sleep for greater or less periods, according to their wishes, the idea being that on awaking they would resume their lives just where they laid them aside. There was also the "toughening process" in which the unfortunate patient was exposed to every vicissitude of weather and temperature in the fond hope that his constitution would be materially "toughened" thereby. Occasionally a patient benefited by this treatment, but the majority of those who persevered with it expired before they developed the requisite amount of "toughness." "And what is your own elixir, doctor?" quoth the scribe as his friend rose to go. "That is," added he, "if you have such a thing." "Oh, yes," replied the man of medicine, grasping the proffered hand with an energy which spoke more than any words for the efficacy of his own remedy. "Yes, I have an elixir which is well within the reach of every man and woman who will take the trouble to procure it. The ingredients are—well, just sunshine and fresh air, and, believe me, I take more guineas in the course of the week from people who have neglected to avail themselves of these, Nature's own remedies, than from any other class in the community."

*Mescal ..... New York Tribune*

The name "mescal" is associated in the popular mind with a distilled beverage obtained from the agave, whose fermented juice makes another notable drink, Mexico's favorite pulque. But the same word has also been used to designate an entirely different preparation, derived from a certain species of cactus, whose brown and bitter leaves are pressed into a solid button. For many years the Kiowa Indians of this country have been in the habit of paying peculiar homage to five or six related varieties of cactus, no doubt because of their discovery of this property possessed by one of them. Mescal intoxication may be described as chiefly a saturnalia of the specific senses, and, above all, an orgy of vision. A large part of its charm lies in the halo of beauty which it casts around the simplest and commonest objects. It reveals an optical fairyland, where all the senses now and then join the play, but the mind itself remains a self-possessed spectator. Mescal intoxication thus differs from the other artificial paradises which drugs procure.



# AMONG THE PLANTS: IN GARDEN, FIELD AND FOREST

EDITED BY ROBERT BLIGHT.

Linnaeus, the great Swedish botanist, called Palms "the Princes of the Vegetable Kingdom," and richly they deserve the title, when we consider the high position they take among the plants of the earth. It can safely be asserted that no single Natural Order supplies so many graceful additions to the landscape or so many indispensable sources of food and comfort to the dwellers in the countries where they are found. In fact, so closely have they become associated with the desert, equatorial forests and coral islands that a picture of any of these without a palm would seem to us as incomplete as would Shakespeare's play of "Hamlet," without a Prince of Denmark. The Rev. Hilderic Friend has aptly set forth some interesting points connected with palms in:

*The Palm-Symbol of Life and Victory.....Great Thoughts*

"This invaluable tree figures in the legends, religious ceremonies and romances of every Semitic and many another Oriental race. To the botanist it is among the most attractive of plants, on account of the ancient allusions to its two sexes, and the need of fertilization in order to the production of fruit. . . . The palm, unlike most of our native trees, consists of a straight trunk or shaft which is entirely devoid of branches. Its shape, like a graceful column, led to its adoption 'as a model by those who first constructed porticoes and peristyles. Every pillar in the ancient temples of Greece and Rome,' says Mr. Grindon, 'is the stem of a palm tree copied in marble; the swollen columns of the still more ancient temples of Egypt were suggested by the ventricose trunk of the African palm ('Borassus'). The palm again was employed, as Layard has shown us, for the interior ornamentation of Assyrian buildings, carved in relief. Not only was the model of the pillar found in the palm tree, the capitals in the great Egyptian temple of Edfoo were evidently imitated from the leaf-crown; adumbrations, as it were, of the uncurling fronds of the Ionic, the acanthus of the Corinthian, and the wavy and sumptuous foliage of the far-distant Christian Gothic.' We may add that after the Crusades began to bring us into touch with the East the palm-leaf found its way into the architecture of Northern Europe. In the Temple erected by Solomon, also, the palm shared the place of honor with the lily or lotus in the ornamental work. No tree could be of greater service to man, no plant could more fitly symbolize what was most useful in the realm of Nature. Its fruit was the food, its juices the nectar, its leaves the dress, and its wood the furniture of Eastern man. The palm practically met all the necessities of the simple life of the Bedawin; and its utility led to its being regarded as a special gift of the gods. It was everywhere held sacred, and treated with reverence. The folk-lore of the palm would fill a volume. It was said to possess the power of rising in spite of a weight placed upon it, on which account it represents triumph over difficulties. On the gown of a French professor a palm-branch is embroidered to signify that the wearer has overcome every difficulty and obtained his university degree. From the use of the palm-branch, as the long, feathery leaf is called, when victory or suc-

cess was to be symbolized, the well-known proverb arose, 'Palmas qui meruit ferat,' 'Let him who has won it bear the palm.' As the time of victory is also a time of rejoicing, the palm came to represent joy as well as triumph.

"The date palm, in addition to being the staff of life in many lands, has a peculiar beauty of its own when the golden clusters of ripe fruit are bending beneath the crown of verdant leaves. A sepulchral tablet found in Egypt, and dating back at least as far as the fifteenth century B. C., now preserved in the Museum at Berlin, has this tree figured upon it as a symbol of life: 'Two arms issue from the top of the tree, one of which presents a tray of dates to the deceased, who stands in front, while the other gives him water—the water of life.' Jews and Arabs alike regarded the tree as eminently mysterious, as was the case of the lily, which made it a fit emblem of human life. Cut off its head and it dies; while another tree would only throw out more vigorous branches. Remove the male from the female and each fails to prosper, while in time the race becomes defunct. The custom which existed among the early pilgrims to Palestine, of bringing home branches of palm trees in token of their having visited the Holy Land, resulted in such pilgrims being known as Palmers. It is therefore probable that many persons now bearing the name of Palmer are descended from pious travelers whose zeal led them to undertake the journey to the Holy Sepulchre."

If we except the few palms which are to be found in our hot-houses as ornaments, the date palm is perhaps the one best known by name to Western peoples. It is extensively cultivated over the northern part of Africa, and sparingly in western Asia and southern Europe. Its fruit, which is only known to us as a luxury, is an actual necessity with the dwellers in the plains of the first named of these regions. The Arabs in many places live almost exclusively upon it, while every part of the tree is put to some useful purpose. The huts of the poorer classes are constructed of the leaves; the fibre found around the base of the leaf-stalks is made into ropes and cloth; the stalks themselves are used for crates, baskets, brooms and walking-canes; the wood supplies rafters and furniture; the heart of young leaves in the crown is eaten as a vegetable; the sap affords an intoxicating drink, called "lagbi"; and even the hard seeds are ground up for food for the camels. It is interesting to know that there is now a systematic attempt being made to cultivate this hitherto distinctive Old World tree in this country:

*Date Palm Farms.....Washin on Star*

"The agents of the Department of Agriculture in Arizona report that the date palm, with which experiments have been made for the past two years in that section, is taking kindly to its adopted environment, and is likely to prove profitable for its fruit. . . . The tree was brought to America by the Spaniards in the seventeenth century, and was first planted in Florida. Thence it may be traced at missions throughout Mexico, and that part of the United States which was formerly Spanish territory. Here and there at these stations



seedling date palms are found growing, and in some cases producing fruit. Hitherto, however, the tree has been grown merely as an ornamental plant. The Spanish residents of Arizona have always had a firm faith in the possibility of raising dates successfully in the southwestern part of that State, and they have from time to time planted and taken care of many trees. Around Yuma there are a number of trees that have been in bearing from ten to fifteen years. At Glendale a seven-year-old palm produced last year 300 pounds of long brown dates of fine flavor. At Phoenix one tree yielded an equal amount of large and luscious fruit of excellent quality.

"In 1890 the Department of Agriculture imported from Algeria and Egypt a number of the choicest date palms known to the horticulture of the East. These were labeled with various Arabian names, such as 'Amhāt,' 'Amreeyeh,' 'Hazaneh,' 'Rasheedeh,' 'Sultaneh,' 'Zeb-el-Aled.' Natives of Turkey who have visited that section have been much interested to see the date palm growing as far from their native land and have given a great deal of information as to its culture and the customs observed in the East in regard to the tree. In Algeria and Egypt every fruit-bearing date has its own particular name, just as much as the children in the family, and the offspring of this tree takes the name of the mother tree. The visitors stated that 'Amreeyeh' and 'Rasheedeh' are the names of women, and that 'Hazaneh' means 'the broken-hearted woman.' The date palm is distinctly of two sexes, and it is the female tree which produces the fruit. It was supposed that one male and one female plant of each variety were sent in the collection. Much doubt, however, exists as to the sex of most of these trees, and thus far the practical results have not been entirely satisfactory. Of the original seventy-four palms imported, it is known that thirty-nine are now living. Of these fifteen have blossoms, and of this number seven are pistillate, or fruit-bearing trees. The names attached to the various palms must have become confused, as some that were supposed to be male proved to be female, and vice versa. These imported palms have not grown as rapidly or as tall as the seedlings, and range in height from seven to twelve feet. They have all suckered abundantly, and it would be an easy matter to propagate the various species. Yet this has proved exceedingly difficult. But nine palms have been raised from the original importation.

"The question of hardiness does not enter into the problem as to fruiting. In northern Egypt the date palm frequently endures a winter temperature at night several degrees below freezing. It is not the cold of the winter, but the absence of the warmth of the intense and prolonged dry summer heat that prevents the date from showing its fruit-bearing capabilities. The date is a child of the desert, which, according to the Arabian proverb, 'has its head in the fire and its roots in the water.' Irrigation should be abundant and is best done in the night. The question of soil is a matter to be nicely considered. It is said the fruit is better on the poor soil, where there is a large percentage of clay, an absence of humus and the presence of sa-

line matter. The absence of frost, the alkali of the soil, the dry, sunny atmosphere the year round and the low elevation of the Mesilla Valley seemed to afford ideal conditions for the growth of the date, and horticulturists hope that ultimately when these palms become acclimated the industry will develop rapidly and become profitable. The success already attained in Arizona justifies the Department in the belief that date culture in Arizona is not only feasible and desirable, but that it promises to become a profitable and very important industry. Some idea of the extent of the commercial demand for dates in this country can be understood from the fact that last year we imported over twelve million pounds."

The concluding paragraph of the foregoing extract well illustrates the different modes of proceeding in private enterprise and the public efforts to establish a commercial industry. In our gardens, greenhouses, hothouses and conservatories, for the purposes of study or of gratifying individual tastes, we create environments as nearly as possible corresponding to those from which we transplant our subjects of experiment. When we seek to introduce plants from a foreign land, for the purpose of acclimating them and thus increasing the sources of supply of food or other products of commercial value, we have to select plants suitable for existing environments. There can be little doubt that the latter object calls for the higher discrimination and the deeper study. The phases of such study are many, and one of them is admirably emphasized in the following passage from a lecture delivered before the Massachusetts Horticultural Society by Professor W. T. Sedgwick:

*Parasitic Fungi of Plants.....Boston Evening Transcript*

"The chief practical importance of a clear understanding of the terms health and disease in botany is that we may the more readily comprehend the lines along which prevention of disease and the promotion of health must work. Obviously there are two directions, and only two. First, in the improvement of the mechanism, and, second, in the control and amelioration of the environment. The former is a problem for plant physiologists for plant diseases, precisely as it is one for animal physiologists for animal diseases. The latter bears the same relation to plant life that sanitary science does to animal life, and there is reason to believe that the next few years will witness immense progress in the field of preventive medicine, or vegetable sanitation, for plant diseases. Sanitary science for plant life must follow essentially the same lines as for animal life. The prevention of the environmental diseases of plants will consist in the one case, as in the other, largely in the control of parasites and the study of proper atmospheric or other environmental conditions, such as food and drink. It must consist in the promotion of cleanness, in the provision of a water supply free from infectious material, in the use of clean and wholesome utensils, in the abatement of dust and the avoidance of infection from all sources. Side by side with this control or amelioration of the environment will go eventually an important series of studies in the improvement of the organism itself considered as a physical mechanism. Unlike the history of the betterment of animal life, progress has been thus far in the improvement of plant life greater, perhaps, on

the constitutional side. The destruction of the weak and sickly has been tolerated among plants much more than among domestic animals, while it is absolutely out of the question in the human species. The greatest immediate improvement therefore in the control of the activities of parasitic fungi is likely to be along those lines where the greatest progress has already been made in animal sanitation, namely, in the control and improvement of the environment and in the establishment of a veritable hygiene or sanitary science for plant life. Whether this will go so far as to lead to the reinforcement of the organism by the anti-toxins which shall neutralize the poisonous effects of the toxins produced by parasitic fungi or other enemies of plant life, remains to be seen, but is by no means impossible."

The remarks of Professor Sedgwick about a hygienic science for plants are by no means visionary or in the interests of scientific knowledge only. We know full well that not only are vast monetary investments at stake, but that the food supply of millions is often imperiled by disasters which befall crops. This will be seen from:

*The Tomato Leaf Blight.....Baltimore Sun*

"A number of interesting tomato experiments were conducted at the Maryland Agricultural Experiment Station. The tomato is the most important as an early market crop, probably exceeding in value any other crop. It is grown more largely for canning than any other vegetable used for this purpose. The statistics show that the annual packing of the entire country now averages nearly 5,500,000 cases. The tomato-leaf blight was destructive to the trucking interests of the State during the past two or three years. The first serious outbreak of this disease in this State occurred near Baltimore city about twenty years ago. Since that time other sections have been more or less involved. The disease is caused by a bacterial germ, and may begin its attack when the plant is very young in the seed bed or at any stage thereafter. It always begins by attacking the older or lower leaves first, and gradually extends upward. The disease is contracted by the plant in three ways—through the use of seed from diseased and enfeebled stock, through the agency of the spores which lie over in the soil of the seed bed or the field. The spores may attack other plants besides the tomato. The infection may also be produced through the agency of insect pests. The use of the Bordeaux solution proved an effectual means of holding the tomato-leaf blight in check. In 1896 spraying with this solution four times produced with thirty-five varieties an average increase in yield of two and five-tenths tons per acre of marketable fruit."

It is evident from this that there is a possibility of eradicating this foe of the farmer. Scientific study has provided him with a preventive, and his own diligence, by keeping his ground clean and ruthlessly destroying plants known to be affected, may further aid in stamping out the destructive enemy. That which has been done with many of the diseases which have been scourges of animal and human life can undoubtedly be effected in the case of vegetable life, seeing that we have not to contend with either the ignorance or the willfulness of the individuals which form the victims. The importance of these newer methods of

dealing with the Vegetable Kingdom, from the commercial standpoint, may be seen from the vast sums which are involved in one industry in one particular section of the country.

*Orange-Growing in California.....The Evening Post*

"The capital which some of the Eastern millionaires have invested in their orange groves in Southern California is a perennial cause of surprise among visitors in this country in the winter. Perhaps orange-growing is a fad among some of the rich growers, but not with all. Some very hard-headed business men have each put \$100,000 and more in orange groves and improvements here, and the annual sales of fruit certainly justify the unusual expenses. In the Everest grove at Riverside, from \$40,000 to \$50,000 has been spent on improvements in a few years, and it has cost, first and last, some \$90,000. In 1895 the crop sold for \$15,000, and in several years has brought over \$10,000. The Wentworth orange grove in San Diego County was planted in 1888, and has cost over \$125,000. When it was seven years old its yield was sold for about \$12,000. The Seth Richards grove of 300 acres at North Pomona was the property of a very careful business man from Connecticut until his death. It has cost over \$300,000, has great stone reservoirs for irrigation water, its own packing-houses, and all the latest improvements. Its output of oranges now is from 26,000 to 33,000 boxes of navel oranges a year. When oranges bring no more than \$1 a box, this is a fine investment for the Richards estate. When the orange grove is four years old it should bear fruit in marketable quantities. A yield of 15 boxes to the acre may then be fairly anticipated; the fifth year the grove should yield 35 boxes to the acre; the seventh year about 125 boxes to the acre; and the tenth, about 180 boxes. A grove of navel oranges is in its prime fifteen years after planting. A great many groves produce over 250 boxes to the acre at that age. Seedlings—the variety so common before navels came into popular favor—are produced in enormous quantities on trees twenty years old. Hundreds of old seedling trees in Pomona, San Gabriel and Riverside have borne more than fifteen boxes to the tree. What of the future of the orange industry in California? The subject is very generally discussed among growers and business men out here these days. E. W. Holmes, recently editor of the Riverside Press and a widely quoted authority on orange and lemon culture, says that the industry is already overdone, and that when the thousands of acres of young groves come into bearing four or five years hence, there will not be sufficient call for the fruit in the East to justify the shipment by rail. He says that had it not been for the freeze which ruined the orange-growing in Florida four years ago, there would have been a glut of oranges in the New York and Chicago markets at that time. The Nicaragua Canal is the hope of the California fruit-growers. With an all-water transportation to the Atlantic States, oranges may be laid down in New York for about fifty-five cents a box. The lowest rate all-rail transportation to the Atlantic coast from California is ninety cents a box. Florida used to market her fruit in New York at forty cents a box."



## OVER THE WINE AND WALNUTS\*

**Curiosity Misinterpreted.**—A Boston lady of great respectability was recently traveling through North Dakota, a rigid prohibition State, and in the dining-cars this notice was posted: "No intoxicating liquors will be served while the trains is passing through the State of North Dakota." The train had been rolling along through that interminable State a long time, when the Boston lady came into the dining-car for her dinner. Casting her eye out of the car window upon a somewhat changed landscape, she said to the waiter, with purely geographical interest: "Are we still in North Dakota?" "No, ma'am," said he alertly, and with a hospitable grin; "what'll you take to drink, ma'am?"

**Kind to Animals.**—Dr. Gruby, a physician of Paris, famous for his efforts to protect animals from cruelty, was logical enough to include insects in his mercy. He was, however, a little nervous, and when one day, in his parlor, a big, blue fly buzzed uninterruptedly on a window-pane, the doctor called his man-servant. "Do me the kindness," said the doctor, "to open the window and carefully put that fly outside." "But, sir," said the servant, who thought of the drenching the room might get through an open casement, "it is raining hard outside." The doctor still thought of the fly, and not of his cushions. "Oh, is it?" he exclaimed, "then please put the little creature in the waiting-room, and let him stay there until the weather is fair!"

**Embarrassing for His Amanuensis.**—One day on Edisto, a sea island near Charleston, S. C., "Da Hucky," an old negro, approached his mistress with the unusual request that she write a letter for him. After getting paper and pen, she said: "Well, Hucky, to whom shall I write?" "To my gal, Missie." "What shall I tell her?" Hucky twisted his huge frame uneasily. "Wal, Missie, I dunno ezzackly—just say 'notwithstanding.'" Having written a few lines in which she worked in the desired word, the lady asked, "What next, Hucky?" "Wall, Missie, just tell her 'scuse bad spellin' and riten."

**Why He Was Not Anxious.**—A leading citizen in a little town in the north of Scotland was asked to take the office of elder in the kirk. He seemed reluctant to accept the honor till a wag, who knew his weakness, whispered to him that if he became elder he would get £5 and a pair of trousers at the end of the year. The year passed away, and when the promised garment did not appear, the elder went to the minister and said: "I haven't got the breeks yet." "What breeks?" said the minister. The elder explained, and the minister smiled, and declared that the promise was only a silly joke. The elder expressed great disappointment about the trousers, and was turning away, when the minister said, "You seem to care more about the breeks than about the money?" "Oh, ay! the fi' pun," replied the elder; "I just helpt masel' to that fra the plate."

**The Wealth of Poverty.**—In the centre of George Vanderbilt's beautiful estate of nine thousand acres of land near Asheville, there is a little plot owned by an old negro, which no money can buy. Within sight of the palatial house, the old man sits by his door, contentedly smoking his corn-cob pipe, unmoved by entreaty or offers of fabulous sums for his log cabin. He invariably makes the same reply. "Now, look here, sah, all my life I'se been bothered with bad neighbors. Dey comes home drunk and dey smashes me fence, and dey steals me bacon. Now, Colonel George, here, he treats me square. He leaves me bacon alone, and he don't abductlate no chickens. Now I'se got a good neighbor, I'se going to stick to him!"

**Suffrage Refused.**—When State Senator William Flinn, of Pennsylvania, was a candidate for office for the first time, a friend who was working for his election had an amusing experience with an old Irishman in one of the Pittsburg wards. Senator Flinn is well known in his native city as the junior partner in the contracting firm of Booth & Flinn. The Senator's supporter started in to talk at great length about the good qualities of the candidate. The old Irishman puffed away at his pipe in silence, shaking his head all the while, but at last he could stand it no longer. "Begorra, an' I wouldn't vote for him," he said. "Why, he's the man that assassinated Lincoln!" "Why, you don't know what you're talking about! It was Booth that killed Lincoln," replied Senator Flinn's supporter. "Well, I knowed it was wan o' thim two devils," replied the Irishman, "an' I wouldn't vote for ayther!"

**Sold Tickets on Him.**—While Chauncey M. Depew was at the Omaha Exposition he and President Callaway of the New York Central chanced to go into a booth on the Midway Plaisance. It was a tame entertainment, and there was only a meagre attendance when Mr. Depew and Mr. Callaway entered. Their stay would have been very brief except for the fact that they had scarcely taken their seats before there began a steady inpouring of people, which continued until the small auditorium was crowded. Taking this extraordinary increase of spectators as an indication that something of an interesting nature was about to be disclosed, the two New Yorkers concluded to sit it out. Half an hour's waiting failed to reward their patient expectancy, however, and Mr. Callaway suggested that they move on. Just then ex-Secretary of Agriculture J. Sterling Morton pushed his way through the crowd, and extending his hand to Mr. Depew, exclaimed: "Well, Dr. Depew, so you are really here! I thought that 'barker' was lying." "What do you mean?" inquired Mr. Depew. "Why, the 'barker' for this show is standing outside and inviting the crowd to 'step up lively' and pay ten cents for the privilege of seeing the 'great and only Chauncey M. Depew.'"

\*Compiled from Anecdote Department, Short Stories Magazine.



## FACTS AND FIGURES: THE LITTLE ENCYCLOPEDIA\*

—A Swedish inventor has patented an addition to the log, by which its readings may be directly shown in the chart-room or conning tower. The instrument is connected by means of an electric cable to a contact mechanism giving a suitable number of contacts per mile to the part of the instrument that points out the distances on a dial graduated in miles. The instrument points out the miles exactly according to the taffrail log; it registers the miles per hour, and gives, if desired, a signal on an electric bell when a certain distance has been traveled.

—Offenses against Kaiser Wilhelm's dignity in the one year 1898 were punished, taken altogether, with 2,000 years of imprisonment, according to the *Nurnberger Zeitung*.

—The funds invested so far in the Paris Exposition amount to £1,520,000. Of this sum £1,120,000 have been paid away during the present year. The Paris municipality has contributed £480,000 of the £800,000 promised by the city and £100,000 have been supplied by the Western of France Railway and other various undertakings. The State has contributed 6,500,000 francs, and has agreed to pay 7,000,000 francs more before the end of 1899.

—A fly so minute as to be almost invisible ran three inches in half a second, and was calculated to make no less than 540 steps in the time a healthy man would breathe once. A man with proportionate agility could run twenty-four miles in a minute.

—There are several bills now under consideration in the Texas Legislature to provide for the destruction of prairie dogs. These animals destroy millions of dollars' worth of the grass and forage upon which the cattle industry of the State depends for its prosperity. They breed very rapidly, especially since the destruction of their natural enemies by civilization.

—In an article on the danger of long hours in druggists' shops the London *Lancet* says that during the four years ending July, 1898, thirteen dispensing assistants in drug stores committed suicide, and seven others attempted, but failed, to kill themselves. These suicides were the consequence of the physical conditions induced by the taking of drugs to resist the effects of fatigue. In 1897 there were thirteen deaths reported as due to the mistakes of druggists, and it is probable that many more such deaths have been hushed up.

—A law was recently passed in Norway prohibiting the sale of tobacco to any boy under sixteen years of age without a signed order from an adult relative or employer. Even tourists who offer cigarettes to boys render themselves liable to prosecution. The police are instructed to confiscate the pipes, cigars and cigarettes of lads who smoke in the public streets. A fine for the offense is also imposed, which may be anywhere between 50 cents and \$25.

—A church in London still possesses an income originally given to it for the purpose of buying fagots for burning heretics.

—An American in Norway writes: "I recently went to a by no means unusual sort of dinner party given by a wealthy political man, where twenty-three courses composed the menu. Refraining from a statement of the number of wines accompanying this feast let me offer for contemplation the fact that services thirteen and fifteen, each of heavy meat, were divorced by (course fourteen) a rich plum pudding with sweet sauce. Dinner began at five o'clock; the women left the table a little before eight! At nine the men rejoined them for talk, music and cards, and at eleven the dining-room doors again opened to reveal a supper-table laden with every cold delicacy from a bird to a caviare sandwich calculated to tempt and restore fainting humanity."

—Water is a very good transmitter of sound. A scientist by the name of Calladon made some experiments on Lake Geneva, Switzerland, to demonstrate the power of sound to travel a long way in water. A clock was made to strike under the water, and was heard to a distance of twelve miles. In a second experiment the striking of a clock was heard to a distance of twenty-seven.

—The Sahara desert is three times as large as the Mediterranean.

—The estimated value of the Sultan's jewels is \$40,000,000. If His Majesty has any hobby at all, it may be said to be the purchasing theatricals. No professional of note—be he actor, singer or conjurer—passes through Constantinople without an invitation from the Sultan. He always pays for these performances in Bank of England notes.

—Every bee carries his market basket round his hind legs. Any one examining the body of a bee through a microscope will observe that on the hind legs of the creature there is a fringe of stiff hairs on the surface, the hairs approaching each other at the tips, so as to form a sort of cage. This is the bee's basket, and into it, after a successful journey, he will cram enough pollen to last him for two or three days.

—A correspondent, says the British Medical Journal, has sent us an extract from a letter received from his brother, a medical missionary in Sechuan, one of the inland provinces of China. "I had," he writes, "a very distinguished patient this afternoon. She was the wife of the Sao-tai of Tientsin, in Chih-li Province, a man who governs an area probably equal to half a dozen English counties. She brought her fee with her—a fowl, a duck, sixty eggs, two pounds of cakes, and a leg of mutton. Last time she came she brought not quite so much, but since then she has sent over eight stocks of beautiful chrysanthemums."

—In pre-Revolutionary days there was a woman public executioner in Virginia. At that time death sentences were respited on condition that a criminal should perform this office. "Lady Betty," as she was afterward called, was sentenced to death for murder. She offered instead to become public executioner, and held this office for many years. It is said that on the scaffold she officiated without a mask.

\*Compiled from Contemporaries.

## SAYINGS OF THE CHILDREN \*

—Little Jack and Daisy are finishing a plate of peaches. There are only two left—one of them fine and luscious, the other small and unripe. Daisy—Is oo gweedy? Jack—No, I'se not gweedy. Daisy—Then oo choose.

—"Willie," asked the Sunday-school teacher, "what will happen to you if you are a good boy?" "I'll get a big apple." "And if you're a bad boy?" "I'll get two apples for promising mamma to be good."

—The five-year-old boy was not allowed to go to his grandfather's funeral, while the seven-year-old brother was. "I don't see why I can't go," grumbled the five-year-old, "I can walk just as slow as Reggy."

—The same boy couldn't understand why the music should be a feature of the funeral. "Grandpa can't hear a note of it," he said. "He's stone deaf."

—"How often do you want to be told not to do that, Bobbie?" asked his mother. "No times, mamma," replied the boy solemnly.

—Johnnie—Mamma, what makes the plants so dead? Mamma—Dry weather and poor soil, I suppose, dear. Johnnie—I guess those ants crawling over 'em tickled 'em to death.

—Mamma—Oh, Ethel, you naughty, naughty girl! Why do you persist in doing things I tell you not to? Ethel—I s'pect it's because it's so nice to do "don'ts," mamma!

—A little girl, before going out to a tea party, was coached in conduct by a fond mamma. "You may take cake twice if it is offered you, but if you are asked a third time you must say, with all possible politeness, 'No, thank you!'" On her return home she gave assurance that she had remembered and followed the maternal instructions; "but," she added, "the servant brought the cake to me a fourth time." "And what did you say then?" inquired mamma. "Oh," was the startling rejoinder, "then I thought of what papa does sometimes, and I said, 'Take it away and don't bother.'"

—"Johnny, are you going with your mamma across the ocean?" "Yes'm." "Aren't you afraid?" "Nome; ain't afraid of nothin'. I've been vaccinated an' baptized."

—Freddy's mamma had a caller one day, who several times during her stay said, "Now I must go," always resuming her seat, nevertheless. Upon another repetition of the remark, Freddy said, solemnly, "Don't you believe it until she's gone, mamma."

—A settlement kindergarten teacher was trying to instill her small charges with patriotism. "I know who made this country," said a little one, her eyes bright with the excitement of suppressed information. "Who?" "George Washington." Another hand shot into the air. The little girl was told to speak. "He was a king," she said. "No, we don't have kings in this country. They have kings in other countries, but in the United States we call our biggest man something else. Does any one know what George Washington was?" There was silence, and the little faces were all wrinkled in

thought. Then the little girl who had volunteered the information that Washington was a king and whose father was a gambler, said decidedly: "Well, if he wasn't a king he was a jack." The talk drifted to the recent war with Spain. Here, too, voluntary information of rather startling nature was not lacking. "I know who owns the war," declared a five-year-old boy, after he had been given permission to speak. "Who?" he was asked. "Dewey," came the reply. A protesting hand went up and waved entreatingly. "Don't you think that's right?" "No; Dewey don't own it all," she said, almost indignantly. "I guess Sampson owns half of it." "Well, Dewey's the biggest man in the world, all the same," declared the little boy, looking at the girl with defiance. "They ain't nobody any bigger'n Dewey." The girl was silenced for a minute, but not beaten. "I don't care if Dewey is the biggest man in the world. I know who the next biggest is. Mr. Murphy, he's the next biggest." Mr. Murphy is the policeman on the beat.

—Guests were expected for dinner at Lucy's house the other evening, and Lucy was, in consequence, hustled off to bread and milk and bed an hour earlier than usual. "Here you grown-up folks are," she sighed, as she was led away, "going to sit up in your best clothes all evening and eat all those nice things, while I've got to go upstairs with nothing to eat but old bread and milk, and go to bed early. Never mind," after a reflective pause, "after awhile I'll grow up, and then I'll have all the nice things and you'll all be dead."

—"Mrs. Salmon's got a dog that likes me," said little Emily, coming home from a visit to her aunt. "How do you know he likes you?" her mother asked. "'Cause he tasted me, and then wagged his tail," answered the little girl.

—Margie's foot had fallen asleep. "Oh, mamma!" she exclaimed, "it feels just like a pin-cushion that's alive."

—"Harry, you're a mean boy. It's my smell now. You've had four smells, an' I've only had free!" Harry (holding his ground)—Well, but I've got a cold.

—"And why, Jennie, did you tell Willie you would not be his sweetheart?" "'Tause he didn't ast till he knew I had a box of chocolates."

—A little boy with a correct ear for music, when his older brother was singing in a harsh, discordant key, exclaimed: "Mamma, I wish Clarence wouldn't sing; it makes my throat sore to hear him.†"

—Charlie was asked how it was that he managed to keep his cap on while his companions were busy chasing theirs across the street. He replied: "Don't know. Guess I hold it on by capillary attraction."†

—A father said to his little daughter: "You must be more gentle and kind to your brother, or God will take him to heaven to live with Him." The child replied: "God would not have him five minutes before He would spank him and send him back."†

\*Compiled from Contemporaries.

†Contributed to Current Literature.

## TABLE TALK: CONCERNING EATING AND DRINKING

*The Queen's Kitchens at Windsor.....The Gentlewoman*

The first mention of the Royal Kitchen is in the tenth year of Henry the Second (1164), when 30s. were paid for work in the kitchen. In the seventeenth year of King Henry the Third the Constable of the Castle, William de Millas, was ordered to build a new kitchen. In the forty-first year of King Henry's reign (1256-57) the old kitchen was entirely renovated, and a new one erected on more convenient lines. Later this king made an immense and most important structural alteration to the kitchen. The outer wall had given upon the outer air, as now the cloister doors do on to the courts. These courts—Birch Court, Horn Court, Kitchen Court—were built into the fabric of the castle and made interior premises.

After a time an order was issued to cover with lead all passages which connected the kitchen with the dining halls. Since that the structural alterations have been few. Certainly torches have been superseded by candles, candles by gas; many braziers are now gas-stoves, but still a certain amount of work is done with charcoal. This charcoal is all burned for Her Majesty by one man at Winkfield from oak out of the forest. There is a delightful little tiny range, designed by the Prince Consort, with spits and jacks complete, for the special roasting of game by charcoal, which is supposed to give it a peculiarly excellent flavor.

When the passages were covered in, there were offices built all round which gave opportunity for fresh premises. In Henry IV.'s time we find they had already begun to separate the different kinds of culinary art. Now confectionery, pastry and bakehouse (otherwise still-room) are perfectly different departments, and besides the actual great kitchen, there are vegetable kitchen, green kitchen and what we should call a "scullery." The actual silver or gold plates from which Her Majesty and the household dine are washed elsewhere. Plates on which the stewards' room and servants' hall dine are under the hands of the chief cook.

Fifty people are employed in the royal kitchens. In order to give some idea of the various posts under the French "chef," M. Louis Chevrion, we give a list of his subordinates, and an indication of the duties they perform: First master cook, G. F. Malsch; second master cook, H. A. Manning; third master cook, H. Tustain; fourth master cook, Oscar Ferry; yeomen of the kitchen, L. W. Gower and Louis J. O. Rölitz; assistant cooks, W. H. J. Goring and A. Shorter; roasting cooks, H. C. Godfrey and T. W. Hall; apprentices, A. P. Cooke, F. J. Malsch, John Lamb, Jr., and W. A. Holt; scourers, G. H. Goring, G. Walker, Peter Smith, H. C. Kendrick and W. Etherton; kitchenmaids, Anne Rose, Laura Webb and Jessie Christie; extra assistant, Rose Knapp; storekeeper, W. Rogers; green office men, Edward Ing and James Rogers; steam apparatus man, Edward Etherton. Confectionery.—Yeomen, Mr. Ponder and Mr. Tull; assistants, Lucy Sell, S. A. Mackrel, S. A. Mason; errand man, Richard Martin; pastry cook, C. Delorme; assistant, O. Rougeaux; pastrymaid, J.

Macdonald and S. J. Ambrose; bakers, J. Lamb; assistant, L. R. Arnold; coffee-room women, J. Mannering and Ann Mitchell; assistant, J. Reid; extra assistant, M. Mitchie. Over these the clerk comptroller reigns supreme, A. F. W. Lloyd, Esq. Under him—Clerks, Mr. J. Lawley, Mr. W. Blane, Mr. Neilson, Mr. E. Mannering; messenger, H. Boshier. And last but not least the "necessary woman," Mary Hobbs.

When you first open the curious and very ancient doorway you are nearly blinded by the beauty and brilliancy of the copper pots and pans, and "batterie de cuisine," which entirely encircles the kitchen. At each end are enormous roasting ranges, shallow, but fierce with jacks and spits complete. I have no words to convey to you the vast extent of the great dripping-pan—I say pan, not pans, as only the one great range in the west end is in ordinary use. The meat-screen is enormous, dating from the time of Henry VIII., oak, lined with metal, and with the Tudor badge, the portcullis and arms of the reign, as ornamentations.

There is no smell of cooking. The roof is vast, and, moreover—all honor to the chef—there is no noise. Certainly there is the gentle half-chuckle, half-sigh of the jacks and chains. Now and then a frying-pan splutters, but the whole number of cooks, kitchenmaids and servers of all sorts know their work and do it almost noiselessly. This number of workers unorganized would create a Babel. The work goes by magic. Why one cook darts at a spit at a certain moment and takes off one joint and leaves two on the spit is a mystery so far as I am concerned. The day I was allowed to visit the kitchen, the servants' hall dinner was being dished up. Deft hands seized legs of mutton from the spits; ladles of gravy were poured from the transcendental dripping-pan, and off that dinner started. Then followed the stewards' room dinner—a dignified and refined repast. After that the dishes began to fill for the household, the ladies in waiting, and after the nursery came Her Majesty's lunch.

Each dish or set of dishes have their own exact place on the serving-table.

The Queen's serving table is a dream of magic. The rim is brass, the whole table hollow steel, the legs hollow. Steam keeps it very hot. An immaculate cloth covers it. The dishes rest here till each server arrives to take the course. The distance is great—indeed, M. Chevrion, the chef, must be tried at times as to "fondues" and "omelettes au soufflé."

I saw the great larder—the lower larder—and trusting to guidance, saw salting chamber and lower larder shaft for ice, etc., all cut in the solid chalk cliff. There is in Harrison Ainsworth's *History of Windsor Castle* an account of a fight with flour bags on the kitchen table between the Cardinal's Jester and Will Somers," in which "Patch" conquered. Henry the Eighth witnessed this fight, and "Hob" and "Nob," the turnspit dogs, barked their excited applause. It just serves to show the ancient centre of feudal life which this kitchen has always been.

There is actually no waste in this kitchen. A



curious old custom arranges for that, by what are called "The Queen's Pieces." Certain tickets are given to the very poor, and they have the privilege of presenting themselves each morning at the castle kitchen door for the portions of food which certainly are wasted at many other establishments.

*Curiosities of Diet.....G. B. Rice.....American Kitchen Magazine*

There seems to be no limit to the variety of nutriment used by man. Cannibalism still exists in the Polynesian Islands. The Chinese eat monkeys and cats as well as the other delicacies mentioned. The Indian horseman of Central South America lives on horseflesh, and the inhabitants of Russia, Bavaria, Austria, Prussia and France put horseflesh on their diet list. A society has been formed in one of our large cities, composed of those men who at some time or other in their lives have been obliged to eat horseflesh. An occasional dinner is given at which horse meat is served in a variety of ways. The crocodile, toad and spider are used as food by the people living in certain parts of Africa. Caterpillars were eaten by the ancient Romans and are still eaten by some African natives. The West Indians, natives of Guinea, the poor whites of some of the Southern States, and several other races, have acquired a morbid craving for clay. In our Southern States those addicted to this habit are made unhealthy in the extreme. They are pale, listless and lack all ambition. Arsenic is supposed to be present in this clay, hence the ill-health and morbid craving for this substance.

No less curious are some of the cravings of the sick for food, and the gratification of these cravings has in several instances been productive of good results. An instance is related of a certain painter suffering so greatly from gastralgia, as to be on the border of starvation. All methods of treatment had been tried, dietetic and otherwise, without avail. The smallest quantity of food caused the greatest suffering. At various times during his illness this man had felt a strong desire for onions, an esculent for which, in his previous good health, he had an aversion. This longing for onions increased to such a decided craving that he could no longer resist. A few were eaten, and strange to say, no bad results followed. For three weeks following, the diet was solely onions.

A quart or more were devoured at breakfast and supper, and the dinner consisted of raw onions eaten at the work shop. Two weeks later a return to ordinary diet became possible, and the patient could eat a square meal with any one.

Another still more remarkable case is related of a child so very sick with cholera morbus that its recovery was despaired of. All food seemed to aggravate the disorder, and medicines apparently possessed no powers in controlling the disease. Being accidentally left alone for a few minutes, the child managed to get hold of a bottle of pickles, and when the mother returned she discovered, with horror, that it had eaten nearly all the contents of the bottle. The doctor was hastily summoned, but the child was given up for lost. Death did not occur, however, for renewed life dated from the hour of eating the pickles, and a rapid convalescence took place.

It takes more than one swallow to make a summer, and more than two instances of this kind to convince the thinking physician that it would be safe to feed patients with pickles, even if a decided craving did make itself manifest. I once had a typhoid patient who in the fourth week of her illness, convalescence having commenced, evinced the greatest desire for baked beans. During the week following the desire increased to a craving so strong as to be the constant theme of her conversation. One Sunday morning, the father, against my express order, gave his daughter just a few beans. On Monday I was sent for in great haste, and the patient died from peritonitis on the next day. Here certainly was a case in which desire was disastrous in its fulfillment.

*Water as a Beverage.....The Diet Kitchen*

Dr. Ewald, of Berlin, considers soup, because of its small percentage of nourishing material, merely as a fluid; he states that, aside from what is directly taken as a drink, much fluid reaches the stomach during a meal through the sauces, and from the water percentage (both natural and by cooking) of the meats, vegetables, etc. Most persons feel the necessity of adding more fluid to the meal by drinking either ordinary water, carbonated waters, or alcoholic beverages. The more one eats generally the more one drinks, and the greatest eaters are generally the greatest drinkers. If drink be prohibited, the amount eaten is less; indeed, on the above very greatly depends the secret of the "Schweining cure" for obesity. It is a well-known fact that if the appetite is weak and the mind and nerves somewhat relaxed, a drink of water will excite the appetite and stimulate both brain and nerves; and this is due directly to the fluid and not to alcohol contained, for we find these facts the same in abstainers. The more fluid in the way of drink is added to gastric juice the greater is the quantity secreted, hence the greater the tax upon the gastric glands. Under normal circumstances, however, the stomach, without detriment, accommodates itself to a range of large quantities of fluid. Ewald says that much of the fluid passes into the intestines, and another portion is absorbed; hence, there is never in the normal stomach a stagnation of large quantities of liquid.

The extraction of body warmth through cold drinks the writer considers very much overrated. He attributes the bad effects of such drinks to irritation of the stomach mucosa, which becomes, therefore, a possible starting-point for acute or chronic inflammatory conditions. In the normal stomach the author concludes that not only does drinking at meals, within certain limits, not interfere with digestion, it even aids this process. With patients suffering from stomach or other diseases, however, the case is different. Drinking "ad libitum" cannot be allowed. To the question, shall patients drink nothing with their meals? Dr. Ewald answers that he sees no reason why small amounts of fluid should not be allowed, excepting to patients suffering from dilation of the stomach. As above shown, fluids, and particularly carbonated fluids, will, even in limited amounts, aid digestion and increase the appetite, and will more than counterbal-

ance the so-called ill effects of drinking at meals, namely, the possible slowing of digestion, the dilution of the solid constituents of the meal, the overburdening of the stomach, a very improbable lowering of the body temperature, etc. Even admitting that such effects do occur, the question of drinking before, during or after meals, Dr. Ewald considers as belonging to the hocus-pocus of suggestion therapy; the physiological act is not influenced if fluid is taken one-half hour sooner or later.

*Chinese Dinner Etiquette.....Pittsburg Leader*

My invitation to a feast, in the receiving of which I felt myself to be greatly flattered, came to me in a most pronounced form. Such courtesies in China do not blow in with every post, and so cease to be an event as with us. This one was delivered at my door by a formidable-looking personage who came drawn in a rickshaw. It was in the form of a roll that when untied proved to be one yard and a half long and about eighteen inches in width. The Chinese characters were printed in black on vermilion colored paper. As nearly as the interpretation can be made it read as follows:

"The families of Dong-Tien and Sien-Chung make their bow and invite her ladyship, the refined Miss Fisk, to an indifferently prepared tea, one that they do not presume to name a feast. It will be given to do her honor at their modest abode on the evening of this same day two weeks later. The families of Dong-Tien and Sien-Chung feel it to be highly presumptuous to request her ladyship to come under their humble roof, although it is one that the Emperor has not despised to adorn. It is also a source of deep regret to them that the poverty of their home prevents that a more suitable tea should be spread before her ladyship, but there will be thirty-six courses of the best that the market affords and no expense will be spared in their preparation. The answer of her ladyship is awaited with much impatience. Kindly accept and we shall have boundless joy."

For one unacquainted with Chinese ceremony to attempt to answer such an invitation would be a reckless undertaking, and if not done properly might result in the withdrawal of the precious document. By far the wisest plan is to call in a professional in this art, who at small cost will perform the service for one in true Oriental style.

A few days before the feast another commotion at my door called my attention to the fact that the same individual was stepping from the rickshaw and delivering a similar looking document to the above. This proved to be a second invitation or reminder of the feast, and read as follows:

"The families of Dong-Tien and Sien-Chung make their bow and beg to remind her ladyship, the refined Miss Fisk, that a tea is being prepared for her at their humble abode. The celebration will be on the evening of the third day from this at the hour already set. The families of Dong-Tien and Sien-Chung await with impatience the arrival of her ladyship. Kindly be prompt that their pleasure may not be delayed."

To the second invitation an assurance was sent that her ladyship awaited with equal impatience the time appointed to be present at the longed-for

feast. But the Chinese are cautious and do not rely on the memory of frail humanity. The risk of their delicacies being spoiled by delay is not to be taken. Therefore, about an hour before the feast the same individual, in the same formal manner, left a verbal message at my door to the effect that the families of Dong-Tien and Sien-Chung were awaiting the gracious arrival of her ladyship. Notwithstanding the pressing state of their impatience, I was assured by all acquainted with their customs that it would be decidedly bad form for me to appear on the scene a second sooner than the appointed time.

My astonishment may perhaps be imagined when on arriving I found that the feasting, as far as I was concerned, was to be done by proxy. The board of a high Chinaman is too sacred to be polluted by strangers that are unfamiliar with their ways of being polite. A Chinaman whose degree of highness was evident from the splendor of his embroideries scraped low before me and signaled to 'her refined ladyship' that she was to sit upon a side platform, from where she might have the felicity of observing him occupy with dignity her seat at the table.

At such formal function the Chinese talk very little. It is, however, the acme of good breeding to smack the lips loudly and make as much noise as possible when eating. This shows appreciation of the choice viands the hostess has provided. A grievous breach of etiquette would be for one to refuse a dish, in which case the hostess would consider it the proper rebuff to lean forward, grip her chopsticks tightly, and force the rejected morsel into the mouth of the offender.

The first course of an elaborate feast is, when attainable, bird's nest soup. This is almost as great a delicacy as humming birds' tongues. It is not, as is often supposed, the nest of the bird that is eaten. The soup is made from a mucilaginous secretion that the bird makes on the outside of his nest to hold it together, and which is similar in appearance and taste to gelatin. These birds are now becoming rare in China, and before a high feast boys are employed days to hunt their whereabouts.

The last course is the tea-making. A most elaborate performance this; porcelain of the finest glaze and decoration is brought and placed before the hostess. She, then, in a dainty manner, washes and dries each little piece. When this is done to her satisfaction she makes an excuse to leave the room. The guests then arise in turn and examine the fineness of the ware, its markings, and especially notice if, by any chance, a fleck of dust should have been overlooked. When a sufficient time has elapsed the hostess returns and the tea-brewing begins. Five minutes are required for the making of each cup. Its delicious aroma appears to possess a magical effect on the tongues of the Chinese; for from being morose lip-smackers they suddenly become gay and hilarious.

The final ceremony of the feast is to throw all the food that is left under the table, which the dogs are let in to devour. China in this instance retains the ancient custom to which the Bible alludes in:

"The dogs eat of the crumbs that fall from the master's table."

# NEWSPAPER VERSE: SELECTIONS GRAVE AND GAY

*The Plaint of the Stoker.....Karl Kennett.....Portland Oregonian*

Ay! sing the admiral's praises,  
An' sing o' the captain, too;  
An' swill yer wine to the staff an' line  
An' all o' the gun-deck crew;  
But who's to sing o' the stoker,  
Er tell o' the part he bears?  
Fer he lives in a hole, an' he dies in a hole,  
An' who the devil cares?

So strip to the waist, my maties,  
An' work as a stoker works,  
Fer fast er slow, the man below  
Is never the man who shirks;  
An' the first to drop, we'll lay him  
Soft side o' the fire-room stairs,  
Fer he lived in a hole, an' he dies in a hole,  
An' who the devil cares?

There's a chase in sight, my maties,  
An' "Steam! more steam!" 's the cry;  
So bend your backs to the grating racks  
An' work till it's time to die;  
Fer the ship must do her duty  
In pride o' the flag she wears—  
Tho' we live in a hole, an' we die in a hole,  
An' who the devil cares?

Come! strike up a song, my maties,  
An' mock at the death-white heat;  
Fer the fight's begun, an' lost or won,  
The heart o' the ship must beat!  
Fer them at the guns there's glory  
That never a stoker shares—  
Fer we live in a hole, an' we die in a hole,  
An' who the devil cares?

So on with the dance, my maties,  
Tho' you sob an' gasp fer breath;  
Fer the demon Coal is black o' soul,  
An' he drives his slaves to death!  
But we'll sink or swim together,  
An' it's little we'll get o' prayers—  
Fer we live in a hole, an' we die in a hole,  
An' who the devil cares?

*Little White Rose.....Dora Sigerson.....Sydney (Australia) Bulletin*

Little white rose that I loved, I loved,  
Roisin ban, Roisin ban!  
Fair my bud as the morning's dawn,  
I kissed my beautiful flower to bloom,  
My heart grew glad for its rich perfume—  
Little white rose that I loved!

Little white rose that I loved grew red,  
Roisin ruad, Roisin ruad!  
Passionate tears I wept for you.  
Love is more sweet than the world's fame—  
I dream you back in my heart the same,  
Little white rose that I loved!

Little white rose that I loved grew black,  
Roisin dub, Roisin dub!  
So I knew not the heart of you.  
Lost in the world's alluring fire,  
I cry in the night for my heart's desire,  
Little white rose that I loved!

*Kipling's Better.....Edmund Day.....Detroit Tribune*

We're glad to hear you're better, Mr. Kiplin';  
We heard as how you nearly passed away,  
An' we didn't want to lose you, Mr. Kiplin',  
We're glad you made your mind up for to stay.

You've kinder made yer way among our people,  
An' though you're mighty haughty in your looks,  
You know jest how to play upon our heart-strings  
An' put real human natur' in your books.

We're glad to hear you're better, Mr. Kiplin',  
For you're a man that knows the thoughts of men;  
You catch the facts and fancies in their passin'  
And chain them down to paper with your pen.

To her as sat beside you, Mr. Kiplin',  
A watchin' you a fightin' hard for life,  
We tip our hats and bow in admiration,  
And we send our lovin' greetin's to your wife.

We're glad to hear you're better, Mr. Kiplin',  
For men like you don't turn up every day.  
We hope you'll learn to know and love us better,  
We're glad you made your mind up for to stay.

*Feeding Up to Date.....London Punch*

No longer let the butcher gay  
Deck out his festive shop,  
No longer let the cook display  
His appetizing chop;  
For Doctor Some One says that he  
Has found a substitute, you see;  
So meat as food in future we  
Must drop.

The dishes that were once our joy  
The doctor now doth ban;  
No more the tasty saveloy  
Shall splutter in the pan;  
The tender chick, the juicy steak,  
The cutlet brown we must forsake—  
The doctor's tabloids only make  
A man.

To think what folk will come to! Meat'  
Is decency all fled  
That human men should ever eat  
A horrid cow that's dead?  
No! No! let others feast their fill  
On luscious morsels from the grill—  
We take a lozenge or a pill  
Instead.

When to their city banquets throng  
Fat Aldermen in scores,  
To listen to orations long  
By after dinner bores,  
We, all ethereal as a star,  
Our capsules take, and there we are—  
All coarser meats we leave to car-  
nivores.

We do not toss through restless nights  
In indigestion's spasm,  
We do not see wild nightmare sights  
And shriek like one that "has 'em";  
We eat not lobster salad—no!  
Nor foie gras when to bed we go.  
We merely sip a drop of pro-  
toplasm.

Our pills are perfect, for, you see,  
All foodstuffs they contain.  
According to the doctor we  
Can ne'er be ill again;  
And yet I sometimes think a meal  
Would somehow make me seem more real—  
At times I almost long to feel  
A pain.



*When My Mother Tucked Me In.....Bettie Garland.....New Orleans Picayune*

Ah, the quaint and curious carving  
On the posts of that old bed,  
There were long-beaked, queer old griffins  
Wearing crowns upon their heads,  
And they fiercely looked down on me  
With a cold, sardonic grin;  
I was not afraid of griffins  
When my mother tucked me in.

I remember how it stood there,  
With its head-piece backward rolled,  
And its broad and heavy tester  
Lined with plaitings, blue and gold,  
And the great old-fashioned pillows  
Trimmed with ruffles, white and thin,  
And the cover soft and downy  
When my mother tucked me in.

What cared I for dismal shadows,  
Shifting up and down the floor,  
Or the bleak and grewsome wind gusts  
Beating 'gainst the close-shut door,  
Or the rattling of the windows,  
All the outside noise and din;  
I was safe and warm and happy  
When my mother tucked me in.

Sweet and soft her gentle fingers,  
As they touched my sunburnt face;  
Sweet to me the wafted odor  
That enwrapped her dainty lace:  
Then a pat or two at parting,  
And a good-night kiss between;  
All my troubles were forgotten  
When my mother tucked me in.

Now the stricken years have borne me  
Far away from love and home,  
Ah! no mother leans above me  
In the nights that go and come,  
But it gives me peace and comfort,  
When my heart is sore within,  
Just to lie right still and, dreaming,  
Think my mother tucked me in.

Oh, the gentle, gentle breathing  
To her dear heart's softer beat,  
And the quiet, quiet moving  
Of her soft-shod little feet;  
And Time, one boon I ask thee,  
Whatso'er may be my sin,  
When in dying, let me see her,  
As she used to tuck me in.

*Matilda's and Nature's Spring Cleaning...Sam Walter Foss...Boston Journal*

I find the world outside my house is often all awry,  
But my household is a model to direct the planet by.  
Excepting in spring cleaning time—my home is then  
destroyed—

'Tis made a primal chaos then, without a form and void.

'Tis scoured from the rafter to the bottom cellar stair;  
And I leave behind all hope when'er I enter there;  
For the washbrush, like a whirlwind, devastates the  
peaceful scene,  
For Matilda is the cleanest of the cleanest of the clean.

But Matilda's just like Nature, for early every spring  
Does Nature get her scrub brush out, her duster and  
her wing;  
With her mighty soap and bucket does she travel all  
about,  
And swashes through the universe and cleans the old  
thing out.

And she puts up new lace curtains in the windows of the  
sky,  
Made of white cloud, mixed with sunshine, floating,  
filmy tapestry,  
When the gorgeous sun at sunset finds the clouds about  
him curled,  
And he sticks his jeweled hair-pin through the back-hair  
of the world.

And she takes her dull brown carpet and she rips it  
from the hills,  
And she sprays her floors with showers till they soak  
through to the sills;  
Then her tulip-ed carpet, with its background of bright  
green  
Spreads she, rich as the floor-mat 'neath the high throne  
of a queen.

So Matilda, whisk your wash-rag; it is music to my ears,  
And it beats with perfect rhythm to the music of the  
spheres,  
Reach your long brush for the cobwebs, swing it ever  
high and higher,  
A baton that beats the measure for the mighty Cosmic  
Choir.

You are cleaning house with Nature; you are stepping  
to the march,  
To which the planet legions trail across the starry arch,  
Though the table's on the bureau, and the whisk broom  
does not cease,  
I will eat my supper standing, lapped in universal peace.

*Blissful Twenty-Three.....Chicago Daily News*

I used to hate and envy him  
When I was eight or nine,  
And he was twenty-two or three  
And wooed a girl who seemed to me  
A creature half divine.

I used to gaze up on her face  
And wish that there could be  
Some subtle means through which I might  
Lie down to blissful dreams at night  
And wake up twenty-three.

I met their daughter yesterday,  
Ah, she is fair to see,  
And smiles upon a boy I hate—  
I wish that he were thirty-eight  
And I were twenty-three.

*It's Here.....Philadelphia North American*

The "goffer's" out upon the links,  
The wheelman now begins to scorch,  
Behold a boom in cool mixed drinks,  
The family sits out on the porch.

The sparrow chirps up in the trees,  
And folks excursion lists now scan,  
The citizen begins to sneeze,  
Here comes the hokey-pokey man.

The barefoot boy is peeping out,  
Last summer's suits are on the streets;  
"Play ball!" the umpire soon will shout,  
The yachtman's easing up his cleats.

Anon the wind blows, and it rains,  
Now doth the bock beer sign appear;  
The poet voices all his pains—  
Yes, spring, oh, giddy spring, is here!

*Their Passion.....Tom Masson.....Criterion*

Two little women took their flight.  
They shopped all day and they shopped all night,  
And in the morning they were seen,  
Still talking blue and talking green.

## SPORT, RECREATION AND ADVENTURE

*Felipe Captures a Lion.....Philadelphia Times*

Felipe was riding hard that morning, and his route lay along the mountain side of the range. It was just after breakfast, and he was swinging along the herd on his little cow pony, when he caught sight of the carcass of a young steer partly eaten. With scarcely a pressure on the reins, the pony stopped, almost settling back on his haunches, while his rider's black eyes scanned the carcass and the ground around, which showed signs of a struggle. "Leones" was his only comment; in the sandy soil amid the sparse vegetation were the tracks of a big mountain lion leading toward the mountains. The trail led into a little nook in the foothills, in which was a clump of wide-spreading liveoaks. Toward these rode Felipe, and as he neared the first tree he reined back.

"There he is in the tree, señor," he called with some show of excitement. Yes, there he was, a huge, tawny fellow, his long, powerful body lying at full length on a limb almost as large as the trunk of the tree, and not over fifteen feet from the ground, his sinewy tail waving softly to and fro, his head partly raised, ears flattened, lips drawn back, showing his gleaming fangs, his steel-like claws working convulsively and tearing bits of bark from the limb. Ugh! but he was an ugly, vicious, magnificent-looking brute. I fingered the forty-five six-shooter in my holster nervously and decided not. "Ride out a little ways and watch him, Felipe, while I go back to camp for a rifle." "No, no, señor, I will rope him. I have often helped rope grizzly bears, but never a mountain lion; never did I hear of it being done, and Felipe of the San Ysidro will be the first; it will be something to talk about, and when Miguel of the Santa Margarita comes again to boast, the boys may tell of what Felipe did," and he began untying the forty-foot rawhide rope about his saddle horn. "If it was a hair rope I should like it better; but what matter? It will only add to the telling." "But when you are near enough to throw you will be within leaping distance of him." Felipe measured the height of the limb with his eye. "No, I think not—quite; he will not spring until he feels the rope tighten, then—but ride wide of us, señor; if the rope breaks shoot if he runs, if he comes on give your horse his head."

Dismounting, he tightened the cinch until his pony fairly groaned, then, swinging into the saddle he arranged the noose to his liking, gathering the coils in his left hand, spurred the quivering pony toward the tree and began swinging the noose as carefully as one sights a rifle. The pony not only scented his enemy, but saw him plainly, and with quivering limbs and distended eyes and nostrils obeyed the spur, advancing slowly, cautiously, almost on tip-toes, one might say, and every step was so nicely balanced that at a sign of the lion making a spring he might whirl and away.

Nearer and nearer he drew, and the bristles on the huge yellow beast stood upright, the long tail lashed the limb angrily, and growling, snarling, showing the full length of his terrible jaws and teeth, he began poising his body, after the manner

of a cat, for a spring. A pressure of Felipe's knees and the pony stood in his last tracks like a statue; once, twice, three times the wide noose swung above Felipe's head, then whistled through the air. The lion dodged and blinked, but the noose settled lightly over his shoulders and under his jaw. He took no further notice of it, but concentrated his attention on the horse and rider.

Then slowly Felipe began backing his pony until the slack of the rope was nearly up, then he shouted "To camp, señor," and seizing the rope he gave it a quick jerk, tightening the noose about the lion's neck, at the same time whirling his pony and uttering a screeching yell that an Apache would have envied. There was an answering snarl, ending in a choking scream, as the rope tightened like a bow-string; the lion clutched at the limb, forcing his claws into the tough wood. For an instant they hung, the pony tugging desperately. Would the rope stand the strain? Then the lion leaped and the pony went forward on his knees. I wanted to shut my eyes as the pony went down, and I saw the lion gather his limbs under him for a spring as he struck the ground. Felipe glanced backward and saw the crouching poise, then at me, his teeth showing through his black mustache. "Don't shoot, señor," he laughed, and shouted, "Oh, what fun!" Then he threw himself far back in his saddle, raised his pony to his feet by the reins, sent the spurs home and the pony went forward like a shot as the big yellow body cleared the fifteen feet and landed squarely where an instant before the pony had been struggling. The fall, recovery and leap of the lion could not have taken five seconds, but it seemed to me that pony was on his knees as many minutes.

In two lunges the pony had tightened the rope, and the third jerked the lion heels over head, but, cat-like, he landed on his feet, and, crazed with fright and pain, he bounded after the pony, now snorting with terror as he strained every nerve and muscle to keep taut that forty-foot rope. Felipe fairly shouted in mad joy, yet kept his head sufficiently to open his clasp knife and hold it in his right hand in order to cut the rope if absolutely necessary. On we went, racing like mad down the mesa toward camp, but I scarcely breathed during that wild ride; if the pony should step on a round stone or in one of many gopher holes, ugh! But we went into camp in a cloud of dust, the lion screaming and snarling, the pony snorting. Felipe yelling, and it was no wonder that the two staid mules that pulled the "grub" wagon broke from their picket ropes and went careering and braying down the valley.

"*Santisima madre de Dios!*" (most holy mother of God), screeched the Mexican cook as he leaped the fire, overturning a pot of beans in his flight toward the wagon, while the night riders came tumbling from their blankets, weapons in hand, to repel a raid of rustlers or help stop a stampede; then, with oaths, yells and cheers, they jumped this way, then that, as Felipe and his captive charged about camp. For a moment the lion sulked, and Long John raised his rifle.

"No, no, Juan, wait," and one of the vaqueros grabbed his arm and then ran to me. "Let me have your horse, señor, just for a moment," he said, pleadingly. I dismounted, and, leaping into the saddle, he uncoiled the lariat from about the horn and quickly threw the noose around the lion's neck. He tightened the rope just as the lion leaped, but the leap was arrested in midair by Felipe's rope on the opposite side, and he came to the ground with a hoarse scream. For the next few minutes the fun was certainly "fast and furious." Leap which way he would, there was always a rope to draw him back; he screamed, growled, snarled, clawed and bit at the strangling ropes, tore the ground until the air was filled with dust and sand, and through it all plunged his huge yellow body, his eyeballs fiery and distorted, his long fangs gleaming white in red, foam-flecked jaws. Enduring as he was, flesh and blood, bone and muscle, could not stand such treatment long, and finally he sulked, cowering and whimpering, on the ground. He was pulled and dragged this way and that, but only growled and whined. "Now you may shoot him, Juan," said Felipe, regretfully, and the next moment the two vaqueros walked fearlessly up to the quivering body and slipped their nooses from its neck.

*A Thrilling Two Minutes.....Wide World Magazine*

The following exciting little incident occurred in the Bayuda Desert, in the month of February, 1885. Our little army was just then in a very poor plight. Herbert Stewart had just been killed at Metemneh. Khartoum had fallen. Gordon was dead. The game was up, and after pitching most of the stores into the river, Buller had succeeded in bringing back to our half-way camp, at Jakdool Wells, the gallant little band that had hurried across the desert full of the hope that they would be in time to save Gordon. All our troops were then collected at Jakdool, and we really knew nothing at all of what was going on around us, or whether the Mahdi's forces were coming after us or not, and the waterless state of the desert was really our only safeguard. Every one was very sore and disheartened at the turn of events, and though it would palpably have been madness to go on, the idea of turning back was anything but pleasant.

It was just when things were at their worst that I received an order one evening to proceed at once from Jakdool, with dispatches to Lord Wolseley at Korti, a distance of about 120 miles. I was delighted at the chance. I had a good camel, which I had ridden all the way from Korosko, which was the headquarters of the Ababdeh frontier force of which curious army I had been acting as second in command to Rundle, and in which I had picked up a considerable experience of Arab life and Arabs by the way. To give you some idea of the downhearted state of every one at the moment, as I was leaving, a man, who was known as perhaps the most absolutely fearless man in the army (since dead, I'm sorry to say), said to me, "Well, goodbye, old chap; you'll get home all right, but I don't think we shall." I dined that evening with Sir Evelyn, and started off on my lonely ride at about 10 p. m. It was a fairly light night, and the great masses of rock, yellow in the daylight, now stood

out black against the sky, as I passed the little "God's acre" where Herbert Stewart had just been laid, and came out on to the undulating plain to the north side of the wells and struck into the track. This track was fairly discernible, but I have always found in desert traveling by night that, given a good general knowledge of one's direction, it is very easy to steer by the stars, so that finding one's way by night, over anything like a flat country, is by no means as difficult as it would seem to be. I made, altogether, five journeys across the Bayuda Desert with dispatches, and though in the darkness I nearly always got off the track, I never had any difficulty in finding it again when daylight came. On this occasion I jogged on till about 2 a. m., and then, more for my camel's sake than my own, I began to look about for a place to lie down in till daylight. One learns in desert traveling with Arabs never to "camp" on a track, but always a bit away from it. One also learns to look upon every living thing one sees in the desert as a possible enemy, and as such to be given a wide berth. I hit upon a place where there were two or three low bushes and some rough halfa grass, about thirty yards from the track, unsaddled and hobbled my camel, spread my carpet, and using the saddle for a pillow (and a very uncomfortable one it made), settled myself down to get a few winks of sleep.

I don't think it could have been very long when, in a drowsy sort of way, I found myself listening to a sort of shuffling and mumbling, which seemed to be coming nearer to me. Half-asleep, for a second I lay still. Suddenly, in a moment of time, I realized what it meant. The noises I heard were the voices of Arabs talking, and the shuffling was the noise made by their footsteps in the sandy soil! The moon had got up, and the light, to my startled imagination, seemed as bright as day. As I caught sight of the Arabs they were just coming round a bend in the track, where it crossed a little "khor." One's brain works quickly at such times, and it dawned on me in a flash that, as I was absolutely helpless, my one chance was to lie as still as a mouse and trust to luck. Then a horrible thought came: Had they camels? If so, my own brute would certainly begin to make unearthly noises, and I should be "given away" at once. Mercifully it turned out that they were all on foot. They were now quite close to me, and I could see the glint of the moonbeams on their great broad spear-blades and cross-handled swords, and their skins shone like black marble against the moonlit sky. They seemed in no particular hurry, but just shamled on about twenty yards away from me. I counted fifteen of them. I expected every instant to be discovered, in which event no power on earth could have saved me. Never have I felt so absolutely helpless. The sweat poured off me, and my heart thumped so loudly against my ribs that it seemed to my distorted nerves that they must even hear that. I dared scarcely breathe, let alone fumble for my pistol, which was on the other side of me, and all the time I was expecting my camel to give off one of his unearthly grunts, which would, of course, mean "the end." Every horror that I had ever read or heard about as to the Mahdi's treatment of those that fell into his hands rushed into my despairing



mind. Stories of horrible mutilation rose up before me, and I saw myself perhaps a footless, handless horror; perhaps with lips and eyelids torn away; and left to linger in the burning sunrays till wished-for, slow-coming death should put an end to my torture. I would not be taken alive—I would compel them to kill me. However, for once, luck came to my aid, and with it, I'm afraid, comes bathos to my story. The camel didn't grunt, the Arabs didn't see me, and in what seemed to me about two lifetimes, but what I suppose was really about as many minutes, the Arabs had passed me and were soon out of sight. I breathed again!

Now this, perhaps, may not seem a very terrible incident, especially as it came to nothing; and certainly, sitting in a comfortable armchair, with one's toes on the fender, things have rather a different aspect. But just try to realize my position. Alone in the desert, miles from help, just woke up in the middle of the night, and my only chance of life to lie absolutely still, with a camel for a companion, who might "give me away" at any moment. Realize these things, I say, and you will perhaps agree that under the circumstances I need not be ashamed to confess to a condition of absolute "blue funk." I'm sure I can speak to the fact that I never experienced such an alarming two minutes, and I sincerely hope I never shall again. I think the only reason the Arabs did not see me was that I and my camel were lying in a little depression on the shady side of some small bushes, and the deep shadow hid me; whereas they were standing up in the full glare of the moonlight, and I could see every hair on their heads. Even after they were gone I found my nerves (pretty good in those days) were so shaky that I could hardly saddle the camel; but I managed it somehow, and then, giving the track a wide berth, I continued my journey to Korti. I soon found the track again when day broke, and made the wells of El Howayat (which the men, of course, called "Isle of Wight") about noon. I lay down under a tree till 3 p. m. to rest my camel, and then rode on till a little after dark, when I halted for the night.

*Riding the Troika.....Woman's Home Companion*

We were promised our first Russian experience in the shape of a "troika" ride. A "troika" is a superb affair. It makes the tiny sledges, which take the place of cabs, and are used for all ordinary purposes, look even more like toys than usual. But the sledges are great fun, and so cheap that it is an extravagance to walk. A course costs only twenty kopecks — ten cents. The sledges are set so low that you can reach out and touch the snow with your hand, and they are so small that the horse is in your lap and the coachman in your pocket. He simply turns in his seat to hook the fur robe to the back of your seat—only it has no back. If you fall, you fall clear to the ground. The horse is far, far above you in your humble position, and there is so little room that two people can with difficulty stow themselves in the narrow seat. If a brother and sister or a husband and wife drive together, the man, in sheer self-defense, is obliged to put his arm around the woman, no matter how distasteful it may be. Not that she would ever be conscious of whether he did it or not, for the amount of clothes

one is obliged to wear in Russia destroys any sense of touch. The horses are sharp-shod, but in a way quite different from ours. The spikes on their shoes are an inch long, and dig into the ice with perfect security, but it makes the horses look as if they wore French heels. Even over ice like sheer glass they go at a gallop and never slip. It is wonderful, and the exhilaration of it is like driving through air charged with champagne, like the wine caves of Rintz. Driving in the country we could not tell how fast we were going. But in town, whizzing past other carriages, hearing the shouts of the "idvosjik," "Troika," and seeing the people scatter and the sledges turn out (for a "troika" has the right of way), we realized at what a pace we were going. Before we reached home we saw a Russian fire engine. We passed it in a run. The engine was on one sledge, and following it were five other sledges, carrying hogsheads of water.

After that drive I thought I knew just how it felt to ride on a fire engine.

*Sport in Australia.....English Illustrated Magazine*

The kangaroo is the principal victim of the chase, and its timidity and swiftness of foot commend it to the sportsman who likes his sport minus unnecessary danger, as much as its appetite for grass intended for sheep and cattle condemns it in the eyes of the farmer. It is hunted into stockades and brained with clubs; it is poisoned; and it is shot, either by stalking or driving. The last-named is not, in the particular case of the kangaroo, a very sporting method. The animal is when flurried as dazed as any hare.

Any little excitement that the sportsman may hanker after will be furnished at a moment's notice by his placing himself between a black snake, or death-adder, and its hole in the neighboring rock, or by his disturbing a tarantula or two. I know a surveying engineer, who, on one occasion, somewhere in tropical Queensland, placed his nose, when laying down his chains, within an inch of an enormous basking centipede, and has not, twenty years afterward, forgotten the horrible shock on gradually seeing the repulsive creature close to his face. Had it laid hold, he was a dead man. Cooler and more peaceful is the moonlight ramble after the smaller marsupials that carry beautiful and much-coveted skins, and wander forth at night amid the gum-trees. By a marvelous protective instinct, these animals stiffen their bodies and remain motionless at the first sound of footsteps crackling in the dry undergrowth, and, save when the experienced skin-hunter gets them in line with the moon's friendly disc, and critically reads their secret, they thus escape many a charge of shot. Even when discovered and plugged with lead, their prehensile tail and curved claws often cheat the gunner of his prey, and the corpses sway amid the gum-branches that, then more than ever, resemble gallows-trees. Easiest to see are the little native bears (bears in name only, and weighing no more than a few pounds), and easiest to hear and distinguish, too, amid the few characteristic voices of the bush, is their blood-curdling cry when badly hit. I once heard a monkey's voice under similar circumstances, but it was a glad whisper next to the swan song of the koala.

## BRIEF COMMENT: LITERARY SAYINGS AND DOINGS

Lady Randolph Churchill's forthcoming quarterly magazine, *The Anglo-Saxon*, which John Lane will publish, will cost \$6 in this country. The first number will make its appearance this month. The *London Star* is authority for the statement that this will not be the first quarterly magazine issued under this title. In 1849 Messrs. Longmans published a quarterly, entitled *The Anglo-Saxon*. The magazine was printed in colors—red, blue and green—and was evidently considered at the time a very fine specimen of the typographic art.

A movement is in progress to erect a monument to Mrs. Martha J. Lamb, who was for many years the editor of the *Magazine of American History*, and wrote the comprehensive *History of the City of New York*. Subscriptions to the fund may be sent to Mrs. Edward E. Salisbury, New Haven, Conn.

Mr. J. C. Dibdin, a descendant of the famous song writer, and himself an author, has purchased the house in which Robert Louis Stevenson was born.

Pierre Loti's Eastern trip is indefinitely postponed, owing to his reinstatement on the active service list of the French navy. He is now engaged on a work whose plot is laid in the *Ile de Pâques*, a tiny Oceanic island, discovered by Davis in 1686, and explored by Roggweeen on "Le Jour de Pâques, 1722." M. Loti visited this isle as a midshipman twenty-four years ago, and was much surprised to find it peopled by a handsome and intelligent white race. He is assisted in his present work by the notes taken on that occasion.

It is announced definitely at last that Mrs. Voynich's own dramatization of *The Gadfly* will be performed in this country next fall.

A contemporary thus announces the appearance of a new magazine: "On the ashes of the defunct trilingual review *Cosmopolis* a new 'bilingual' periodical has arisen, entitled '*Deutsch-Französische Rundschau*' ('*Revue Franco-Allemand*'). It is published in Munich."

A new book by Fiona Macleod will be published shortly under the title of *The Dominion of Dreams*. This writer, the question of whose identity has given rise to so much speculation and controversy, is now engaged on a Jacobite romance.

"Mr. William Sharp, who is a kinsman of the lady," says a recent paragraph, "has been boldly identified by some people with Fiona, and has denied the impeachment. Miss Macleod is really a married woman, who wants to keep herself quite apart from literary circles, and to remain an enigma. She lives in Scotland, but all her letters reach her in such a roundabout way that none of the gossips have been able to 'spot' her."

Edwin Pugh, the author of *Tony Drum*, attributes much of his success to the kindness of Mme. Sarah Grand, whom he met in 1894, and who gave him the greatest help and encouragement. Mr. Pugh's pathway to fame was not always smoothed for him, however. When only thirteen years of age the death of his father compelled him to turn out into the world and earn his living. At one time he worked fourteen hours a day in an iron

factory; after which he was a clerk in London for eight years.

M. François Coppée, the French poet, is now engaged upon a new volume of poetry, which he calls his *Livre d'Automne*. M. Coppée has also two plays in hand, one of them dealing with the Carlist War of 1832.

Tolstoi's new novel, *Resurrection*, which is now running serially in the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* and in the *London Daily Chronicle*, will be issued in book form in this country by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., simultaneously with its publication elsewhere in six other languages. This is the first of Tolstoi's books to be protected by copyright, but while the author declines to use for himself the money the book will earn, he will give every penny of it to the Doukhobortsi emigration fund.

Two English biographies recently arranged for are awaited with interest—Mrs. Lynn Linton's, by G. S. Layard, and Mrs. Oliphant's autobiography, edited by her friend, Mrs. Coghill.

Literature states that a delver into statistics has discovered the awful probability that in the year of grace 1898 the English-speaking peoples of the earth produced no less than eighty novels a day throughout the twelve months, not excepting Sundays and holidays. His conclusions are not based upon his experience as a reader, but on the surer basis of expert calculation. Five new novels a day were actually published in Great Britain, and three per diem in the United States—a total of eight daily for the new Brotherhood. And as only one novel in ten that are written is published, ergo 29,200 were produced.

An interesting marriage was recently announced—that of Miss Judith Blunt, great-granddaughter of Lord Byron, and the Hon. Neville Lytton, grandson of Bulwar and the son of Owen Meredith.

The most widely selling book of this year in this country and in England seems to be the Rev. Charles M. Sheldon's *In His Steps*. The author is an American, and 2,000,000 copies of his work have been sold at home, while abroad it is said that editions have been issued by thirteen different English publishers. Mr. Clement Shorter, the critic, says of it: "The book is not literature, and I do not think that it would be difficult to prove that some of it is actually immoral; but all these freaks of religious fervor require to be taken note of."

Apropos of Zangwill's recent visit to New York, The Bookman tells this characteristic story: "At a luncheon given him by some people who were strangers to him, he was treated as the Great Man, and his most indifferent or flippant remark was received with grave interest and tossed about the table to the death of any general conversation. After the luncheon his hostess asked him to write something in her little boy's diary so that the Little Man might always remember the day when he saw the great writer. Mr. Zangwill turned over the leaves of the diary, reading here and there under their respective dates: 'Got a reward of merit,' 'Had a birthday party,' 'Tonsillitis,' and so forth, and then he wrote: 'December —, Zangwillitis.'"

Few authors can claim so large an output as one



hundred and twenty books—a small library in itself. Fewer still can boast of having restored a church, contributed \$10,000 to a missionary college, and fitted out a missionary ship. This, however, is what Miss Charlotte Yonge is said by Black and White to have done. She is now, according to the same authority, in her seventy-sixth year, and lives in an ivy-clad mansion at Otterbourne, near Winchester, where she has spent the better part of her life. It is not stated, although it is left to be inferred, that Miss Yonge has been enabled to live and do all this good work from the proceeds of her books, and if it be true it should be encouraging to writers of fiction who wonder if they will end their days in the workhouse. But Miss Yonge's earnings were obtained in the days of the stately three-decker, and these are the days of sixpenny paper-covered novels.

George Sand's daughter Solange died recently at her residence, Mont-Givray, near La Chatra, France. In an obituary note the London Publisher's Circular says: "She was born at Paris September 14, 1828, five years after her brother Maurice, and married in 1847 the celebrated sculptor Clésinger, a great artist, but a dissipated and unkind husband. Solange Dudevant—the name was really Dundowen, and the family of Scottish origin—brought her husband as dowry the Hôtel de Narbonne, on the Quai Henri IV., which she was obliged to sell in order to pay the debts of Clésinger, from whom she afterward separated in consequence of his extravagance and brutality. She wrote two novels, Jacques Bruneau and Carl Robert, both published by Calmann Lévy, which, although interesting and well written, were not so successful as the writings of her more gifted mother. She also painted pictures which showed considerable artistic ability, and her salon in the Rue Taitbout attracted many literary and artistic celebrities; but her bitter and caustic raillery alienated from her all her acquaintances, and she died without a friend at her bedside. There now remain of George Sand's family the widow of her son Maurice Sand and her two daughters, Mme. Lauth and Mlle. Gabrielle Sand."

Speaking of the out-door habits of certain English men of letters, a contemporary states that Dr. Doyle is the most all-round representative sportsman among modern writers, though it is to cricket that he devotes most of his time. And while he is no mean adversary at billiards or with the gloves, it is in the open that he comes into his own most conspicuously. Mr. Barrie is a fair cricketer. Mr. Lang golfs and fishes; Mr. Bret Harte's one amusement is golfing; Mr. Swineburne swims when not composing; Mr. Blackmore goes in for the growing of flowers and fruit; and Mr. Hardy's recreations are chiefly confined to "arboriculture, architecture and cycling."

Admirers of Many Cargoes and Sea Urchins will be sorry to hear of Mr. W. W. Jacobs' ill health, says the London Star, but they will not regret that he is resigning his small official post in the Savings Bank Department of the G. P. O. They will argue that less savings bank will mean more funny stories. Mr. Jacobs, who is now in his thirty-sixth years, is still unmarried, and lives in a very unpretentious

way at Stoke Newington. He entered the civil service in 1883, and he is not a "young man in a hurry," or the remarkable success of *Many Cargoes*, when first published, in 1896, would have encouraged him to throw the deadly routine of interest computation to the winds at once.

In his recollections of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Mr. E. Kay Robinson mentioned that, in his Indian days, Mr. Kipling expected to establish his fame by a novel called *Mother Maturin*. A curious confirmation of the statement is found in an interview with Mr. Kipling, published in the *World* in 1890, where it is mentioned that the manuscript of this particular "forthcoming" work was taken out of a quaint Dutch bureau and shown to the interviewer. Another book which Mr. Kipling then had in manuscript, but has never yet issued to the public, is called *The Book of the Forty-five Mornings*, and is an account of his wanderings in Japan and America on his way home to England.

Herbert Putnam, of Boston, the new Librarian of Congress, is the youngest son of the late George P. Putnam, founder of the well-known publishing house of G. P. Putnam's Sons. He was graduated from Harvard in 1883, studied at the Columbia Law School, went to Minneapolis in 1884, and there was admitted to the bar. He became librarian of the Minneapolis Athenæum, which was subsequently merged into the public library of that city, an institution founded mainly by Mr. Putnam's efforts. He resigned in 1891 to go to Boston, where he was chosen librarian of the Boston Public Library.

The New York Times prints the following account of how Zola passes his time of exile: A representative of "*La Liberté*" has paid a visit to M. Zola in his exile home in England, and, although the novelist did not talk for publication, on the promise that his abode should not be revealed, the writer was enabled to give some interesting details as to the manner in which the defender of Dreyfus passes his time. The morning is spent at work; the afternoon is passed in walking or in bicycling, while in the evening the novelist translates with the aid of a dictionary the English newspapers and reads those he receives from France. He particularly wishes to keep his whereabouts a secret, as his recent brief visit to London shows that he would be overrun with interviewers and curious people. He has but few opportunities for speaking, as his servants are all English, and of that language the author of *Nana* can hardly articulate a word. He moreover considers himself much more a prisoner in the present circumstances than he would were he at the prison of Ste. Pelagie, for, although personal friends call on him, he passes most of his time alone. His health is excellent. M. Zola is still decided not to go back to France until the "affaire" has been ended, for he is of the opinion his presence would be useless to the cause which he defends, and could only be made a pretext for new troubles. It is quite natural, the writer says, that with his combative temperament he feels greatly his forced inaction. But he forces himself to be patient, and is prepared to undergo his year of exile, for he thinks that the end of June will witness the definite end of the "affaire."



## EPIGRAMS ON GOD, MAN, LOVE, SORROW, CONDUCT\*

BY IVAN PANIN

It is a great mistake never to commit one; a great misfortune never to be unhappy.

Death is not the greatest ill, life not the greatest good, happiness not the noblest end.

The greatest ill is to die without having lived; the greatest good to live only after having died; the noblest end to fulfil one's part.

In the furnace gold is melted, clay is hardened.

The largest planet has its sun; the smallest hair casts its shadow.

It is a question whether life was meant to be hard; it is certain that we make it so.

To be hardened the iron must first be softened.

Health lives in the present; disease worries over the future.

We should treat fortune as the farmer his wheelbarrow—push it from us when full, and only drag it behind us when empty.

The surest way to leave happiness behind is to run after it.

What do I learn from the nail? The farther 'tis hammered the firmer it holds.

What do I learn from the candle? Even though turned down it still sends its flame upward.

What do I learn from the rose? Though its root is in dirt and mud, it yet sendeth forth grace and perfume.

Shells we find on the beach; for pearls we must dive.

The best remedy against annoyance from small things is to battle with great.

In prosperity men ask too little of God; in adversity, too much.

I used to wonder at the striking resemblance of some of the false religions to the true, until I learned that the difference between the goose and the swan is only a few inches of neck.

Religion draws men, literature cattle, science freight, philosophy empty cars.

The inhabitants of a quiet village were once alarmed by the cry of wolves. They rush to the town hall. They debate, discuss, deliberate. At last they decide that each go home and get his gun. But as they rushed out they were met at the door by the wolves. They had all been honest agnostics.

"My papa has a piazza on his house, yours has not." "And mine has a mortgage on his, which yours has not." When these children grew up the one gave birth to a professor of ethics, the other to a professor of political economy.

A man was arrested on the charge of stealing a cow, but on proving that he owned the animal ever since it was a calf he was discharged. A fellow-prisoner, who was charged with stealing a gun, on hearing this, set up as his defense that he had owned the gun ever since it was a pistol. He was sent to prison, but he reformed, and in time became a successful lecturer on evolution.

Metaphysics is the science of putting questions

which the mass does not ask, the wise do not take up, and they themselves do not answer.

Philosophy finds new names; science, new facts.

The abundance of pictorial illustration illustrates really only the decay of imagination.

Truth is like the cork, however often submerged, it rises again.

The ignorance of the learned is a malady peculiar to the craft. Who labors too near the light must expect to get off with weak eyes.

Friendship is like the echo, returneth only what is given. Love is like the pump, returneth by the pail what it receiveth by the pint.

Marriage halves men, parentage doubles them.

Better to grow gray in a night from the pains of love than to live in peace without it, for to go through life without love is to travel through the world in a carriage with the curtains over the windows.

The passions can seldom be trusted; the head often, the heart always.

Longfellow is a palimpsest—European text covered with American script.

Poe—a December day strayed into June.

Coleridge—a huge pendulum attached to a small clock.

George Eliot—a metaphysician with a dramatic attachment.

Schopenhauer—an alarm clock wrongly set.

Heine has the head of a man, the breasts of a woman, and the talons of a beast.

Genius is like a barrel on the top of a hill; it will not, indeed, move unless pushed, but once pushed goes of itself. Talent is like a load on the roadway—will not forward unless dragged.

You do not sweeten your mouth by saying honey. You do not grow virtuous by talking of virtue.

The ass is not the wiser for being loaded with books.

Go to the oyster, thou prattler, and learn to be useful with thy mouth shut.

It is the dead fish that are carried down the stream.

The child pets the lamb, the man eats the sheep.

The best excuse is to have none.

Talent uses opportunities; genius makes them.

If I am understood, nothing more need be said; if I am not understood, nothing more can be said.

Always speak truth, but do not always tell it.

Flowers blossom only if the roots are in darkness.

Men are made more unhappy by the ills they fear than by those they suffer.

The vessel that holds not water may still hold grain. It matters not so much what a man cannot do as what he can.

I cannot on the tongue means mostly I will not in the heart.

Of all imitations the worst is that of oneself.

None are so unreasonable as those who always exact reasonableness.

\*From Thoughts, by Ivan Panin. Published by the author, Grafton, Mass.

## LIBRARY TABLE: GLIMPSES OF NEW BOOKS

Mezzotints in Modern Music. Brahms, Tschaikowsky, Chopin, Richard Strauss, Liszt and Wagner. By James Huneker. Charles Scribner's Sons. 12mo. \$1.50.

Books upon music have of late been plentiful, but we do not hesitate to say, with all deference to those who may hold a different opinion, that it has been reserved for Mr. Huneker to write the most interesting series of musical criticisms and appreciations that have yet appeared in this country. Mr. Huneker understands—what few persons do—that criticism is neither fulsome praise nor ill-tempered abuse, but that the mission of the critic is to weigh and balance in his scales both good and ill. In *Mezzotints in Modern Music* we therefore find a just and sensitive critic pointing out the weaknesses of certain composers and compositions side by side with rapturous eulogies.

This gives the book a unique position among others of its class, and goes far toward gaining the confidence of the reader at once. Mr. Huneker has a thorough knowledge of his subject and the gift of analyzing interestingly and well. This does not only apply to the structure of musical compositions, but to that nameless essence of music that is as difficult of definition as the perfumes of flowers. One has to be endowed with a separate set of senses to feel them, and those who feel them very rarely have the ability to catch these fleeting musical vapors long enough to describe and define them thoroughly. We are, therefore, not going out of our way if we call Mr. Huneker an impressionist critic, and we hope he will like the term.—*The Book Buyer*.

Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett. Harper & Bros. \$4.00.

It is impossible to read these volumes without a feeling of astonishment that the correspondence which they contain should ever have been given to the public. In his preface Mr. R. B. Browning states that his father placed the letters unreservedly in his hands with permission to do with them what he wished. The only alternatives which seem to have presented themselves to his mind were either to destroy or to publish them—and of the two he chose the latter. The choice was naturally more lucrative, and also far more agreeable to the readers of this book; but when one recollects the intense and sensitive dislike felt by Mrs. Browning for having her private life and feelings made public, it seems strange that her only son should so have decided. She was made ill with vexation, and the sense of confidence betrayed, when Miss Mitford, in the most guarded terms, made allusion in an article to the circumstances of the sorrow which darkened her life, the death by drowning of her favorite brother. Here we have the letter which she herself wrote on the subject to her lover, with full particulars, probably the only time in her life that she ever opened her heart to any one on the details of this painful loss—a loss which shattered her health and for years changed the aspect of the world to her! How would she have felt as she penned this letter had she guessed that the time was to come when all England might read it, written out of her very heart, every word a sob?

But when we have said this we have uttered the whole body of criticism—no other exception need be made to any part of this delightful book. Such a high-minded, delicate, unselfish pair of lovers as Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett it would be hard to parallel in fact or fiction. "Whatever record leap to light, their honor is unstained." Alike in their point of view, in their standards, to them the sordid, the conventional, the insincere, the worldly were equally impossible and distasteful. Their first meeting was in May, 1845, at which time they had been for four months in frequent correspondence; on Browning's side it was love at first sight. He had never cared for another woman; the impression made by the fragile invalid, never beautiful, no longer young, was instantaneous. Only a few days after their first interview he startled her with a letter so "wild" in tone that she returned it to him with the clear intimation that such things were not for her, and that a repetition must close the correspondence. Made cautious by this rebuff, his advances after that were more guarded; still by September the two were confessedly lovers, and from that time until their sudden marriage a twelve-month later, the letters, daily interchanged, grew more and more impassioned.—*Literary World*.

The Cruise of the Cachalot. By Frank T. Bullen, First Mate. D. Appleton & Co., 1899. \$1.50.

In these days a book that treats of the whale fishery offers a wide field for the imagination. There was a time, however, before the decline of that industry, when an author was forced to adhere to great accuracy of statement, as being under the scrutiny of a large audience learned in the technique of every phase of the subject. The least deviation from realistic precision, either in the navigating of ship or handling of boat, or in the thousand and one details of the business, or any unfamiliarity with its argot, excited the derision of an army of knowing and exultant critics. The author of *The Cruise of the Cachalot* is fortunate in that the composition of his book has been deferred to the last years of the present century. . . . It is hardly fair to consider this book seriously. It is the story of an English youth, originally a London street Arab, who, with some previous nautical training, ships on board a New Bedford whaler for a long cruise after sperm whales. He encounters the usual stock adventures—brutal "Yankee" officers; the inevitable battle between a giant octopus and a sperm whale, this time by moonlight, "pour encourager les autres"; opportune gales and convenient lee shores, smashed boats, physical suffering, etc. All the old properties are brought out in succession. The hero, notwithstanding his origin, calling and youth, possesses literary tastes. Among his other effects he has a copy of the Bible, Shakespeare, and two of Dickens' works. These prove a source of great intellectual solace not only to him, but also to the polyglot crew of the ship, composed of negroes, Portuguese, and the offscourings of a seaport town. Mr. Bullen has gifts of narration and description that would avail as much for adventures on land as for those which he has lo-

cated upon the sea. The frontispiece to the book is a beautiful example of the best school of wood engraving.—New York Evening Post.

. . . Doubt that we have here a very natural and interesting narrative. We have often wished that we might know exactly the facts in regard to Yankee sea captains. They seem mild and good-mannered enough when standing about in their age and period of retirement, in New Bedford or Stonington. To any landsman who has known them they seem to be God-fearing men. They are heard always at prayer meeting, where they are earnest and enduring, if not grammatical. Working casually and without urgency of call about the harbor, superintending the outfitting of a yacht or the disposal of a cargo of swordfish, they are occasionally profane, but the air at the edge of the sea is strong and antiseptic, well calculated to take up and carry off such offense. Mr. Stevenson, in *The Wreckers*, made of Captain Nares a character who has hardly been equaled since the time of Captain Kidd. Americans must feel a pride in him, not because he did so wickedly, but because he was a person of such splendid power. Mr. Kipling himself has attested the commanding emphasis of Yankee skippers. Here we have a story of an intelligent and observing Englishman who made the circuit of the world in a New Bedford whaler. He found the life severe, but they caught whales, and he was provided with the opportunity to make an excellent book. His pages leave us with the idea that he is thankful to have come through alive. Gratitude is a sentiment that is becoming in any of us. There seem to be especially good reasons for the exercise of it by any survivor of the experiences herein described.—The Book Buyer.

Joubert: *A Selection from His Thoughts*. Translated by Katherine Lyttleton, with a preface by Mrs. Humphrey Ward. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Joubert's writings were not given to the world until long after his death. Sainte Beuve and Matthew Arnold have been the two strongest admirers and exponents of Joubert. Some of Joubert's "thoughts" have become famous apart from his name. For example, how many persons who are familiar with the epigram know that it was he who wrote: "Dare I say it? God may be easily known if only we do not force ourselves to define Him"? The most interesting of the maxims are those in which the writer speaks of himself. "Oh! how hard it is to be at the same time ingenious and wise! For long I have lacked either the ideas that suited my gift or the language that suited my ideas. I have for a long time endured the torment of a fecundity that cannot come to the birth." And again, "I am like Montaigne, unfit for sustained discourse." In another place he says of himself, "My spirit loves to travel through open spaces, and to play in waves of light, where it can see nothing, but where it is penetrated with joy and brightness. And what am I? A mote in a sun-beam!" The present book was well worth doing. The more that is known of Joubert the better.—New York Evening Sun.

\* \* \*

In reading through this collection we have felt

strongly that it is right and just that Joubert should not have been a great force in the world of life or letters. There is great wisdom in many of his sayings, but how and why shall the great outside world listen to a man who deliberately shut upon himself the door of that world, to a man who spent his life in a study "among the treasures of a library collected with infinite pains, taste and skill, from which every book he thought ill of was rigidly excluded—he never would possess a complete Voltaire or a complete Rousseau," to a man who was "always protecting himself against emotions, keeping out the newspapers, refusing to read or discuss politics, when politics became tormenting, withdrawing himself from all the persons and writings that did not give him pleasure or edification." Shall this man, who passed whole days in bed, weary with small struggle, preach to those he cannot and will not understand? There is beauty but no strength in his delicate and subtle imaginings. His legacy of *Pensées* is a fitting monument to a choice but narrow spirit who, as Amiel writes, "abounded in ingenuity and sagacity, in fine criticism, in exquisite touches," yet did not understand or appreciate "the large views, the whole of things."—London Speaker.

*The American Revolution*. By Sir George Trevelyan. Part I. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

The story of the American Revolution is at last in the process of being satisfactorily written, and, as might have been anticipated, the complete and rounded narrative comes from an Englishman, a scholar and a statesman, who sits in the calmness of a hundred years away from the time of this great event, which blessed his empire and his race, measuring it accurately and judging it righteously. Sir George Trevelyan is writing what promises to be the authoritative story of this epoch. He is carrying forward his *Life of Charles James Fox*, and although after the opening pages we do not see much of Fox in the first volume, which has been recently published, it is evident that in the succeeding volumes we are to have not only the complete history of our successful English revolt against the House of Hanover, but an ample record of the great man whom Sir George justly calls a portent.

This revolution began in America, whose English people recognized most fully the significance of the royal intent and the supineness of the law-makers, who were the beneficiaries of royal corruption, and who, moreover, could rebel with the best prospect of success. This revolution has resulted in the firm establishment of popular government in every quarter of the globe. It made the English people free as surely as it set up our own Republic, and it has made Canada and Australia democratic as well. It was the beginning of the glory of the English race, and Sir George Trevelyan is telling the story of the wonderful revolution as no other writer of our time could possibly tell it—with scholarship, fair-mindedness, with sympathy with the people on both sides of the water who were opposed to the Hanoverian, and with an eloquence which, to my mind, is far more attractive and stimulating than was that of his great uncle.—Literature.



*The Magic of the Horseshoe: with Other Folk-Lore Notes.* By Robert Means Lawrence, M.D. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Among the many pleasant little superstitions, never really believed, rarely wholly disregarded, are the custom of the horseshoe symbol, the faith in "luck," the distrust of Friday as a day of evil omen, the dislike of sitting thirteen at a table, the disagreeable feeling at upsetting the salt, the suspicion of uncanniness about black cats and dogs, and the opinion that most odd numbers are more fortunate than even ones. All these popular fancies and many more are discussed by Dr. Lawrence with a wide reach of citation and illustration. He takes them perhaps something too seriously, and to most people it will sound a little absurd to find him inquiring solemnly if such amusing survivals "are compatible with a deep and abiding Christian faith." That is to put on quite too austere a countenance toward these half-jesting reminiscences of darker ages. The horseshoe occupies most of his attention. As to its origin as a sacred or superstitious symbol he collects no less than sixteen widely different hypotheses, and justly concludes that in different places and times each of these served as a starting-point to assign magical virtue to the crescentic or arched figure for which the horseshoe now stands as a ready-made and convenient objective representation. The chapter on "The Folk-Lore of Common Salt" traces the belief in its mystical virtues from early Biblical and Hellenic ages down to the widely prevalent notions of our own day. The author believes that the superstitions about the spilling of salt as an evil omen is due to the sacred character of the condiment in early ages, when it was used as a sign of hospitality and friendship, and as an offering to the gods. The chapter on the mystical significance of numbers scarcely does justice to this curious topic. The three and seven, the nine and thirteen are interwoven so closely into most mythologies and religious rituals that their origin in these connections must be universal, connected either with some relations everywhere felt, or with some intimate and ubiquitous workings of the human mind. While noting the fact of their constant reappearance in mystical forms, the author offers no adequate explanation of it. The ill-repute of Friday he attributes to customs existing long before Christianity, and points out that even now it is not considered an inauspicious day throughout the Christian world. Works of this class have a value much beyond the recording of trivial superstitions. They are contributions to the psychology of man, and often throw unexpected light on serious investigations into the history of religions and rituals. The same motives, hopes, fears, underlie all beliefs in the unseen, unknown powers which control the destiny of man; and it is profitable to study these motives, in all their manifestations, however insignificant they may individually seem.—*The Critic*.

*Earth Sculpture, or The Origin of Land Forms.* By James Geikie. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

We have not space to quote at length from this very interesting volume. Its description of the methods by which nature's forces have formed the

surface features with which we are familiar gives added interest and vitality to such knowledge of the earth's geography as we may individually possess. As the author says: "Who can look at the map of a well-watered region, a land of mountain and glen, of rolling lowlands and countless valleys, without a wish to trace out the development of its numberless heights and hollows? What a world of interest must often be concentrated in the history of a single river and its affluents! At what time and under what conditions did it first begin to flow? How was its course and those of its tributaries determined? Has the hydrographic system ever been disturbed? And, if so, to what extent and in what manner has it been modified? These and many similar questions will come before the investigator, and in searching for answers he must often unfold a strange and almost romantic history." In this history, furthermore, we find a striking application of the great law of evolution, thus stated: "If it be true that the present cannot be understood without a knowledge of the past, it is no less true that physical conditions which have long passed away can often be realized in the existing arrangement of surface features. This is no more than might have been expected, for if, as we all believe, there has been a continuity of geological history, the germ of the present must be found in the past, just as the past must be revealed in the present, if only we have skill to read the record. Evolution, in a word, is not less true of the land and its features than of the multitudinous tribes of plants and animals that clothe and people it."

The book is cordially recommended to all who are interested in the study of physical geography as a most attractive exposition of that fascinating subject.—*Chicago Inter Ocean*.

*The Story of Gösta Berling.* From the Swedish of Selma Lagerlöf. Little, Brown & Co.

There is in this book as much power as there are sins against the art of novel-writing; indeed, it can hardly be called a novel at all. It is disjointed and obscure, meandering away from its main idea, and returning to it after interludes that have no meaning—erratic, weird, yet unquestionably fascinating. But it is the fascination of the bleak North, of short sombre days, and long bitter nights; its poetry is that of the Eddas; its mythology that of Balder and Loki and Thor; and there are reminders in it of the Flying Dutchman and of Dr. Faustus, as crystallized by Goethe in the second part of his drama. Then there are folk-tales of the early part of this century, local traditions, misty and contradictory, with that mingling of the mundane and the supernatural without which no folk-lore can endure. Here is the old traffic in souls with the Evil One in exchange for worldly greatness; and the man who is redeemed by the love of woman. These are, indeed, the two main ideas around which this Swedish writer has woven her fabric of legend with its thread of truth. In parts the book seems to be the result of a disordered imagination, but that not the author's own. It is the fancy of a people buried in the mountain vastnesses of Sweden, which uses the author as its mouthpiece, for, as has been said above, the latter seems to have had but little con-

trol of her material, and to have been overwhelmed by its magnitude. Her sketches of the rough life of the country people, on the other hand, and of the harsh majesty of the landscape of southern Sweden betray a master hand. They are graphic, grim and full of a coarse physical life lashed to extremes by snow and ice and—alcohol. The book is so strange, so utterly out of the common, that it cannot be classified or judged by current standards. It may repeat the success that greeted it in Sweden; it may prove caviare to foreign readers. But whatever its fate, it is well worth translating and making the experiment of presenting it to a wider public. It will leave in the minds of those who disapprove of it an impression of force, uncurbed and misdirected perhaps, but still so virile and original as to fortell future achievement.—The Critic.

The Miracles of Antichrist. From the Swedish of Selma Lagerlöf. Translated by Pauline Flach. Little, Brown & Co.

Following quickly upon the publication of that highly original book, Gösta Berling, comes another by the same author, Selma Lagerlöf, translated, as was the other, by Pauline Flach. If Gösta Berling astonished the public The Miracles of Antichrist will hold it spellbound. One critic says of it that it is worth while to learn Swedish in order to read it, but our translation is very smooth and has apparently caught the spirit of the original. The book opens with a most poetical and dramatic description of the Emperor's Vision, the Emperor being Augustus, and his vision the scene at Bethlehem on the night of the nativity. He had gone with a group of his courtiers to make a nocturnal sacrifice at the capitol to determine whether his gods would permit a temple in his honor to be raised upon the sacred hill. There the sybil showed him the stable in the Far East and told him:

On the heights of the capitol the Redeemer of the world  
shall be worshiped,  
Christ or Antichrist, but no frail mortal.

No one who had not known a country and its people with the familiarity which only a child could acquire would write as she does of the customs, the modes of thought, the people's interpretations of the festivals. There is a strong, natural exquisite love story interwoven with the plot. As in her previous book the author has given us a story told to a child, which is a literary gem. Should she ever turn her attention to juvenile literature, surely the children of the present will learn to read for her sake. Donna Elisa wishes to coax a boy to go to live with her and tells him of Ætna and its wonders. The chapter is marvelous in its fancifulness and picturesqueness, and in its peculiar adaptability to children. Any child anywhere would have done just as Gæetano did, been drawn closer and closer to the narrator, climbed up into her lap and been ready to go to the end of the world with her. Although the idea of the image may seem too far removed from realism to be worthy of serious consideration, Miss Lagerlöf contrives to make it seem not altogether disconnected from common-place happenings. There is nothing of the absurdity of Anstey's Fatten Idol.

The book is grave in purpose and employs a series of coincidences, interpreted as miraculous by the devout, to enforce its message. We do not say its moral or its lesson. Miss Lagerlöf does not pose as one who seeks to instruct through the medium of fiction. She resembles some mighty prophetess who uses forceful imagery to explain what might otherwise be but a vague warning.—Brooklyn Eagle.

#### NOTES.

From Plotzk to Boston, published by W. B. Clarke & Co., claims signal attention. It is the narrative of a young Russian Jewess, written at the age of eleven, originally in Yiddish, but translated by the young girl herself, two years later, into English, and now published at the suggestion of teachers and friends, the girl being somewhat past fifteen. Mr. Zangwill writes a sympathetic "Foreword," in which he says that, remarkable as are Mary Antin's vivid descriptions, they are not merely a literary curiosity, but a "human document" of considerable value, the record not only of her own personal experience, but also that of the vast mass of Russian immigrants who crowd our shores, and of whom we know so little. The child interests us at once and tells her story with such freshness and simplicity and directness that we make the journey with her, seeing the sights that she sees, receiving the impressions that she receives, sharing the emotions, the hopes and fears and anxieties, the delights and excitements of travel, and, moreover, seeing and feeling them as she does, with the eyes and the heart of a child.—The Critic.

The Fragments of an Autobiography of Felix Moscheles (Harpers) are not only fragmentary, but desultory. They cover an unusually wide range of personal and artistic experiences, and they include some glimpses and anecdotes of eminent people that are entertaining and often informing. As the son of the famous pianist and the god-son of Mendelssohn, Mr. Moscheles' earliest recollections have to do with a musical circle of unusual charm. Then come his Bohemian experiences, some of which he has already told in his little book commemorative of his comrade Du Maurier, and in his more mature life in Paris his musical affinities kept him still in contact with interesting people — old Rossini, notably, and Madame Viardot, and his musical anecdotes are among the best in his book. Then his success as a portrait painter brought him distinguished sitters. He gives a chapter or two to America, where the sitter that impressed him most was Mr. Cleveland, who was especially responsive to Mr. Moscheles' own pet hobby of international arbitration. He gives another chapter to Massini, whom he painted, and more than one to Browning, with whom his relations were intimate. Photogravure plates of his portraits of Rossini, Browning and the artist's mother accompany the handsome volume. While the book is of uneven quality, a delightful collection of anecdotes might easily be gathered from it, and it touches so many and varied interests that it will command wide attention among the new books of the week.—Philadelphia Times.

## BOOK LIST: WHAT TO READ—WHERE TO FIND IT

## Artistic, Dramatic and Musical.

- A Study of Wagner: Earnest Newman: G. P. Putnam's Sons, cloth..... \$3 75  
 Art and Artists of Our Time: Clarence Chatham Cook: New Edition: Selmar Hess, 6 v., cloth.... 28 50  
 Celebrated Violinists, Past and Present: from the German: Edited, with notes, by Robin H. Legge: C. Scribner's Sons, cloth..... 2 00

## Biographic and Reminiscent.

- Andree at the North Pole: with details of his fate: Leon Lewis: G. W. Dillingham Co., cloth, \$1.25; paper ..... 50  
 Anton Seidl: a Memorial by His Friends: C. Scribner's Sons..... 5 00  
 Charlotte Cushman, Her Letters and Memories of Her Life: Emma Stebbins: New Edition, with portraits: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., cloth..... 1 50  
 Dewey and Other Great Naval Commanders: W. H. Davenport: a series of biographies: G. Routledge & Sons, cloth..... 1 00  
 Fragments of an Autobiography: Felix Stone Moscheles: Harper, cloth..... 1 50  
 James Russell Lowell and His Friends: Edward Everett Hale: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., cloth, illus.... 3 00  
 Journal; or, Historic Recollections of American Events During the Revolutionary War: Elias Boudinot: C. L. Traver..... 2 00  
 Life and Public Services of Edwin M. Stanton: G. C. Gorham: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 2 v., cloth.... 6 00  
 Life and Times of Hannibal Hamlin: C. Eugene Hamlin: Riverside Press, cloth..... 4 00  
 Napoleon I. in Russia: Vassili Verestchagin: with an introduction by R. Whiteing: C. Scribner's Sons, cloth..... 1 75  
 Neal Dow: recollections of eighty years: Evening Express Pub. Co., cloth..... 2 50  
 The Life of R. W. Dale of Birmingham: Alfred W. Winterslow Dale: by his son: Dodd, Mead & Co., cloth ..... 4 00

## Educational Topics.

- Early Chapters in Science: Mrs. W. Awdry: Edited by W. F. Barrett: C. Scribner's Sons, cloth..... 2 40  
 Geographical Outlines and History: a practical work for teacher and pupil: I. N. Miner: Wilson, Humphreys & Co., cloth..... 1 50  
 Letters and Lectures on Education: J. F. Herbart: translated from the German and edited, with an introduction, by H. M. and Emmie Felkin: preface by Oscar Browning: W. Bardeen, cloth..... 1 75  
 Stevens' Mechanical Catechism: H. G. Stevens: Laird & Lee, leather, illustrated..... 1 50  
 Text-Book of Theoretical Naval Architecture: E. L. Atwood: Longmans, Green & Co., cloth..... 2 50

## Essays and Miscellanies.

- A Message to Garcia: Elbert Hubbard: Roycroft Printing Shop, paper.....  
 American Colonial Handbook: Thomas Campbell Copeland: Funk & Wagnalls, flexible cloth..... 50  
 Cambridge and its Colleges: A. Hamilton Thompson: illustrated by Edmund H. New: T. Whittaker, cloth ..... 1 00  
 Chapters on Jewish Literature: Israel Abrahams: Jewish Publication Soc., cloth..... 1 25  
 Contemporary French Novelists: René Donmic: Translated by Mary D. Frost: Crowell & Co., cl.. 2 00  
 English Cathedrals: Francis Bond: illustrated: J. B. Lippincott Co., cloth..... 2 00  
 Heart of Man: George Edward Woodberry: The Macmillan Co., cloth..... 1 50

## How to Know the Ferns: Francis Theodore Parsons:

- C. Scribner's Sons, cloth, illustrated ..... 1 50  
 Hypnotism Made Easy: Darius D. Drexel: Hypnotic Publishing Co., paper..... 10  
 Literary Likings: Richard Burton: Copeland & Day, cloth ..... 1 50  
 On the Edge of the Empire: Edgar Jepson and Capt. D. Beames: C. Scribner's Sons, cloth..... 1 50  
 Oxford and its Colleges: J. Wells: illustrated by Edmund H. New: second edition: T. Whittaker, cl... 1 00  
 Philosophy of Memory: D. T. Smith: John P. Morton & Co., cloth.....  
 Pointed Paragraphs for Thoughtful People: Ja. Guy Burr: C. H. Kerr & Co., cloth..... 50  
 Sir Roger de Coverly: R. Steele and Joseph Addison: essays from the Spectator: Edited, with notes and an introduction, by Zelma Gray: The Macmillan Co., ..... 25  
 Sweetness and Light: Matthew Arnold: The Macmillan Co., cloth..... 75  
 The Gambling World: Rouge et noir (pseud.) anecdotic memories and stories of personal experience in the temples of hazard and speculation: Dodd, Mead & Co., cloth..... 3 50  
 The Laws and Principles of Whist: H. Jones ("Cavendish," pseud.): New revised edition: C. Scribner's Sons, cloth..... 1 50  
 Washington's Farewell Address: Small, Maynard & Co., cloth..... 50

## Fiction of the Month.

- A Modern Sacrifice: Mrs. G. R. Alden: Lothrop Pub. Co., cloth, illustrated..... 75  
 A Triple Entanglement: Mrs. Burton Harrison: J. B. Lippincott Co., cloth, illustrated ..... 1 25  
 An Index Finger: Tulis Abrojal: R. F. Fenno & Co., cloth ..... 1 25  
 Each Life Unfulfilled: Anna Chapin Ray: Little, Brown & Co., cloth..... 1 25  
 Face to Face with Napoleon: an English boy's adventures in the great French war: O. V. Caine: A. I. Bradley & Co., cloth..... 1 50  
 Fate or Law? Warren A. Rodman: Lee & Shepard: cloth ..... 1 00  
 How Hindsight Met Provincialitis: Louise Clarkson Whitelock: Copeland & Day, cloth..... 1 25  
 I, Thou, and the Other One: Mrs. Amelia Edith Barr: Dodd, Mead & Co., cloth..... 1 25  
 Mr., Miss, and Mrs. Charles Bloomingdale: J. P. Lippincott & Co., cloth..... 1 25  
 Pastor Naudie's Young Wife: E. Rod: from the French by Bradley Gilman: Little, Brown & Co., cloth ..... 1 25  
 Pharos the Egyptian: Guy Boothby: Appleton, cloth, \$1; paper, ..... 50  
 Sweethearts and Wives: Anna A. Rogers: C. Scribner's Sons, cloth..... 75  
 That Duel at the Château Marsanac: Walter Pulitzer: Funk & Wagnalls, cloth..... 75  
 The Confounding of Camelia: Anne Douglas Sedgwick: C. Scribner's Sons, cloth..... 1 25  
 The Conjure Woman: C. W. Chesnutt: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., cloth ..... 1 25  
 The Daughters of Babylon: Wilson Barrett and Robert Hichens: J. B. Lippincott Co., cloth..... 1 50  
 The Kinship of Souls: Reuen Thomas: Little, Brown & Co., cloth..... 1 50  
 The Ladder of Fortune: Frances Courteny Baylor: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., cloth..... 1 50  
 The Malayan Coast: Rounseville Wildman: Lothrop Pub. Co., cloth, illustrated..... 1 00



- The Maternity of Harriott Wicken: Mrs. Henry Dudeney: The Macmillan Co., cloth..... 1 50  
 The Measure of a Man: E. Livingston Prescott: R. F. Fenno & Co., cloth..... 1 25  
 The Professor's Daughter: Anna Farquhar: Doubleday & McClure Co., cloth..... 1 25  
 The Song of the Rappahannock: Ira Seymour Dodd: Dodd, Mead & Co., cloth..... 1 00  
 The Stolen Story: Jesse Lynch Williams: C. Scribner's Sons, cloth..... 1 25  
 The Taming of the Jungle: Dr. C. W. Doyle: J. B. Lippincott Co., cloth..... 1 00  
 The Two White Elephants: Arthur H. Vesey: G. W. Dillingham Co., cloth..... 1 25  
 Waters that Pass Away: N. B. Winston: G. W. Dillingham Co., cloth..... 1 25

**Financial and Legal.**

- A Treatise on the Law of Contributory Negligence; or, Negligence as a Defense: C. Fisk Beach, Jr.: Third Edition, by J. J. Crawford: Baker, Voorhis & Co., sheep..... 6 00  
 A Treatise on the Law of Usury, and, Incidentally, of Interest: Ja. Avery Webb: The F. H. Thomas Law Book Co., sheep..... 6 00  
 Cases on International Law During the Chino-Japanese War: Takahashi Sakuyé: with a preface by T. E. Holland, and an introduction by J. Westlake: The Macmillan Co., cloth..... 2 75  
 Digest of Decisions in the Patent Office and the United States Courts in Patents, Trade-marks, Copyrights and Labels: 1898—Annual: Amos W. Hart: Callaghan & Co., half sheep..... 2 50  
 Skill in Trials: J. W. Donovan: containing a variety of civil and criminal cases won by the art of advocates: Williamson Law Book Co., cloth..... 1 00  
 Tact in Court: J. W. Donovan: sixth enlarged edition: Williamson Law Book Co., sheep..... 1 00  
 The Legal Status of Mother and Child: Catherine Waugh McCulloch: Fleming H. Revell Co., cloth..... 35

**Historic, National and Political.**

- England in the Age of Wycliffe: G. Macaulay Trevelyan: Longmans, Green & Co., cloth..... 4 00  
 Fighting in Cuban Waters: Edward Stratemyer: Lee & Shepard, cloth, illustrated..... 1 25  
 Germany; Her People and Their Story: Augusta Hale Gifford: Lothrop Pub. Co., cloth, illus..... 1 75  
 Leslie's History of Greater New York: Arkell Publishing Co., leather..... 25 00  
 Mediæval Towns: the story of Rouen: Theodore Andrea Cook: illustrated by Helen M. James and Jane E. Cook: The Macmillan Co., cloth..... 2 00  
 Memoirs of Sergeant Bourgogne: Compiled by Paul Cottin: Doubleday & McClure Co., cloth, illus..... 1 50  
 Our Island Empire: Charles Morris: J. B. Lippincott Co., cloth..... 1 50  
 Porto Rico and the West Indies: Margherita Arlina Ham: F. Tennyson Neely, cloth, illustrated..... 2 50  
 The Philippines and Round About: Major G. J. Younghusband: The Macmillan Co., cloth, illus..... 2 50  
 The Quaker Colony: Blanche McManus: E. R. Herrick & Co., cloth..... 1 25  
 The Story of Our War with Spain: Eldridge S. Brooks: Lothrop Pub. Co., illustrated..... 1 50  
 The Story of the People of England in the Nineteenth Century: Justin McCarthy: G. P. Putnam's Sons, cloth..... 1 50  
 The United States of Europe: W. T. Stead: Doubleday & McClure Co., cloth..... 2 00

**Medical and Surgical.**

- A Syllabus of Materia Medica: Warren Coleman, M.D.: W. Wood & Co., cloth..... 1 00  
 A Text-Book on Practical Obstetrics: H. Egbert Grandin, M.D., and G. W. Jarman, M.D.: Second Edition: rev. and enl.: The F. A. Davis Co., sheep..... 4 00

- Diseases of the Ear, Nose and Throat, and Their Accessory Cavities: Seth Scott Bishop, M.D.: Second Edition, thoroughly rev. and enl.: The F. A. Davis Co., cloth..... 4 00  
 Mad Humanity; Its Forms Apparent and Obscure: L. Forbes Winslow: M. F. Mansfield & A. Wessels, cloth..... 2 50  
 Treatise on Diseases of the Ear: Together with a Brief Sketch of the Anatomy and Physiology of this Organ: Third revised edition: Wood & Co., cl..... 3 50

**Poetry of the Month.**

- In Cloisters Dim: Charles Curtz Hahn: Burkley Printing Co., paper.....  
 Lyrics of the Hearthside: Paul Lawrence Dunbar: Dodd, Mead & Co., cloth..... 1 25  
 Poems: Hiram Augustus Fariand: cloth.....  
 Complete Works: Robert Browning: Edited by Robert Browning: Edited by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke: Arno Edition: in 12 volumes; vols. 1, 2, and 3: G. D. Sproul, per set..... 30 00  
 Songs of Life and Love: Washington Van Dusen: J. B. Lippincott Co., board.....  
 The Dust of Dreams: J. A. Coll: The Editor Pub. Co., cloth..... 1 00  
 The Memory of Lincoln: Introduction by M. A. De Wolfe Howe: Small, Maynard & Co., cloth..... 1 00  
 Wartime Echoes: Ja. H. Brownlee: patriotic poems, heroic and pathetic, humorous and dialectic, of the Spanish-American war; selected and arranged by Ja. H. Brownlee: The Werner Co., cloth..... 1 00

**Religious and Philosophic.**

- A Brief Introduction to Modern Philosophy: Arthur Kenyon Rogers: Macmillan Co., cloth..... 1 25  
 Anecdotes and Morals: Louis Albert Banks: Funk & Wagnalls Co., cloth..... 35  
 An English View of Christian Science: Anne Harwood: Fleming H. Revell Co., cloth..... 35  
 An Outline of the History of the Literature of the Old Testament: E. Kautzsch: G. P. Putnam's Sons..... 2 00  
 Christian Science Examined: Henry Varley: Fleming H. Revell Co., paper..... 15  
 Elements of the Science of Religion: being the Gifford lectures delivered before the University of Edinburgh in 1896: C. P. Tiele: Scribner's, cloth..... 2 00  
 Essay on the Bases of the Mystic Knowledge; tr. by Sara Carr Upton: E. Récéjac: Scribner's Sons, cloth..... 2 50  
 Harmonies of Evolution: Florence Huntley, Chicago, published by the author, cloth..... 2 00  
 History of the Swedish Baptists in Sweden and America: Gustavus W. Schroeder: cloth..... 1 00  
 Methods and Problems of Spiritual Healing: Horatio W. Dresser: G. P. Putnam's Sons..... 1 00  
 Neglected Factors in the Study of the Early Progress of Christianity: James Orr, D.D.: A. C. Armstrong & Son, cloth..... 1 50  
 Papias and his Contemporaries: A study of religious thought in the second century: Rev. E. H. Hale: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., cloth..... 1 25  
 Religion in Greek Literature: L. Campbell: Longmans, Green & Co., cloth..... 5 00  
 Some Aspects of Primitive Church Life: W. Bright, D.D.: Longmans, Green & Co., cloth..... 1 75  
 St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans: a practical exposition; vol. I, Chapters I-VIII: C. Gore: C. Scribner's Sons, cloth..... 1 50  
 Suggestive Illustrations on the Gospel of St. John: Rev. F. N. Peloubet: E. R. Herrick & Co., cloth..... 1 25  
 The Abiding Spirit: Mrs. S. M. I. Henry: Review & Herald Pub. Co., cloth.....  
 The Battles of Peace: G. Hodges: T. Whittaker, cl..... 1 00  
 The Christian Creed and Creeds of Christendom: S. Goswell Green, cloth..... 1 75

## WIT AND HUMOR OF THE PRESS\*

—A young man who was a porter on the Caledonian Railway went to Edinburgh to get married. Before his departure to the latter place he was supplied with a pass. On his return he was surprised to find a new ticket-collector, and when asked for his pass or ticket, he produced by mistake his marriage certificate. The strange collector glanced through it, and then said gravely: "Eh, eh, mon! ye have got a teeket for a lang journey, but nae on the Caledonian Railway."

—At Scotch weddings some years ago it used to be the custom to batter the hat of the bridegroom as he was leaving the house in which the ceremony took place. On one of these occasions a newly married couple, relatives of the bridegroom, determined to carry out the observances of this custom to the letter. The bridegroom heard them discussing their plans, and dispatched a messenger to the carriage, which stood waiting, with his hat some time previous to his departure. Then, donning the hat of the male relative who had plotted against him, he prepared to go out to the carriage. No sooner had he got to the door than his hat was furiously assaulted and almost destroyed. He walked out of the house amid the laughter of the bystanders and entered the vehicle. Then, taking the battered hat from his head, he threw it into the hands of its proper owner, exclaiming: "Hey, Mr. Dougall, there's your hat!" and donned his own, amid the cheers of all present. Mr. Dougall was the unhappiest-looking man in Scotland for some time after that.

—A friend of a popular Chicago preacher, not long ago saw the pastor in one of the large department stores. He was leaning up against a supporting pillar in a brown study. "Why, what in the world are you standing there for?" asked the friend. "Oh," said the parson, as a twinkle came into his eye, "just putting into practice that verse in the Bible, 'All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come.'"

—Sailor—Want to buy a parrot, lady? Lady—Does he swear? Sailor—No, lady, dis one don't; but if yer wan'ter pay \$2 more I kin get yer a very choice article wot cusses beautiful!

—At a café a group of gentlemen were discussing politics. A young fellow entered and joined in the conversation, but his argument did not please the others, and one of them said to him: "Be quiet! At your age I was an ass myself!" "You are wonderfully well preserved, sir," was the reply.

—Father O'Leary, a well-known Catholic priest and wit, was on very friendly terms with his neighbor the Church of England vicar. They met on the road one day, when the vicar said excitedly: "Oh, Father O'Leary, have you heard the awful news?" "No," says the priest, "what is it, at all?" "Something awful!" says the vicar. "The bottom has fallen out of purgatory, and all the Catholics have tumbled into hell!" "Oh, dear, oh, dear," says Father O'Leary, "what a crushing the poor Protestants must have got!"

—Several ladies were discussing the virtues of their husbands. Said one of them: "Mine never drinks, never swears nor does he chew." "Does he ever smoke?" "Yes, he always likes a cigar just after he has eaten a good meal; but I suppose that, on an average, he doesn't smoke more than once a month." Some of her friends laughed, but she didn't seem to understand why.

—There came to a young doctor an uncommonly unclean infant borne in the arms of a mother whose face showed the same abhorrence of soap. Looking down upon the child for a moment the doctor solemnly said: "It seems to be suffering from 'hydrophatic hydrophobia.'" "Oh, doctor, is it as bad as that?" cried the mother. "That's a big sickness for such a mite. Whatever shall I do for the child?" "Wash its face, madam," replied the doctor; "the disease will go off with the dirt." "Wash its face—wash its face, indeed!" exclaimed the mother, losing her temper. "What next, I'd like to know!" "Wash your own, madam—wash your own," was the rejoinder.

—A new carman was engaged at a coal yard, and he went off to deliver his first load. He failed to return, and a search was thereupon instituted. The missing man was found at the house where he had put the coal in the cellar, and had taken up his quarters in the kitchen. The cook said she could not get him to leave, and the carman was asked what he meant by such conduct. "Why," he replied, "I thought I was sold with the coal—I was weighed with it."

—A young lady of very extraordinary capacity lately addressed the following letter to her cousin: "We is all well; and mother's got his Terrix; brother Tom is got the Hupin Kaugh; and sister Ann has got a babee; and I hope these few lines will find you the same. Rite sune. Your aphectionate kuzzen."

—Marfa—Dar's a parson moved ober ter Pine Holler, Rastus. Dey say he's pow'ful reasonable 'bout charges. He's jist j'ined a couple fo' a basket ob 'taters. Cyarn't yer devise sompfin? Rastus—Ah would, Marfa, on'y ah ain't got no 'taters.

—An old Scotchwoman was walking to church with her family. The Auld Kirk minister rode past at a tremendous rate, and the old lady said to her children: "Siccan a wey to be ridin', and this the Sawbath day. Aweel, aweel, a gude man is marcifu' to his beast!" Shortly afterward her own minister rode past just as furiously, and the worthy old wife cried: "Ah, there he goes! The Lord bless him, puir man! His heart's in his wark, an' he's eager to be at it."

—A great deal of laughter was created in an uptown magistrate's office one day last week by an excitable German, a prisoner, charged with some minor breach of ordinance. "Are you a single man?" asked the judge. "Now, you look 'oud," was the indignant reply. "Bud don'd you try to make no shoke mit me yoost because I vas Dutch and green. Do I look lik I vas a double man? Do I look like I vast a Si'mese dwin? Huh! I vas no fool if I am not long in dis guntry."

\*Compiled from Contemporaries.

# MAGAZINE REFERENCE FOR MAY, 1899

## Artistic, Dramatic and Musical.

A Critic of the Acted Drama: W. Archer: Matthews. For.  
A Poet's Musical Impressions: Sidney Lanier. . . . . Scrib.  
American Art Coming Into its Own: Gustav Kobbé. For.  
Art and Personality: Clara E. Laughlin. . . . . Book-Buyer.  
Aubrey Beardsley's Strange Art: E. K. Broadus. . . . . Critic.  
Kentucky's Master Painter: M. H. Jouett: H. Hart. Har.  
Some of Our Music Critics: Philip G. Hubert. B.-Buyer  
The Drama of the Month: Norman Hapgood. . . . . Bookman.  
The Future of Decoration: George T. B. Davis. H. Beaut.  
The Making of a Great Singer: Lillian Nordica. . . . . Ainslee.  
The Opera Season of 1898-99: Esther Singleton. B'man.  
Trio of French 18th Century Portrait Engravers. B.-Buyer.  
Women as Dramatists: Alice Ives. . . . . Frank Leslie's.

## Biographic and Reminiscent.

Autobiography of a Revolutionist, VII.: P. Kropotkin. At.  
Condillac: Prof. L. Lévy-Bruhl. . . . . Open Court.  
Dewey at Manila: Edward W. Harden. . . . . Frank Leslie's.  
Edouard Rod: Frederic Taber Cooper. . . . . Bookman.  
Franklin as Printer and Publisher: Paul L. Ford. Century.  
General Sherman in Russia: Gen. W. T. Sherman. . . . . Cen.  
Glimpse of Colonel Henry Lee: D. G. Mason. . . . . N. E. M.  
Hamilton Wright Mabie: Henry van Dyke. Book-Buyer.  
Lincoln's Search for a Man: Ida M. Tarbell. . . . . McClure.  
Lord Kelvin: J. D. Cormack. . . . . Cassier.  
Lord Salisbury: Prof. H. Morse Stephens, M.A. . . . . Chau.  
More Lamb Letters: Edward M. Colie. . . . . Bookman.  
Mr. Chimmie Fadden of New York: A. B. Maurice. B'man.  
Mr. Martin Dooley of Chicago: W. Irving May. . . . . B'man.  
Philippe de Comines: Emily Stone Whiteley. . . . . Lippincott.  
Reminiscences of Julia Ward Howe, VI.: J. W. Howe. At.  
Sketches in Egypt, III.: Charles Dana Gibson. . . . . McC.  
Some of Our Music Critics: Philip G. Hubert. B.-Buyer.  
Some Political Reminiscences: George F. Hoar. . . . . Scribner.  
Stories of Admiral Dewey: Oscar King Davis. . . . . McClure.  
The Letters of Stevenson: Sidney Colvin. . . . . Scribner.  
Theodore Roosevelt, Governor: J. Lincoln Steffens. McC.  
Tolstoy: How He Lives and Works: J. L. G. . . . . Critic.

## Educational Topics.

A Biological Laboratory for Women: Wolfe. . . . . Cosmo.  
Directed Sport as a Factor in Education: F. H. Tabor. For.  
Hygiene of School Work: O'Shea. . . . . Kindergarten R.  
Mentally Deficient Children, II.: M. R. Campbell. K. M.  
School of Psychology in Chicago, 1899. Kindergarten Mag.  
Talks to Teachers on Psychology, IV.: W. James. Atlan.

## Essays and Miscellanies.

A Fair Skin; Civilization's Heritage: W. Sharpe. . . . . Mind.  
African Ostrich in America: E. H. Rydall. . . . . Self Culture.  
American Discoveries at Corinth: R. B. Richardson. Cen.  
American Fondness for Movements: E. L. Fell. . . . . Lipp.  
Army Women: By One of Them. . . . . National Magazine.  
Big Salaries of New York: Peter McArthur. . . . . Ainslee.  
Civil Service and Colonization: F. N. Thorpe. . . . . Harper's.  
Evolution of Speech: Th. Ribot. . . . . Open Court.  
Evolution of the Newspaper: Edward Arden. . . . . Chautau.  
Higher Culture and National Life: Butler. . . . . Self Culture.  
Insane Characters in Fiction and Drama: Lombroso. PSM.  
Inspirational Speaking: Anita Trueman. . . . . Mind.  
Installation of Lord Curzon: Steevens. . . . . Scribner.  
Intelligence of Elephants: Colonel F. T. Pollock. . . . . McC.  
Interpretation of Nature: Edmund Noble. . . . . Pop. S. M.  
John Jay Chapman, Essayist: Mary Windsor. . . . . Critic.  
Keeping House in London: Julian Ralph. . . . . Harper's.  
Meadow Frogs: John B. Tabb. . . . . Atlantic.  
Miss Wilkins: Charles M. Thompson. . . . . Atlantic.  
M. Rod on Cyrano de Bergerac: C. G. Dubois. . . . . Critic.  
Origin of European Culture: Prof. W. Z. Ripley. P.S.M.  
Our War Correspondents: R. H. Davis. . . . . Harper's.  
Thackeray's Contributions to Punch: F. S. Dickson. Cr.  
The Cross Among the North American Indians. O. Court.

Truth About Dreyfus: Walter Littlefield. . . . . Munsey's.  
Army, and its Commanders: Gen. Miles. . . . . Frank Leslie's.

## Historic, National and Political.

Are the Filipinos Civilized? Felipe Agoncillo. . . . . F. Leslie's.  
Atlantic Fleet in the Spanish War: W. T. Sampson. Cen.  
Australasian Extensions of Democracy. . . . . Atlantic.  
Birth of the American Army: Horace Kephart. . . . . Harper's.  
British House of Lords: Edward Porritt. . . . . Chautauquan.  
Building of an Empire: Mohammed: Walker. . . . . Cosmo.  
Capture of Manila, II.: Francis V. Greene. . . . . Century.  
China and the Powers: Lord Charles Beresford. N. Amer.  
Democracy and Suffrage: M. L. G. . . . . Lippincott's.  
Famous Siege of Tyre: B. I. Wheeler. . . . . Century.  
Our Philippine Policy: A. J. Dodge. National Magazine.  
Rough Riders—in the Trenches: Roosevelt. . . . . Scribner's.  
Spanish-American War; Part IV: Lodge. . . . . Harper's.  
Surrender of Manila, II.: John T. McCutcheon. Century.  
The Manhattan Company—1799-1899: Bangs. . . . . Harper's.  
War with Spain: Nelson A. Miles. . . . . North American.

## Religious and Philosophic.

Imperialism of Christianity: Gladden. . . . . Treasury.  
Mohammedanism and Christian Missions. . . . . Open Court.  
The Unceasing Ebb and Flow: J. G. Pennington. Mind.

## Scientific and Industrial.

Absolute Zero (Liquid Air): William Clark Peckham. Cen.  
American Deep-Water Shipping: H. P. Whitmarsh. . . . . At.  
Colonial Expansion and Foreign Trade: Schoenhof. PSM.  
Electro-Magnetic Telegraph: Stephen Vail. Self Culture.  
Industrial Cuba: Col. Robt. P. Porter. . . . . Home Magazine.  
Liquid Air: Ira Remsen. . . . . Pop. S. M.  
Modern Machine Guns: Cathcart. . . . . Cassier.  
Origin of the Sun and Planets: R. S. Baker. . . . . McClure.  
Plants as Foods: Blathwayt. . . . . Cassell.  
South African Railway Development: T. Reunert. . . . . Cass.  
Textile Industry Since 1890: H. G. Kittredge. . . . . Forum.  
Trans-Siberian Railroad: J. W. Bookwalter. . . . . Ainslee.  
Wireless Telegraphy: G. Marconi. . . . . North American.  
Work and Workers in Rural England: C. Johnson. N.E.M.

## Sociologic Questions.

Anti-Trust Legislation: Aldace F. Walker. . . . . Forum.  
Battle with the Slum: Jacob A. Riis. . . . . Atlantic.  
Economic Aspects of the Liquor Problem. . . . . Atlantic.  
Ideal and Practical Organization of a Home. Cosmopol.  
Improvement in City Life, II.: C. M. Robinson. . . . . Atlan.  
Lessons of the Paris Tribunal of Arbitration: Jordan. For.  
Postal Service Co.: E. Smith. . . . . Cosmopolitan.  
Present Status of Domestic Economy. . . . . Am. Kitch. M.  
The Problem of Police Administration: Frank Moss. For.  
Trusts in Europe: Wilhelm Berdrow. . . . . Forum.

## Travel, Sport and Adventure.

About Fly Casting: Geo. E. Goodwin. . . . . Outing.  
Adventure and Death in the Far North: M. E. Ailes. Cos.  
Alaska and the Klondike: Angelo Heilprin. . . . . Pop. S. M.  
American View of Oxford: Arthur J. Stringer. . . . . Ainslee.  
Challenge of the Shamrock: Capt. A. J. Kenaley. . . . . Outing.  
Five Weeks Awheel in France: Sidney Cross. . . . . Outing.  
Golfing 'Round the Hub: George H. Sargent. . . . . Outing.  
Home of William Cullen Bryant: Theodore Dreiser. Mun.  
Physical Geography of the West Indies: Oswald. P.S.M.  
Plovers and Plover Shooting: Ed. W. Sandys. . . . . Outing.  
Round About Jerusalem: J. James Tissot. . . . . Century.  
Santiago Since the Surrender: Leonard Wood. Scribner.  
The Dam Leapers: Wm. A. Whitney. . . . . Outing.  
Through the Yellowstone on Foot: C. H. Henderson. Out.  
To-day in the Philippines: Oscar K. Davis. . . . . Munsey.  
Two Women in the Klondike: Mary E. Hitchcock. Critic.  
Up to the Hills in India: Paul Eve Stevenson. . . . . Outing.  
Venezuela: Tommaso Caivano. . . . . International Mag.



## OPEN QUESTIONS: TALKS WITH CORRESPONDENTS

Correspondents are invited to make use of this page on all questions, which will be answered as far as we may be able. Answers and comments will be gladly received. A large number of questions and answers are unavoidably held over till next month.

492. Will you please answer me the following question in your "Open Question" column? Is Anthony Hope married; if so, when did he marry, and whom?—B. Joslin Boyd, Ashley, Pa.

[Anthony Hope Hawkins is still unmarried, but according to recent report, will soon become a Benedict. Miss Evelyn Millard, the English actress, who plays the leading-woman part in Mr. Hope's *Adventures of Lady Ursula*, is said to be the lady of his choice. When the *Prisoner of Zenda* was first produced, Mr. Hope himself superintended the stage work, and Miss Millard was cast for the leading rôle at his instance, in which part, according to Dame Rumor, she succeeded so well that the author's admiration quickly turned into the deeper affection.]

493. *The House that Jack Built*: In the April number of *Current Literature*, on page 368, you print a paraphrased version of *The House that Jack Built*, under the caption *Domicile Erected by John*, and credit that prolific writer, "Anon," with the authorship. You will, perhaps, be interested to know that the authorship of this version of *The House that Jack Built* has been ascribed to none other than Sir John Hawkins-Haggarty—the retired Chief Justice of the Court of Appeal for the Province of Ontario. It has been published in the *Toronto Mail* and ascribed to Chief Justice Haggarty, and never questioned by the Chief Justice or any one else, and it is said the ex-Chief Justice courted the muse with success in his younger years. He was a splendid judge and was accustomed to enliven the dull proceedings now and then with witty comments of a pleasant kind.—Frank M. Field, Cobourg, Ontario.

[Has any one further information on the subject of the authorship of this clever paraphrase?]

494. (1) I want to know about Sienkiewicz, what degree of truth there is in his historical novels. (2) I would like information concerning a readable, sketchy history of Poland. (3) If there is such a thing as a correspondence club of easy access, would like to know of it.—T. W. Nelson, Fisherville, Ky.

[(1) "The almost extravagant reputation," to quote the words of the distinguished critic, Mr. Edmund Gosse, which Sienkiewicz now enjoys, would seem to prove that there is more than excellence of literary workmanship in his achievement. A sound basis of fact must underlie the romantic structure of so widely accepted historical novels as those of this author; (2) W. R. Morfill's *History of Poland*, in Putnam's *Story of the Nations* series, is, we fancy, the book you wish. The price is \$1.50 in cloth, \$1.75 half-leather, G. P. Putnam's Sons, 27-29 West Twenty-third street, New York City; (3) the nearest thing to the correspondence club, of your query, with which we are familiar, is the Chautauqua Circle. For particulars apply to Theodore L. Flood, editor and publisher of *The Chautauquan*, the monthly organ of the society, Meadville, Pa.]

495. Can you tell how, when and where the phrase, "To the manor born," originated? Also, who wrote the poem beginning with these lines:

"Mankind had been plodding for centuries on  
In the old beaten track of their forefathers gone;  
Full many a thinker had paid with his head  
For daring to differ from ancestors dead."

—H. T. Beall, Fairfield, Neb.

[The phrase to which you refer is, correctly quoted, "to the *manner* born," and occurs in Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, Act I., Scene 4. We are unable to identify the lines which you quote.]

496. I should like to know what magazine, either English or American, ranks first in the amount of poetry published in it, and what one ranks second?—G. H. Thornton, San Francisco, Cal.

[*Current Literature* publishes more verse than any other magazine known to us. Probably the old *American Magazine of Poetry*, now the quarterly, *Poet-Lore*, Boston, ranks next.]

### ANSWERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

458. *Song of the Winds*: Inclosed please find poem by Louise Chandler Moulton, *The House of Death*, asked for by No. 444, in "Open Questions," in issue of December, 1898. Also, *The Song of the Winds*, asked for in No. 458, in February issue.—C. R. H., Lynn, Mass.

[Querist 444 has already been supplied with a copy of *The House of Death*. *The Song of the Winds* is held subject to the pleasure of Mr. Bellingher, of Indianapolis, whose query, 458, has brought the above courteous response.]

472. *The Ritualist*: In the current number of "our" paper, "Open Question," No. 472, Mr. William E. Starr asks about a poem, "The Ritualist," by, I think, Bret Harte. It gives me pleasure to inclose a copy of the poem, though am not sure as to the author.—V. L. Perry, M. D., Charles-Town, Jefferson Co., W. Va.

[Thanks are due to our courteous correspondent. The poem is held for the Rev. William E. Starr, whose address we have lost.]

474. *Napoleon's Return*: I inclose the poem asked for in Query 474; it was found in an old school reader.—C. L. Hincke, San Carlo Rancho, Parker, Colo.

[Thanks here also. The inclosure is held awaiting the pleasure of Mr. D. E. Miller, Lowell, Me.]

476. In "Open Questions," for May, Mrs. S., Denver, Colo., asks for the poem by Langdon Smith, "When I was a Tadpole and You were a Fish." The poem was published in a Sunday issue of the *New York Journal* of April 2d or 9th. I have the clipping, but have mislaid it, or would forward it for publication.—L. E. Chester, Boston, Mass.

[Thanks. Also again thanks to Mr. Hincke, who answers this as well as the foregoing query. Mr. Hincke gives the title of the poem as "Evolution," and courteously incloses a copy, which is held for "Mrs. S.," Denver, Colo.]

# Current Literature & Information.

Vol. XXV. No. 6

JUNE, 1899

Price 25c., \$3.00 a Year



The Current Literature Publishing Company

Bryant Building, New York

**SAPOLIO**

**DOUBLES  
THE JOY  
IN**

**HOUSE-WORK**

© 1909

**POND'S  
EXTRACT**  
Relieves All Pain

**CHEAPEST  
BECAUSE  
BEST**

**AVOID SUBSTITUTES  
WEAK WATERY  
WORTHLESS**

**Remington**  
Standard Typewriter

**MAKES  
LIGHT WORK  
OF  
MUCH  
LABOR**

NEW MODELS 6 & 7  
RICE, CHASE, CARPENTER

WYCKOFF  
SEAMANS & BENDIS  
327 BROADWAY  
NEW YORK



# TABLE OF CONTENTS FOR JUNE, 1899

After the Cachalot in the South Seas.....	Frank T. Bullen.....	536	Foraging or Stealing.....	Dallas News.....	535
Barney Roddy's Penance.....	Seumas McManus.....	493	Rainsbarger Gang, The.....	The Cape Magazine.....	533
Department of French Letters, A.....	Mrs. W. D. Cabell.....	502	Sociologic Questions of the Times.....	The Spectator.....	546
Epigrams on God, Man, Love, Sorrow, Conduct.....	Ivan Panin.....	567	Collectivism as a Social Policy.....	The Spectator.....	548
Gorge of Shame, The.....	Edgar Jepson and Capt. D. Beames.....	531	Message to Garcia, A.....	Elbert Hubbard.....	546
Story of a Regimental Dog, The.....	Paul Cottin.....	529	Peons of Mexico.....	Prince A. De Iturbide.....	547
Surf-Board in South Seas, The.....	Louis Becke.....	543	Tramp Chair, A.....	Cleveland Plain Dealer.....	548
War and Industry.....	Joseph McCabe and George Darien.....	486	Sport, Recreation and Adventure.....	Philadelphia Times.....	562
Editorial Comment.....		481	Felipe Captures a Lion.....	Woman's Home Companion.....	564
To a Hero—Hopes for Art—The Horseless Age—Books on Music—Submarine Navigation—Europeans in China—The Old Home.....			Riding the Troika.....	English Illus. Magazine.....	564
Among the Plants: In Garden, Field and Forest.....		551	Sport in Australia.....	Wide World Magazine.....	563
Date Palm Farms.....	Washington Star.....	551	Thrilling Two Minutes, A.....		
Orange-Growing in California.....	The Evening Post.....	553	Statistic, Historic, Legendary and General.....		514
Palm-Symbol of Life and Victory, The.....	Great Thoughts.....	551	Big Bell of Burmah, The.....	Edward W. May.....	516
Parasitic Fungi of Plants.....	Boston Evening Transcript.....	552	Explosive Sea Shells.....	National Druggist.....	516
Tomato Leaf Blight, The.....	Baltimore Sun.....	553	Hair-Planting.....	Home Journal.....	514
Animal Life: Stories, Studies and Sketches.....		539	How the Chinook Comes.....	United States Weather Bureau.....	514
Bird Migrations.....	F. H. King.....	542	Suspension of Memory.....	Boston Herald.....	515
Cats and Ships.....	F. T. Bullen.....	539	Underground Europe.....	New York Tribune.....	514
Horse in Battle, The.....	Pittsburg Bulletin.....	539	Table Talk: Concerning Eating and Drinking.....		557
Horse in Folk-Lore, The.....	J. F. O'Donnell.....	540	Chinese Dinner Etiquette.....	Pittsburg Leader.....	559
Parson-Bird of New Zealand, The.....	Century Life.....	542	Curiosities of Diet.....	G. B. Rice.....	558
Umbrella Ants of the Tropics, The.....	Leisure Hour.....	539	Queen's Kitchens at Windsor, The.....	The Gentlewoman.....	557
Applied Science: Invention and Industry.....		545	Water as a Beverage.....	The Diet Kitchen.....	558
Actuality of Glass Houses.....	Philadelphia Times.....	525	Wit and Humor of the Press.....		574
Panama Canal, The.....	Scientific American.....	526	World Over: Pen Pictures of Travel.....		522
Ships That Pass in the Air.....	Boston Transcript.....	527	Costly Roadbed, A.....	Paris Cosmos.....	523
Tussick Making.....	Providence Journal.....	527	Mysterious Island in the Pacific.....	New Zealand Herald.....	522
Value of Small Inventions, The.....	The Patent Record.....	525	Our Oldest City.....	San Juan News.....	524
Book List: What to Read—Where to Find It.....		572	Queer Towns.....	Household Words.....	523
Brief Comment: Literary Sayings and Doings.....		505	Strange Cuban Burial Customs.....	Leslie's Weekly.....	524
Contemporary Celebrities.....		517	Vanishing England.....	London Mail.....	522
Ali Ferrouh Bey.....	New York Tribune.....	521	Poetical Departments:		
Canadian Celebrity, A.....	Frank Geigh.....	521	American Poets of To-day, 496-497—Choice Verse, 487-488—Minor Key, 512-513—Newspaper Verse, 560-561—Society Verse, 528—Treasure Trove, 544-545.		
Don Lorenzo Perosi.....	Boston Pilot.....	520	Arbutus.....	Etta J. Webb.....	488
Marquis Ito, The.....	John Foster Fraser.....	519	Benedicite.....	Martha Gilbert Dickinson.....	488
Our New Admiral.....	Oscar King Davis.....	517	Before and After.....	Chicago News.....	528
President Loubet.....	London Truth.....	518	Blissful Twenty-Three.....	Chicago Daily News.....	561
Samoa's Fighting Chief.....	Harper's Weekly.....	517	Bluebird, The.....	Edith M. Thomas.....	496
Current Literary Thought and Opinion.....		489	Broadway.....	Edith M. Thomas.....	496
Charlatanism of Newspaper Science.....	The Dial.....	491	Crest, The.....	C. F. C. Arensburg.....	487
Cheapening of Magazines, The.....	Literature.....	489	Dawn of Peace, The.....	John Ruskin.....	544
Heroes and Heroines of Penny Fiction.....	Blackwood's.....	489	Deserted House, The.....	F. B. Doveton.....	513
Literature as Medicine.....	London Speaker.....	490	Don't Hesitate.....	Phila. North American.....	528
Novel with a Purpose, The.....	Margaret Deland.....	492	Early Rising.....	John G. Saxe.....	545
Will Poetry Disappear?.....	H. E. Warner.....	490	Evens.....	Jane M. Sedgwick.....	488
Facts and Figures: The Little Encyclopedia.....		555	Exile.....	Virginia Woodward Cloud.....	512
General Gossip of Authors and Writers.....		498	Far-Away, The.....	Martha Gilbert Dickinson.....	488
Canton, William.....	Boston Literary World.....	498	Feeding Up to Date.....	London Punch.....	560
Glasgow, Ellen.....	Brooklyn Eagle.....	499	Grasshopper, The.....	Edith M. Thomas.....	497
Johnson, Mary.....	Boston Eagle.....	499	Indirection.....	Richard Realff.....	544
Moscheles, Felix.....		499	In the Grave.....	Helen Hay.....	488
Repplier, Agnes.....	Boston Journal.....	501	Invincibles, The.....	Dora Read Goodale.....	487
Scott, Duncan Campbell.....	C. M. B.....	499	It's Here.....	Phila. North American.....	561
Stuart, Ruth McEnery.....	New York Times.....	498	Kipling's Better.....	Edmund Day.....	560
Library Table: Glimpses of New Books.....		568	Laugh, A.....	L. F. Vernon.....	513
Mezzotints in Modern Music—Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett—The Cruise of the Cachalot—Joubert: A Selection from His Thoughts—The American Revolution—The Magic of the Horseshoe—Earth Sculptures, or the Origin of Land Forms—The Miracles of Antichrist—Book Notes.			Little White Rose.....	Dora Sigerson.....	560
Magazine Reference for the Month.....		575	Love by the Hearth.....	James Buckham.....	512
Matters Musical, Artistic and Dramatic.....		509	Love's Geography.....	C. M. Seymour.....	528
Behind The Scenes.....	Chambers's Journal.....	509	Matilda's and Nature's Spring Cleaning, Sam Walter Foss.....		561
Color Value in Music, The.....	Emil Sauer.....	509	My Little Boy.....	Cecil Joyce.....	512
Music and Matrimony.....	J. Cuthbert Hadden.....	511	Open Windows.....	Edith M. Thomas.....	497
Opera Season of 1898-99, The.....	Esther Singleton.....	510	Organ, The.....	Unknown.....	544
Sargent the Artist.....	John Lafarge.....	511	Penelope.....	Theodosia Pickering Garrison.....	528
Modern Medicine, Surgery, and Sanitation.....		549	Plaint of the Stoker, The.....	Karl Kennett.....	560
Difficulty in Identification.....	Medical Record.....	549	Prayer of Self, The.....	Priscilla Leonard.....	513
Mescal.....	New York Tribune.....	550	Pretty Pierrette.....	London St. Paul's.....	528
Mystery of Sleep, The.....	The Spectator.....	549	Saddest Day, The.....	Martha Gilbert Dickinson.....	488
Queer Ways of Lengthening Life.....	Household Words.....	550	Silver and Gold.....	Edith M. Thomas.....	497
Open Questions: Talks with Correspondents.....		576	Society Girl, The.....	Cleveland Plain Dealer.....	528
Over the Wine and Walnuts.....		554	Solstice.....	Edith M. Thomas.....	497
Random Reading: Miniature Essays on Life.....		506	Song of the Dying, The.....	Captain Dowling.....	545
City Noises.....	Home Journal.....	506	Songs of White Wistaria, The.....	Ethel Morse.....	513
Culpable Luxury.....	The Spectator.....	506	Spring: A Roundel.....	M. R. Weld.....	487
Men of Action as Authors.....	New York Times.....	508	Sunset.....	Edith M. Thomas.....	497
Moral Responsibility of the Joker.....	Fred Nye.....	506	Syrinx.....	Edith M. Thomas.....	496
Opinion and Authority.....	In Lantern-Land.....	507	Their Passion.....	Tom Masson.....	561
Simple Ways of Life.....	William Clarke.....	507	Things That Never Die.....	Charles Dickens.....	544
Sayings of the Children.....		556	To a Crow.....	Robert Burns Wilson.....	487
Sketch Book: Character in Outline.....		533	To Sleep.....	Alfred Tennyson.....	545
Dooley's Aguinaldo.....	Chicago Journal.....	534	Trovato.....	Charles J. Bayne.....	487
			Val d'Arno.....	Charles J. Bayne.....	487
			Weaver, The.....	The Independent.....	487
			When My Mother Tucked Me In.....	Bettie Garland.....	561
			When the Quails Called in the Wheat.....	Will F. Hale.....	512
			Where Helen Comes.....	John Jerome Rooney.....	528

# THE COLLECTOR

Edited by FRED. M. HOPKINS.

American and English publishers are requested to send the Editor information about new, limited and subscription editions, bibliographical works, etc., that will be of interest to book-lovers and collectors. Booksellers, autograph and print dealers, and auctioneers will confer a favor by sending their catalogues regularly. Information or suggestions will be gladly given to subscribers on lines pertinent to this department. Address

THE EDITOR, THE COLLECTOR DEPARTMENT,  
CURRENT LITERATURE, Bryant Building, New York.

## Auction Rooms

### DAVIS & HARVEY, Auctioneers

1112 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Book Department conducted by Stan. V. Henkels.

The only Auction House in the country where the cataloguer cries the sale, a pre-eminent advantage over and above all competitors.

BOOKS, AUTOGRAPHS AND ENGRAVINGS, A SPECIALTY

### BANGS & COMPANY

Nos. 91 and 93 Fifth Ave., near Seventeenth St.,  
NEW YORK

Have almost DAILY AUCTION SALES of Libraries, Collections of Autographs, Coins, Medals and other Literary Property. Consignments solicited, correspondence invited, catalogues mailed on application.

## Autographs

### Autographs, Portraits

Catalogue of Autograph Letters and Documents, American, Royalty, Napoleana, Literary, Artists and Composers; also fine Portraits for collections and extra illustrating.

CHARLES De F. BURNS, 156 5th Ave., New York

## Bookbinding

### BOOKBINDING,

PLAIN AND ARTISTIC

In all varieties of leather, at moderate prices.

HENRY BLACKWELL

56 UNIVERSITY PLACE, NEW YORK

## Books

### ..THE.. COMPLETE POCKET GUIDE TO EUROPE

Edited by EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN and THOMAS L. STEDMAN. 1 vol., \$1.25, full leather.

This guide is regularly and thoroughly revised from year to year. It is complete, concise and handy. Such a model of fulness of information, compactness of arrangement and cheapness, should be in every European tourist's pocket.—*New York Mail and Express*.

For sale by all booksellers, or sent postpaid for the price.

PUBLISHED BY  
WILLIAM R. JENKINS, 851-853 Sixth Ave., New York

### JACKSON & HOVENDON

28 Ann St., New York City

DEALERS  
IN...

### NEW AND.... OLD BOOKS

Any new book in print  
at lowest possible price  
Old Directories a Specialty

THE ROMANCES OF ALEXANDER DUMAS. D'Artagnan Edition. Illustrated with more than 150 etchings and photogravures. Printed in large clear type, on beautiful laid paper, including 14 stories not in other editions. With introductory notes and list of characters. 50 volumes, small 8vo, cloth, gilt top. Price per volume, \$2.00.

Sold on the plan of monthly payments. Complete set delivered upon receipt of order. Brochure giving outline of the different stories and other interesting facts sent to those interested upon request.

J. F. TAYLOR & COMPANY, 66 Fifth Ave., New York

## My Thumb-Worn Volumes

By S. T. LIVINGSTON.

My thumb-worn volumes, these are best! The kind That once were new, but now, since lapse of years,

Tested by what the chastened soul reveres, Are by the prints of study countersigned.

I love each page that shows how toil of mind Has won the sterling thought, mayhap with tears,

Matched it with life, and read its own deep fears, And hopes, and faiths, and loves, there interlined.

Each mark is like some epoch of my days: Here once I loved with passion tempest-strong;

Here did I tread the valley, dead at heart, Until a star shot forth; here for the frays

Of life I armed; and here a bitter wrong I thrice forgave, and chose the better part.

## Eliot's Indian Bible.

Among the rare books most carefully treasured by bibliomaniacs in this country none is more valued than Eliot's Indian Bible, and but few copies of the first, or 1663, edition are extant.


The work is a remarkable one, being a translation of the whole of the Old and New Testaments into the language spoken by the Indian tribes east of the Hudson, and accomplished by one man, John Eliot, who labored as a missionary among the Indians for a long period. It is at all times a task of great difficulty to render the Bible into a foreign language, even if the language is a written one; but in such a language as that of the Indians, which was never before written, the labor must have been gigantic. None but a religious enthusiast such as Eliot would have attempted it.

This Bible has also value as a typographical curiosity. In the year 1663, New England was still a wilderness, teeming with a great Indian population, and the struggle for existence was by no means an easy one. To print a pamphlet was an event of importance, yet in the infancy of the Commonwealth the whole Bible was printed at Cambridge in this strange language, a monument of aboriginal philology which has never been equaled.

The printing of this the first Bible printed on the Continent of America was begun in 1660 and finished in 1663, the s occupying three years. It was not till as late as the middle of the next century that an English version of the Scriptures was first printed in this country. The edition was one thousand copies, of which but twenty-five copies are known to be preserved in the United States. Twenty copies were sent to England in which there was a dedication to Charles II.

But this is not all that is remarkable about this Bible. A second edition was called for, and the whole work was reprinted at Cambridge by Samuel Green, the printer of the first edition. The art of printing was still in its infancy. The proposition for printing this edition was submitted to the Commissioners of the United Colonies of New England for their consideration in 1678-79 by Mr. Eliot, who among his several appeals, said that King Philip had sent to him for books to read.

## Books



**BOOKS  
BY  
MAIL  
EXCLUSIVELY.**

**New York Discounts.  
Immediate Delivery.  
Any book mentioned  
in this magazine  
sent C.O.D. on order,  
discount deducted.**

**HADLEY & HADLEY**  
Book Department  
156 & 157 Fifth Ave.  
New York

**FOR  
30CENTS.**

**A  
SPECIAL  
OFFER.**

A beautiful portfolio (10 1/2 x 14 inches) of  
**MASTERPIECES OF MODERN  
RELIGIOUS ART.**

A collection of paintings by Hoffman, Dagnan-Bouveret, Merson, Krell, etc., etc. Beautifully printed on coated paper, with rich cover designed by George Wharton Edwards. Coin or stamps accepted.

**HADLEY & HADLEY,  
Art Department,  
156-158 Fifth Ave., N. Y.**

## THE OLD ANN STREET BOOK STORE

Bargain No. 2, EXCEEDINGLY EXCEPTIONAL

The Poems of EDGAR ALLAN POE attractively bound in cloth, antique deckle-edge paper. Handsomely illustrated with four etchings and two portraits of the author. Published by Stone & Kimball, 1895.

Our price, 75 cents, postpaid.

This is the most complete edition of Poe's poems published. Embrace this opportunity. Catalogues free

**ISAAC MENDOZA, 17 Ann St., New York**

N. B.—Watch this space for monthly bargains.

## Old and Rare Books

Catalogues issued regularly. No. 3 now ready. Send your address on a postal card and a copy will be mailed you.

**F. W. BIRD, 58 and 60 Cornhill,  
Boston, Mass.**

Advance orders received, a limited edition printed on special paper, from types, of the PHILOBIBLON, a treatise on the love of books, by RICHARD DE BURY, Bishop of Durham, written in MCCCXLIV, and translated from the first edition MCCCCLXXXIII, introduction and notes by CHAS. ORR, Librarian of Case Library. Price, \$2.50.

**MEYER BROS. & CO., 1132 BROADWAY  
NEW YORK CITY**

## RARE BOOKS

AUTOGRAPHS AND PORTRAITS

Catalogues sent to Buyers

Picking up scarce books a specialty

Address **AMERICAN PRESS CO., Baltimore, Md.**

## EDUCATION

We publish seven periodicals for teachers, also hundreds of helpful books and aids. If interested let us send you our catalogue. Over 100,000 teachers take our papers.

**E. L. KELLOGG & CO., 61 E. 9th St., New York**



# THE COLLECTOR

## Books

All that is New and Notable in English,  
French, German, Spanish and Italian Books

Permanent reductions from publishers' prices.  
Catalogues free.

**BRENTANO'S**  
31 Union Square, New York

**JAMES A. JENKINS,**  
(OVER 20 YEARS ON SIXTH AVE.)  
467-469 5th Ave., bet. 40th and 41st Sts.  
New York.

FINE STATIONERY, WEDDING INVITATIONS,  
ENGRAVING AND STAMPING.  
NEW BOOKS, FRENCH BOOKS.  
Liberal discount from publishers' prices.

## Choice English and French Books

**C. J. PRICE, 1004 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.**  
Has always on hand a large collection of Choice and Rare English and French books, including Cruikshankiana, First Editions of Dickens, Thackeray, Leigh Hunt, etc. Drama. Best Editions of Standard Authors. Choicely Illustrated Works, etc., etc. The greater part of the collection are in fine bindings.

Monthly Select Lists sent to any address on application.

## RARE BOOKS 100,000 Volumes in Stock

Catalogues issued monthly and mailed free to any address.

### LIBRARIES PURCHASED

**JOSEPH McDONOUGH, Ye Olde Booke Man**  
53-55 State St., ALBANY, N. Y.

## Book Collectors

Will find at the address below a rapidly changing stock of fine books, both English and American. First Editions, sets of the standard authors in choice bindings, and rarities. Catalogues mailed on application.

**S. B. LUYSTER, Jr.**

Room 4, 76 Nassau Street, New York City

Established 1827. 400,000 volumes in stock  
The Largest and Oldest Book Store in New England.

THE  
**BURNHAM ANTIQUE BOOK STORE**  
Basement Old South Meeting House, BOSTON, MASS.

A new catalogue of 60 pages now ready, containing scarce Americana, early Boston and Cambridge Imprints, Increase and Cotton Mathers, New England Primers, and Standard Miscellaneous Books.

## AMERICANA

New catalogue of about 1,000 items  
now ready.

Sent free on application

**W. E. BENJAMIN**

10 West Thirty-third Street, New York.

### NATURAL HISTORY BOOKS

Botany, Entomology, Ornithology, etc. Just ready  
IN THE ACADIAN LAND: Nature Studies. By Robert R. McLeod. Illustrated. 12mo, 75 cents.  
GRASSES, SEDGES AND RUSHES of the Northern United States. By Edward Knobel. Fully illustrated, with 28 full-page plates. 12mo, net, \$1.00.  
FIELD KEY TO THE LAND BIRDS. In 9 plates. A simple and perfect guide to all the song birds. By Edward Knobel. With 150 figures in color. 12mo, net, \$1.75.

Send for my list of publications.  
**BRADLEY WHIDDEN, Publisher and Bookseller,**  
18 Arch Street, Boston, Mass.

The work, which was commenced the following year, proceeded but slowly, as there was but one man, the Indian printer, who was able to compose the sheets and correct the proof. In 1684 Mr. Eliot, writing to Hon. Robert Boyle, says: "We have but few hands, one Englishman and a boy, and one Indian."

It is well known that there is no Indian living who can read this Bible or even speak the language in which it is written. The late J. Hammond Trumbull, of Connecticut, was the only person of modern days who understood the language and was able to read this Bible. He made it a study for many years, and composed a dictionary of several thousand words from it. The longest word in the book is in the 40th verse of the 1st chapter of St. Mark. It is Wutteppes - itukguss-unnoo - wehtunguoh, which being interpreted signifies "kneeling to him."

The title page of the First Edition reads as follows: "The Holy Bible: containing the Old Testament and the New. Translated into the Indian Language and ordered to be printed by the Commissioners of the United Colonies in New England, at the charge, and with the consent of the Corporation in England for the propagation of the Gospel amongst the Indians in New England. Cambridge: Printed by Samuel Green, and Marmaduke Johnson, 1663."

The rarest copy known of the first edition is the one belonging to Mr. John Lyon Gardiner, of Gardiner's Island, N. Y. This is the only copy in America having rubricated pages, and is one of the two presentation copies, the other was sent to Charles II. It is in the original binding and in an excellent state of preservation. The Bible came into the possession of an ancestor of Mr. Gardiner's over 200 years ago, and is a valued heirloom of the family.

### An Ideal Study.

Nothing has a greater tendency to grow than the library of a book lover, observes J. Rogers Rees in his Diversions. When Theodore Parker went to Boston he fitted up the fourth story of his house for a study, by lining the walls with shelves of the plainest kind, without moldings or ornaments, so as to have every inch of space for books. But the growth commenced. Soon the shelves crept over the door, the windows and the chimney pieces, thence into little adjoining rooms, and finally stepped boldly down the stairs, one flight at a time for three flights, colonizing every room by the way, including the large parlor in the second story, and finally paused only at the dining-room close to the front door. The bathroom, the closets, the attic apartments were inundated with books. Unbound magazines and pamphlets lay in the chests of drawers above stairs; miscellaneous matter was sorted into properly labeled boxes; cupboards and recesses were stuffed full. In the centre of the study floor rose two or three edifices of shelves to receive the surplus which could find no other bestowment.

The long-talked-of project of a Rousseau Library and Museum in Montmorency is now in the process of realization. A Turk being unfortunately the owner of the property whereon the hermitage stood, and having knocked

## Books

## LIBRARIES

Our recently revised topically arranged General Library List of the Standard and New Books of all Publishers is now ready. It will be found of great use by librarians, and all others having occasion to select titles, and will be mailed free on application. Estimates on proposed additions to public and private libraries promptly furnished by

**THE BAKER & TAYLOR CO.**

Wholesale Books, 5-7 E. 16th St., New York

**STANDARD CHOICE 50,000 Volumes of Carefully Selected Stock**  
**AND RARE BOOKS**

**W. H. LOWDERMILK & CO.**

1424 F St., Washington, D. C.

**GOVERNMENT PUBLICATIONS A SPECIALTY**

"The Hon. WILLIAM J. BRYAN, on his recent visit here, informed me that you published the finest portrait of Thomas Jefferson in existence. Please send me two of them."—Editor of *Helena (Montana) Independent*.

I have the best FRAMING PORTRAITS of Thomas Jefferson, Alexander Hamilton, Chief Justice John Marshall, Daniel Webster, Robert Morris, Chief Justice Blackstone and Chief Justice Sharswood in the world.

SENT ON APPROVAL TO RESPONSIBLE PEOPLE.

**WM. J. CAMPBELL, 1215 Walnut St., Philadelphia.**  
Send for catalogue of scarce books. [Established 1850.]

**GEORGE D. SMITH**

4 E. 42 St., New York City

DEALER IN

**Rare Books, also Standard and Art Books**

Including selections from some of the best Libraries recently offered for sale in New York, Boston and other cities. Many of these works are exceedingly rare and mostly in elegant bindings.

Catalogues mailed promptly on application.

## WANTED TO BUY

Libraries, Rare English Books, Autographs and Prints, Americana, Books and Views on early New York.

**E. F. BONAVENTURE**

6 West 33d St. (Opposite the Waldorf)

## Catalogues

**NOW READY: A Catalogue of RARE BOOKS and MSS., offered for a short time only, by ALEXANDER DENHAM & CO., (of London,) at 137 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, and will be sent to any address.**

## CATALOGUE

of selected prints for framing sent on application.

**R. H. RUSSELL,**  
3 WEST TWENTY-NINTH ST., NEW YORK

**THE BOOK LOVER** Large, handsome, unique magazine.  
Quarterly, \$1.00 a year. Sample 25c.  
1205 MARKET STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.



# THE COLLECTOR

## Engravings and Prints

JUST PUBLISHED

### "THE BLESSED DAMOZEL"

By DANTE G. ROSSETTI. A fine photogravure reproduced directly from the original, measuring 15½ x 28¾ in., printed on India paper. Price, \$1.25. Prospectus mailed upon application.

BERLIN PHOTOGRAPHIC CO.,

Fine Art Publishers, 14 E. 23d Street, New York

PORTRAIT OF

## Nathaniel Hawthorne

A fine platinum print of the above in three sizes, at \$1.25, \$2.00 and \$6.00, of all art dealers, or of the publishers,

Foster Bros., 3 Park Sq., Boston

CATALOGUES FREE

## SABIN

80 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK

Lot of fine old prints. A number of rare and valuable views of New York; some early illustrated books on America, and some fine American autograph letters, all recently acquired.

Portraits for illustration, framing, etc.

## Philately

## Scott Stamp & Coin Co.

(LIMITED)

18 East 23d St., New York, N. Y.

United States, Newspaper Stamps, 1c., 2c., 5c., 10c., the set, \$0.50  
United States, Newspaper Stamps, 1c., 2c., 5c., 10c., 25c., 50c., the set, 2.00

84-Page Price List Free.

## WE WISH TO PURCHASE STAMP COLLECTIONS...

Highest cash prices paid. Correspondence solicited

## FULTON STAMP COMPANY

Incorporated under Laws of State of New York

85 NASSAU ST., NEW YORK.

## Press Clippings

## THE PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU

is conducted by

ROBERT AND LINN LUCE

at

45 Vesey Street, New York  
68 Devonshire Street, Boston  
Com.-Tribune Building, Cincinnati  
Railroad Building, Denver

for the purpose of reading newspapers and cutting therefrom matter of interest to

Public Men Corporations Business Men  
Candidates Manufacturers Trade Papers  
Committees Litigants Collectors  
Commissions Officials Specialists  
Reformers Writers Speakers

and anybody else who, from motives of comment or curiosity, wants newspaper reading done cheaper, quicker and more thoroughly than he can do it himself. Established in 1888, the Bureau is the largest in the world. It handles more than 4,000 different papers, scans thirty-five miles of columns each working day, and delivers more than four million clippings a year. For terms address the nearest office.

down that famous retreat in order to improve his view, the library has been established in a building in the little town. Many interesting letters and relics have been collected for the museum. The Germans, it will be remembered, exempted Montmorency from forced contributions, at the siege of Paris, out of honor to Rousseau's memory.

The Boston Public Library has accepted from Miss Lillian Whiting the gift of a large collection of the autograph letters written to the late Kate Field by the Brownings, Walter Savage Landor, George Eliot, Dickens, Thomas Adolphus, and Anthony Trollope, E. C. Stedman, Helen Hunt, Mme. Ristori, Adelaide Phillips, Dr. Schliemann, and a great number of other notable people.

Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge, London, recently sold a first edition of Kipling's Schoolboy's Lyrics, in the original wrappers, printed in Lahore, for private circulation, for \$675. The work, which is described as exceedingly rare, if not unique, was produced when the author was eighteen years old. The title design is the work of John Lockwood Kipling, the author's father.

## CATALOGUES RECEIVED.

R. H. Russell, Publisher, New York.—Books and artistic publications.

Frank W. Coburn, Lexington, Mass.—No. 2. Rare and curious books of general literature.

William R. Jenkins, 851 Sixth Ave., New York.—French books published and imported.

The Burrows Brothers Co., Cleveland, Ohio.—No. 15. Rare and imported second-hand books, covering a wide range of literature.

Thomas J. Taylor, Taunton, Mass.—No. 71. Books and pamphlets relating to localities in America. 75. Miscellaneous books and pamphlets.

John Skinner, 44 N. Pearl St., Albany, N. Y.—No. 14. Americana, genealogy, local history, sporting, angling, naval, military, biography, travel, political, and art.

W. H. Loudermilk & Co., 1424 F St., Washington, D. C.—The Washington Book Chronicle and bulletin of Government publications for April. Issued quarterly.

Joseph McDonough, 55 State St., Albany, N. Y.—No. 141. Americana, art, biography, drama, local history, travels, and a long list of old novels in scarce editions.

E. F. Bonaventure, 6 W. 33d St., New York.—New series, No. 4. 64 pp. Fine rare, curious and extra illustrated books. Contains many interesting items to the collector.

Alexander Denham & Co., 137 Fifth Ave., New York.—Rare and valuable books (including many Stevenson and Tennyson first editions), much sought by collectors.

F. M. Crouse, 40 W. Delaware St., Indianapolis, Ind.—No. 49. Second-hand books and scarce pamphlets, in good condition, mostly relating to America, including some lots of biography.

John W. Cadby, 131 Eagle St., Albany, N. Y.—No. 40. Selections from the libraries of Prof. Charles Davis of Fishkill, N. Y., and William Wendell, N. Y., covering a wide range of choice and rare books.

C. J. Price, 1005 Walnut St., Philadelphia.—Choice English and French books, comprising Americana, first editions of Dickens, Thackeray, etc., books relating to Napoleon, choicely illustrated editions of standard works in fine binding, rare and curious books, etc.

Maggs Brothers, 1501 Church St., Paddington, London, W.—No. 164. Standard library works; original editions, 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th century writers; incunabula; early English printing; sporting books, illustrated books by Cruikshank, Rowlandson, Leech, Phiz, etc.; French illustrated books, manuscripts on vellum, and early printed books with wood cuts.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.—Catalogue of authors whose words are published by this firm. Biographical sketch of the authors, prefaced by a sketch of the firm, and followed by lists of the several libraries, series, and periodicals published by the firm, with some account of the origin and character of these literary enterprises, and a frontispiece photogravure of a group of six American authors—Longfellow, Emerson, Hawthorne, Whittier, Holmes, and Lowell.

## New Bound Volume

THIS June issue completes the XXV. volume of **CURRENT LITERATURE**. This magazine should be permanently preserved in every public and private library. It contains the choicest selections of poems from magazines and newspapers, Gossip of Authors and Books, Readings from New Books, Literary Comment, Current Facts and Opinions, and special articles of great value on Science, History, Philosophy, Art, Music, Drama, Travel, Adventure and Sport. The Monthly Book Lists give the best books published during each month, and the Magazine References record the principal articles in all the magazines—home and foreign. Much of this information cannot be obtained in book form elsewhere.

We will bind any six numbers sent to us for 75 cents or send the complete bound volume for \$2.00. Carriage must be prepaid both ways.

CURRENT LITERATURE is worthy of a place in every home of culture.—*New York Times*.

The surprising thing about CURRENT LITERATURE is how much of real merit can be given for so little money. Every department in literature is generously treated.—*Cincinnati Times-Star*.

There is no magazine published on either side of the Atlantic that gives at the same time a larger quantity, better quality, and more interesting reading matter than CURRENT LITERATURE.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

CURRENT LITERATURE is a faithful guide to all who desire to know what is the latest and the best in the book world. Always nicely printed, handily classified, compendious, and invariably full of interest.—*Philadelphia Item*.

CURRENT LITERATURE is a magazine of fiction, a magazine of poetry, a magazine of science, a magazine of gossip, and a number of other magazines all in one. It contains something for all tastes, all needs, and for every member of the family.—*Albany Journal*.

## The Current Literature Pub. Co.

Bryant Building, New York

# EDUCATIONAL

UNIVERSITIES AND COLLEGES

UNIVERSITIES AND COLLEGES

1636

## HARVARD UNIVERSITY

1899

Comprehends besides its Libraries and Museums and its Observatory, the following departments for students:

**Harvard College** (Degree A.B.)  
**Lawrence Scientific School** (S.B.)  
**Graduate School** (A.M., Ph.D., S.D.)  
**Divinity School** (D.B.)  
**Law School** (LL.B.)

**Medical School** (M.D.)  
**Dental School** (D.M.D.)  
**Veterinary School** (M.D.V.)  
**Agricultural School** (B.A.S.)  
**Summer School.**

The terms of admission, fees, expenses, and privileges in any or all of above departments may be learned from

DESCRIPTIVE PAMPHLETS,

which may be had on application to—

Mr. R. COBB, University Hall, Cambridge, Mass.

## Emerson College of Oratory

Largest School of Elocution and Oratory in America.



Has a thorough and systematic course of study, including a complete system of Physical Training and Voice Culture, Natural Rendering, and the principles of the Philosophy of Expression. Scientific and practical work in every department. Chartered by the State. Address for illustrated catalogue

**CHARLES WESLEY EMERSON**  
*President,*  
 4 Berkeley Street,  
 Boston, Mass.

ILLINOIS, Chicago, 1503—100 Washington St.

## Chicago College of Law

LAW DEPARTMENT OF LAKE FOREST UNIVERSITY.

Hon. THOMAS A. MORAN, LL.D., Dean.

Three-Year course leading to the degree of LL.B. Prepares for admission to the Bar in all the States.

For catalogue, address the Secretary,

ELMER E. BARRETT, LL.B.

NORTH CAROLINA, Asheville.

## Asheville College for Girls and Young Women

Offers: Advanced courses in college work leading to degrees; seminary courses with diploma; musical advantages unsurpassed (Director a distinguished graduate of the Royal Conservatory of Leipzig); building and equipments thoroughly modern; location ideal in beauty and healthfulness. Pupils in attendance last session from twenty-three States.

For handsome catalogue and prospectus address,

ARCHIBALD A. JONES, M.A., President.

## ACADEMICAL AND PREPARATORY BOYS

ILLINOIS, Woodstock.

## Todd School for Boys (FOUNDED IN 1848)

Oldest boys' school in the Northwest. Healthful location in most elevated town in Illinois. No serious illness in the school during its half-century of existence. Complete equipment, including gymnasium. Designed especially for boys of the public school age, the course of instruction covering the critical period, requiring constant supervision. Number of pupils limited. English and Classical work, with free instruction in Singing and Drawing. Piano instruction at moderate charge. Boys dealt with as individuals; the only way. Our motto, "Add to virtue knowledge." \$350 covers tuition, board and washing. Address, NOBLE HILL, Principal.

## ACADEMICAL AND PREPARATORY

BOYS

NEW YORK, Ithaca.

## The University Preparatory School

A fitting place for Cornell University. Boarding and day school. Certificate accepted. Regents' certificates in law and medicine. Summer term of ten weeks opens July 6th. Fall opening, September 28th. Send for catalogue.

CHAS. A. STILES, B.S. Headmaster.

NEW HAMPSHIRE, Plymouth.

## Holderness School for Boys

Located on a wooded bluff, overlooking the Pemigewasset and Baker River Valleys, 700 feet above sea. Plenty of wood and mountain for rambles. No injurious influences. Careful attention to personal conduct. Two substantial buildings, with every device for comfort and health. The curriculum includes sacred studies, English language and literature, the classics, mathematics, physical science, natural and political science, modern languages and history. A fitting school, under Episcopal auspices, for the best colleges and technical schools. Chapel of the Holy Cross, with daily services and boy choir, made up of students. Lectures a feature. Cost, \$350 per year. Address

LORIN WEBSTER, Rector.

## MILITARY

KENTUCKY, Lyndon.

## Kentucky Military Institute (FOUNDED 1845)

Chartered by the Legislature. Healthfully located in the country, three miles from the nearest town, but only nine miles from Louisville; advantages of a city, without its temptations. Nineteen acres of ground, with athletic field, garden and woodland. The watchcare of a large corps of conscientious teachers surrounds the boy. Military discipline makes a man of him, by teaching self-government. He is prepared for either life or college, as preferred. All degrees granted by any college are given. The instruction is broad and practical. Camp life, with excursions by classes in engineering, chemistry and physics. Each cadet averaging above ninety-five is reported by law to the Governor as First Distinguished Cadet; those averaging ninety as seconds. The school for your boy. Tuition and board \$300 yearly. Write for catalogue.

CHARLES WESLEY FOWLER, Superintendent.

NEW HAMPSHIRE, West Lebanon.

## The New Hampshire Military Academy

Among New Hampshire hills overlooking the Connecticut River, amid pine groves and a bracing climate. Large airy building. Perfect sanitary conditions. Full commercial course—business, law, stenography and typewriting. Terms low.

Major B. F. HYATT, A.M., Principal.

NEW YORK, Peekskill.

## Worrall Hall Military Academy

Forty-two miles from New York City. Thorough training for college, business, West Point and Annapolis. Strict military discipline.

Parents are cordially invited to inspect the school at any time, or to call at our New York office, 51 West 10th Street. Summer school session begins June 26th. Open Wednesdays from 10 a. m. to 4 p. m. Catalogue sent on request.

Col. CHARLES J. WRIGHT, B.S., A.M., President.  
 Major CHARLES M. DUNCAN,  
 WILLIAM NICHOLS-MARCY, A.B. } Principals.

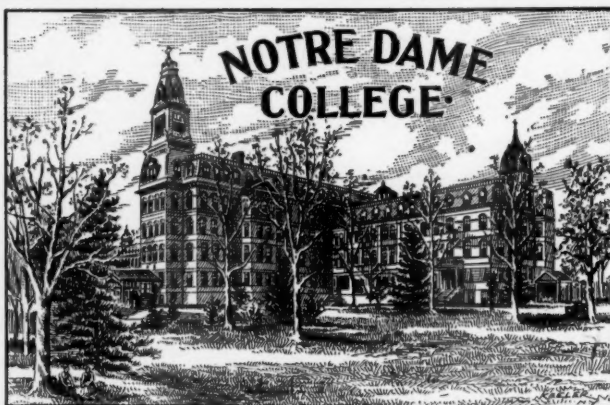
For mutual advantage when writing to an advertiser, please mention CURRENT LITERATURE AND INFORMATION.



# EDUCATIONAL

## UNIVERSITIES AND COLLEGES

## UNIVERSITIES AND COLLEGES



### First Catholic College for Woman in America

CHARTERED  
IN 1864

Empowered in 1896 to confer College Degrees. Conducted by the School Sisters of Notre Dame, a religious society of the Catholic Church, devoted exclusively to educational work. Teachers specialists in every department. Lecturers of National reputation. System of education thorough and progressive. Courses of Study Regular and Elective. Exceptional opportunities for the study of Music and Art. Location unsurpassed. Suburb of Baltimore. Spacious buildings, completely equipped, in the centre of a beautifully wooded park and grounds of sixty-three acres.

Notre Dame Preparatory School for Girls. Primary, Academic and College Preparatory Classes. Firm discipline. Physical training. Individual supervision of manners, methods of study, habits of life, out-door exercise, tennis, croquet, basket-ball, rowing, etc.

Address, NOTRE DAME COLLEGE  
Charles Street Avenue Near Baltimore, Md.

### MILITARY

VIRGINIA, Staunton.

#### Staunton Military Academy 11th Year.

Staunton, distinguished as a centre of education, is located in the most beautiful portion of the valley of Virginia. The school is situated on a high elevation overlooking the city. The buildings are large and commodious, and thoroughly modern in construction and conveniences. Special attention is given to preparation for the best colleges and universities. Recognizing, however, that many boys whose opportunity of education will and must be limited to the academy, a course has been adopted which is intended to fully meet this demand, and which is believed to be surpassed by no other school. Catalogue furnished on application. Terms, \$300. WILLIAM H. KABLE, A.M., Principal.

### ACADEMICAL AND PREPARATORY

GIRLS

CONNECTICUT, New Haven, 56 Hillhouse Avenue.

#### Mrs. Cady's School for Girls

Family and Day School. Finely situated and healthy location. Good reference library with every possible aid to study. Thorough instruction in modern languages. Scientific lectures and orchestral concerts of Yale are open to pupils of the school. Students completing the college preparatory course are admitted to the women's colleges, without exception, by certificate.

Mrs. and Miss CADY, Principal.

MARYLAND, Baltimore.

#### St. Catherine's Normal Institute

The site of the school is one of the most elevated and healthful in Baltimore. The building is large and commodious and no expense has been spared in the introduction of all modern improvements tending to convenience, comfort and pleasure. The main object of the institution being to train young ladies as teachers, nothing is omitted that will thoroughly fit them for the requirements of the profession. The programme of study has been extended so as to include an academic grade, which coincides partly with the last two years of the normal course, but extends beyond it by the addition of a number of studies not required in the teachers' examination. Pupils of all denominations are received. For illustrated catalogue address, SISTERS OF THE HOLY CROSS.

MARYLAND, Catonsville, Mount de Sales.

#### Visitation Academy

ESTABLISHED IN 1852.

Beautiful and healthful location in the suburbs of Baltimore overlooking the Chesapeake Bay. Special attention given to languages, music and art. Instruction thorough and specialized as much as possible to the needs of each pupil. Pleasant groves, croquet grounds and tennis courts. Physical culture directed by a competent teacher. Pupils of every denomination are received. For catalogue address,

DIRECTRESS OF THE ACADEMY.

MASSACHUSETTS, Norton. 28 miles from Boston.

#### Wheaton Seminary for Young Women

65th year begins September 13, '99. Advanced courses for high-school graduates and others not wishing full college course; also college preparatory and special. Advantages in art and music. Gymnasium, out-door sports, extensive grounds. Beautifully and healthfully situated. Christian home influences. For circular and views address the President,

Rev. SAMUEL V. COLE, A.M., D.D.

### ACADEMICAL AND PREPARATORY GIRLS

NEW YORK, Fort Edward.

#### Fort Edward Collegiate Institute (CHARTERED IN 1864)

Beautifully located on the Hudson, seventeen miles north of Saratoga Springs. Its new buildings with thoroughly modern equipments are situated in a private park giving ample room for lawn tennis, basket ball, bicycle practice, etc., and is exclusively reserved for faculty and students. It has a good reference library, well equipped laboratory and a gymnasium under a competent teacher. Courses of study: college preparatory, scientific, latin-scientific, classical, literary, commercial; also a graduating course in music, art, elocution and physical culture. Large and experienced faculty. Rates are comparatively low. Catalogue sent on request. Jos. E. KING, D.D., President.

### DE LANCEY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

GENEVA, NEW YORK

Twentieth year begins Sept. 14. The object of this school is to furnish girls an opportunity for education, thorough as well as broad, and to form them into accomplished Christian women. Careful attention is given to health and manners. The situation is delightful, affording near access to such points as Niagara Falls, Watkins Glen, Cornell University and Clifton Springs, to which excursions are made on pleasant Saturdays. The school is an old-fashioned mansion,



with all modern improvements and a six-acre lawn. There are three courses of four years each: Literary, college preparatory and musical, each carrying a diploma. By Regents' Certificates we admit to Vassar, Smith, Wellesley and other leading colleges. Regular reviews are held and thorough knowledge of each study is required before going to the next. Address, Miss M.S. SMART, Prin.

### Miss Bulkley's School for Girls

TARRYTOWN-ON-HUDSON

For circular address

MISS H. L. BULKLEY } Principals.  
MISS E. C. PLUMLEY }

PENNSYLVANIA, Lansdowne, La Crosse Avenue.

#### Froebel Institute

The special department, The Froebelian School for Women, includes in its course all departments of study essential to the thorough training of the kindergarten, including, applied psychology, Froebel literature, the principles of art, lessons in decorative design, water color, clay modeling, nature study, physical culture and games, literature and stories, history of education, Froebel gifts and occupation work, including lectures on literature, art and natural science. The course of study covers one or two years. Tuition, \$100 per year. For further information address, EMILY DUDLEY WRIGHT, Principal.



# EDUCATIONAL

## ACADEMICAL AND PREPARATORY GIRLS

## ACADEMICAL AND PREPARATORY GIRLS



### ST. MARY'S SCHOOL

Garden City (Long Island), New York

School for girls, combining city and suburban advantages. College preparatory work. Elective courses of study. The situation secures pure air, space for out-of-door recreations, and quiet for study during the five days of schoolroom work. On Friday afternoons and Saturdays the school arranges for the pupils to participate, as far as desirable, in the intellectual and social life of New York and Brooklyn.

Miss ELIZABETH L. KOUES,  
Principal.

WISCONSIN, Fond du Lac.

### Grafton Hall, School for Young Ladies

Fine buildings, superb location and exceptional equipment render this Diocesan school an ideal place for training the bodies, minds and characters of young women. It prepares for higher institutions and provides splendid instruction in music, art and belles lettres. The Christian faith is carefully taught, the Bible, prayer book and church history being text-books. Accredited by the State University for all its courses, and by eastern colleges for women. The main building is heated by indirect radiation hot blast, and lighted from special electric dynamos. The handsome Fon du Lac cathedral adjoins the school. Three hundred dollars covers the yearly expense for living and tuition at this high-grade school, where pupils are surrounded by the very best influences.

Address Rev. B. TALBOT ROGERS, A.M., B.D., Warden.

## ACADEMICAL AND PREPARATORY BOTH SEXES

MASSACHUSETTS, Dudley.

### Nichols Academy

One of the best equipped and pleasantly located academies in New England. Instruction is given in the ancient and modern languages, practical astronomy, surveying, analytical chemistry, mechanical and free hand drawing, meteorology, stenography, typewriting, telegraphy. It has an extensive library, complete astronomical observatory and a new gymnasium. The boarding house is newly furnished with all modern improvements. Four courses: Classical (or college preparatory), literary, scientific and commercial. Expenses moderate. For further particulars address ALFRED G. COLLINS, A.M., Principal.

NEW YORK, East Coldenham.

### The Sycamore Farm Training School

FOR BACKWARD AND MENTALLY FEEBLE CHILDREN

A home school where nervous, irritable children, or those suffering from mental infirmities, are trained to become self-helpful, and, if possible, to take independent places in the world. Many backward children have latent ability, only to be developed by skilful treatment. Productive occupations taught. Defective articulation corrected. Helpless children admitted. All inquiries cheerfully and frankly answered. Address

NATHANIEL R. BREWSTER.

### Delaware Literary Institute

Franklin, Delaware County, New York

You wish a High-Grade School; cannot afford to pay \$400 to \$600 a year.

YOU NEED NOT.

"D. L. I. is the place." 14 instructors, 65th year, endowed, military, co-educational, wide range of studies, including business, music, oratory, art, physical culture. 10,000 alumni. Has sent

students to 23 colleges. 5,000 volumes in libraries. Special building for young boys. Limited pecuniary aid to deserving students.

ELMER E. FRENCH, A.M., Principal.

Mrs. BLANCHE C. FRENCH, L.A., Preceptress.



PENNSYLVANIA, Philadelphia, Oak Lane.

### Marshall Seminary

College preparatory, musical departments and special courses. One of the most beautiful locations of suburban Philadelphia.

For prospectus, address The Misses MARSHALL, Principals.

ILLINOIS, Lake Forest.

### Ferry Hall Seminary for Women

Has a picturesque and salubrious location on the watershed between the St. Lawrence Basin and the Mississippi, and is convenient to Chicago. It provides a college preparatory course; a Junior course, equivalent to two years' college work, and special courses and training in Music, Elocution and Art. Its growth has been steady and the building has been enlarged to twice its original size. Two thousand pupils were enrolled during the first quarter century of the school's life. Musical instruction is thorough and practical and the Art Department aims not only to prepare for professional work, but also to teach true standards. Physical training is a prominent feature. The institution is connected with Lake Forest University. For more details write

Rev. J. G. K. McCLURE, D.D., President.

## TRUTH and GENTIL DEEDS

Truth—Gentle Deeds—are the basic principles in The Cambridge School theory of education. This theory is founded on the twenty years experience of the Director in the education of women. It aims to develop the best type of womanhood that refinement and intellectual training can produce. The ideal of

### The Cambridge School for Girls

is the highest that can be conceived, and every girl is expected to strive to attain it. Consequently there are no rules save the Golden Rule. Right is practiced not by compulsion but by choice. No detail conducive to this result is too small for the personal attention of the Director; and each course is suited to the pupil—not the pupil to the course.

The school is situated at 36 Concord Ave., in the residential part of Cambridge, Mass. The Director is Mr. Arthur Gilman, from whom further particulars and Manual may be secured.

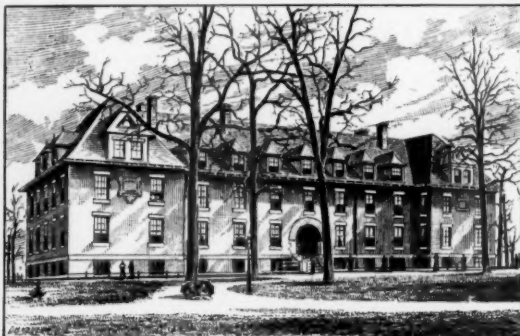


# EDUCATIONAL

UNIVERSITIES AND COLLEGES

UNIVERSITIES AND COLLEGES

## ELIZABETH COLLEGE, Charlotte, N. C. A HIGH-GRADE INSTITUTION FOR YOUNG LADIES



A school in the Southland in which every teacher is university-bred, or from a celebrated conservatory. Johns Hopkins, Wellesley and other like schools represented. Teachers from the North and South and three foreign countries; all experienced. The college building is an elegant fireproof brick structure, provided with all modern conveniences, as steam heat, electric light, hot and cold water, bath and toilet rooms on every floor, ventilating registers in every apartment, and all other conveniences pertaining to a first-class college building. The student may elect a degree course, a group, or a special branch. Complete theoretical and practical music courses leading to degrees. Any line of art desired, with decorative china and glass specialties. The institution stands for the higher principles of life. Its religion is of the positive Christian type, but no denominational interference is allowed. Students attend divine service at their own churches in the city with appointed chaperones. Some young persons have a somber view of college life, but college life may be eminently pleasant as well as productive of culture. We throw around our students the sunshine of personal kindness. A homelike, refined atmosphere pervades the institution. An excellent dining-room service is rendered.

In western North Carolina famous for its fine climate. An ideal place for those who wish to escape the rigors of a northern winter. In the suburbs of a charming city.

Rates from \$300 to \$450. For illustrated catalogue

Rev. CHARLES B. KING, President

### MUSICAL

#### NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

The leading musical institution of America. Founded 1853. Unsurpassed advantages in composition, vocal and instrumental music, and elocution.

George W. Chadwick, Musical Director.

Pupils received at any time. For prospectus address

FRANK W. HALE, General Manager, Boston, Mass.

MASSACHUSETTS, Boston.

#### Faelton Pianoforte School

The director's name is a guarantee of excellence. Carl Faelton stands in the front rank of pianists, musicians and teachers, and the faculty associated with him is a strong one. The school is conveniently located in Steinert Hall, and fully equipped. The variety of schemes of study and of rates is such that all wants are met, the eight courses ranging from that for beginners, at \$30 per year, to the full course, at \$180. Both the class and private systems are employed, the former being so arranged as to give each pupil a whole hour. A distinguishing feature of the Faelton method is the thoroughness with which the pupil's general musical proficiency is promoted. Diplomas and certificates are given. Address, H. F. SPURR, JR., Business Manager.

### UNCLASSIFIED

CONNECTICUT, New London.

#### Instruction for Epileptics

A delightful home, careful and judicious instruction, combined with the most approved system of treatment, under a physician of long experience in this disease.

Circulars and references from Dr. WILLIAMSON.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, Washington, 311 E. Capitol St.

#### Positions Secured!

Civil Service and Census. Send for catalog containing testimonials of those who have been successful.

THE NATIONAL CIVIL SERVICE SCHOOL.

NEW YORK, New York City, 387 West 57th Street.

#### New York School of Expression

Physical Culture.  
Elocution.  
Artistic Public Reading.

Special Summer Session  
in July  
Send for circulars.

Address, NORMAN ASTLEY.

### UNCLASSIFIED

#### STAMMERING

permanently cured by a physician—a speech specialist for over eighteen years. Pupils may live in the institution, receiving the doctor's personal treatment and care. Our new location adjoining Central Park and Hudson river, is cool and delightful in summer.



"It catches me here."

"I was cured at the Bryant School in 1887. Afterwards, went through college and have practiced law since '91. Dr. Bryant is a careful, painstaking teacher and has been very successful. I heartily recommend this school."

JANESVILLE, WIS.

W. A. JACKSON.

Applicants may rely upon having the best treatment known, utilizing the celebrated German and French methods. Circular, "How We Treat Stammering To-day," free.

F. A. BRYANT, M. D., 105 W. Seventy-second St., New York

NEW HAMPSHIRE, Bethlehem (White Mountains).

#### Summer Camping School

For ten little boys. Sixth year. Average temperature seventy degrees. Elevation fifteen hundred feet. Malaria, hay fever never known. Surroundings and home life of refined Christian family. Moderate expenditure. June 1 to October 1.

Mr. and Mrs. E. HINDS, until June 1, Hempstead, N. Y.

#### Cortina's Self Instructor IN TWENTY LESSONS

SPANISH, FRENCH, ENGLISH, Etc., for use in schools and self study. Complete, bound, \$1.50. Awarded First Prize, Columbian Exposition, Chicago, 1893. Sample 8 lessons in French, 50c. Learn by our original and simple method those unable to come to the Academy, and have most perfect instruction and amusement combined. Other text and imported Spanish Books. Send 5c. for catalogue.

CORTINA ACADEMY OF LANGUAGES, 44 W. 34TH ST., N. Y.

### TEACHERS' AGENCIES

NEW YORK, New York City, 61 East 9th Street.

#### Kellogg's Teachers' Bureau

Supplies competent teachers for public and private schools. Established 1888. Is thoroughly reliable. Testimonials, photographs, etc. of hundreds of competent teachers on file. Write for new booklet.

H. S. KELLOGG

**TEACHERS WANTED.** College professors, superintendents, teachers, grade teachers, kindergartners, principals, assistants, departmental, specialists, tutors and government. Schools and homes supplied free. Address INTERSTATE TEACHERS' AGENCIES.

Main office: 126 Washington Street, Chicago.

Eastern office: Odd Fellows' Temple, Philadelphia.

For mutual advantage when writing to an advertiser, please mention CURRENT LITERATURE AND INFORMATION.



# UNCLASSIFIED

## An Exceptional Opportunity.....

Would you like steady, pleasant work at good pay?

Or, if you are regularly employed, would you like to use your spare moments profitably?

In either case we would call your attention to the following:

1. The improvements which we are making in *CURRENT LITERATURE* is going to give it a circulation in a short time second to none of the high-priced magazines. Its rapidly growing subscription list, drawn from all classes and from all sections of the country, fully warrants this statement.

2. It offers a larger commission to agents than any other monthly magazine.

3. It has a carefully organized agency department which coöperates with its agents, greatly helping to make their work a success.

We shall be pleased to send full particulars. Address

AGENCY DEPARTMENT

**The Current Literature Publishing Co.**

Bryant Building, 55 Liberty Street  
NEW YORK CITY

## Going Abroad ?

A Book by Robert Luce

Suggested by difficulty in getting preliminary information; based on journeyings in many parts of Europe, written to make the paths of other travelers smoother; meant to contain in the most compact form all the facts that experience could suggest as likely to aid the tourist in preparation, and to save time, trouble, and money in a trip abroad.

Among the topics treated are: Seasons and Climates; Where to Go for Sight-seeing, for Study, in Search of Health; Choosing Steamer and Cabin; Seasickness; Cost and Detail of Traveling Abroad by Rail, by Boat, by Bicycle, on Foot; Hotels, Pensions, Lodgings, Housekeeping; The Universities; Study of Art, Music, Languages; Banking and Currency; Shopping; Where to Buy Specialties; Photography; Souvenirs; Customs Houses; Baggage and Clothing; Guide Books.

"We take pleasure in recommending the book highly."—*Providence Journal*.

The delight of the experienced traveler and of the novice at foreign wandering grows alike as it becomes evident in reading that nothing calculated to serve the necessity, convenience or comfort of the tourist has been omitted. It will be found invaluable in the preparation for a journey to foreign lands and equally indispensable in the actual experience of European travel.—*Omaha Bee*.

We do not hesitate to say that it is beyond all odds the best directory for foreign travel that we have yet seen in the English language, and it is withal written out of such wide and exact knowledge, with such a clear understanding of what it is the novice in England and on the Continent wants to know, in such a complete sympathy with his situation and feelings, and so wisely, sensibly, and admirably in every way, that we have nothing to say of it but in the highest praise.—*Literary World*.

163 pages. In cloth, One Dollar; paper, Fifty Cents. May be ordered through any book-seller, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price by

**ROBERT AND LINN LUCE, Publishers**  
68 Devonshire Street, Boston

## The Manhattan Typewriter

Covered by  
American  
and Foreign  
Patents.



PRICE \$75—A HIGH-CLASS MACHINE....

Constructed on familiar and approved lines; guaranteed more durable and at a lower price than is charged for other Standard machines, with a touch to which all experienced operators are accustomed. Reversible platen adapted to receive a sheet of paper nine inches in width.

**Manhattan Typewriter Company**

149 Broadway, - New York

## The International

A monthly illustrated magazine for cultured people at the prevailing popular price.

### SELF-INSTRUCTION FRENCH LESSONS

Prepare for the great Paris Exposition Universal of 1900.

### SELF-INSTRUCTION SPANISH LESSONS

For wide-awake business men and women.

### THE GRAPHOPHONE—Talking Machine

A marvellous language teacher—introduced by us. Our language courses are complete in themselves, but with the talking machine as teacher they are peerless.

### HOW DO YOU PRONOUNCE

Aguiñaldo, Sienkiewicz, desuetude? "Current Words" tells you and keeps you posted as to new words and phrases.

10 cts. a copy    25 cts. a quarter    \$1.00 a year

**A. T. H. BROWER,**

Editor and Proprietor.

358 Dearborn Street,

CHICAGO, ILL.



# PERIODICALS

## SELF CULTURE MAGAZINE

..FOR SALE BY NEWSDEALERS EVERYWHERE..



EDWIN BURRITT SMITH

Whose article on "Constitutional Government Imperilled" in the April number of SELF CULTURE created such wide and favorable comment, has written a very strong and thoughtful paper on

### "MUNICIPAL FRANCHISES"

in the JUNE number of SELF CULTURE.

Julia Worthington writes of "The Acquisition of Louisiana"; Rear-Admiral Roe, U. S. N., of "The Unrest of the Nations"; Prof. Goldwin Smith, of "Imperialism—England as a Model"; Marcus Benjamin, of "The Smithsonian Institution"; Dr. N. D. C. Hodges, of "Harvard University" (illustrated); Geo. Stewart, D. C. L., of "Letters and Reminiscences of Oliver Wendell Holmes" (with portrait); D. Soden Cooke, of "Eugene Field's Message to the Child-Lover"; Hezekiah Butterworth, of "A Legend-Haunted Summer Land"; and John Livingston Wright, of "The Boston Subway" (illustrated—Great Engineering Series).

The only 10-cent magazine of its kind. Subscription price, per year, \$1.00. Special introductory offer to CURRENT LITERATURE readers. Sample copies free. The high character of its thought and the hold it has upon the homes it enters gives SELF CULTURE permanent and distinctive value to advertisers.

SELF CULTURE MAGAZINE, AKRON, OHIO

For mutual advantage when writing to an advertiser, please mention CURRENT LITERATURE AND INFORMATION.

# PERIODICALS

## Outing for June

IS THE NEXT BEST THING  
TO AN ACTUAL HOLIDAY!

### LEADING FEATURES



## Outing



1882 25 Cents 1899



Original Cover Design by W. Cole Brigham

### Through the Green With the Iron Clubs

By FINDLAY DOUGLAS,  
Amateur Champion of the U. S.

### New Yachts of the Year

By CAPT. A. J. KENEALY

### Golf Round About the Quaker City

By HANSON HISS

### Where the Ouananiche is Waiting

By ED. W. SANDYS

### "The Last Jump"

By CAROLINE SHELLEY  
A Story of the Steeple Chase

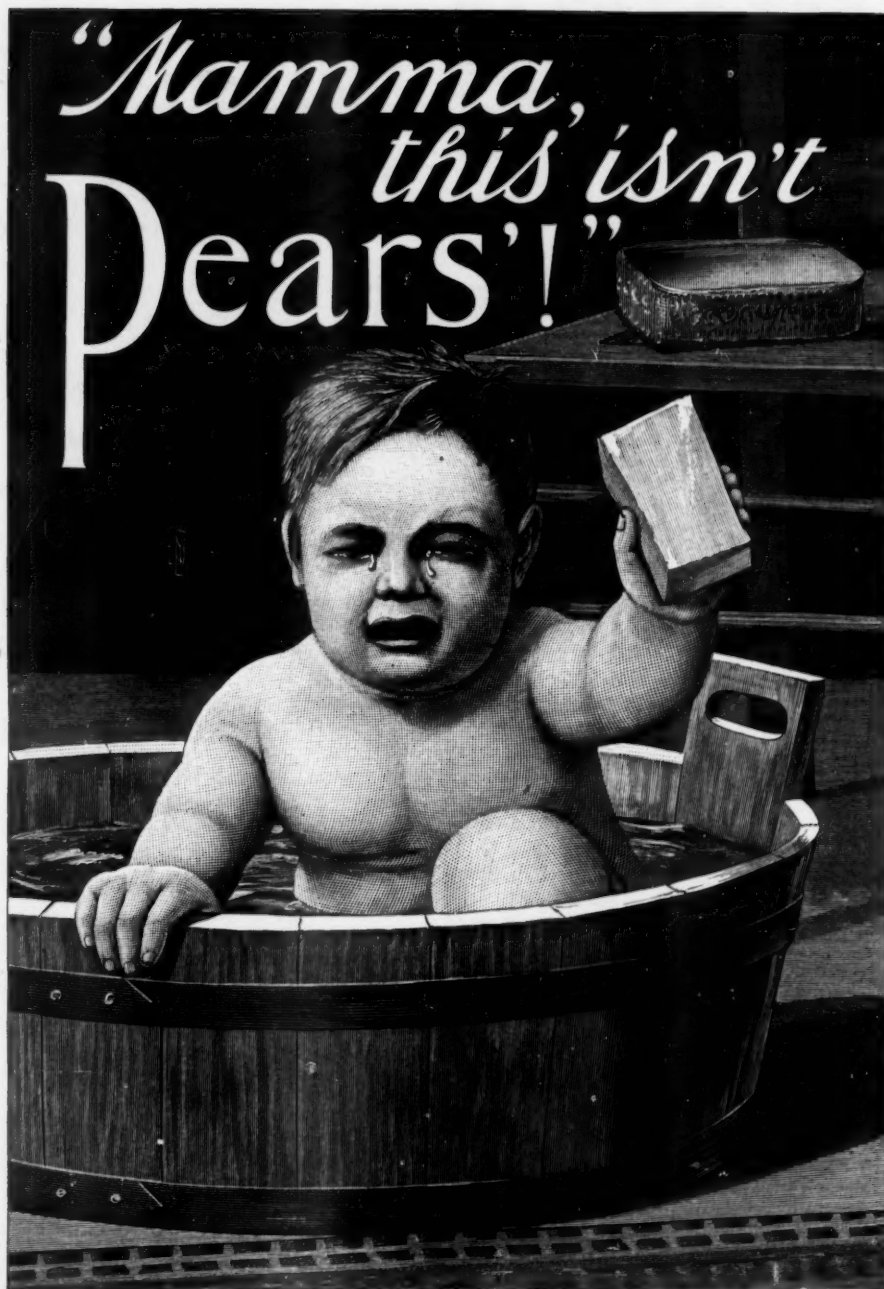
*And the Regular Monthly Editorial Review of all the Amateur  
Sports and Pastimes.*

25 CENTS PER COPY OF ALL NEWSMEN  
SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, \$3.00 PER YEAR

## The Outing Publishing Co.

239-241 Fifth Avenue, New York

UNCLASSIFIED



ONCE BITTEN, TWICE SHY.

Pears' Soap has no free alkali in it to bite and irritate the skin. It is a pure soap. Even a child appreciates it.

All sorts of people use Pears' Soap; all sorts of stores sell it—especially druggists. Be sure you get **Pears'**. (Made in Great Britain.)



Some Splendid Summer Servings

## Libby's Fire-saving Luncheons

Troubleless meals—all you have to do is to serve—the very top of quality.

**Veal Loaf**—a pleasing change for lunch.

**Ox Tongue** (whole)—Unsurpassed—an ideal lunch.

**Compressed Corned Beef**—Incomparable—must be eaten to be appreciated.

**Peerless Wafer-Sliced Smoked Beef**—An appetizer of unequalled merit.

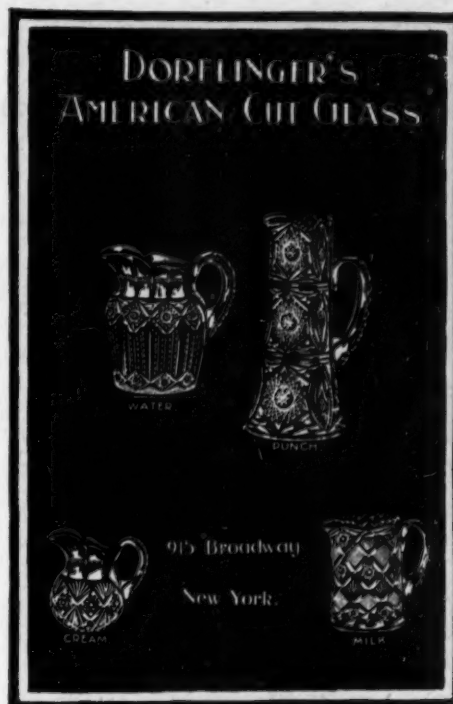
**Pork and Beans**—cooked with care—couldn't be better—with or without tomato sauce.

**Deviled Ham, Potted Ham, Beef and Tongue** make excellent sandwiches—everybody likes 'em.

Put up in convenient size key-opening cans.

"How to Make Good Things to Eat," gives complete list of our Luncheon Specialties, and how to prepare them. Yours for a postal.

**Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago**



Do You Know

## HOW TO MAKE PHOTOGRAPHS?

Do you Wish to Know?

Send 50 cents for one year's subscription for the

## "AMATEUR POINTER"

For Amateur Photographers

Issued Monthly

Sample Copy, 5 cents

IT TELLS YOU ALL!

**E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO.**

591 Broadway, New York  
45, 47, 49 E. Randolph Street, Chicago

37 years' experience in this line of business

## Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

The most effective remedy for relieving **Dyspepsia, Nervousness, Exhaustion**, and all diseases arising from imperfect digestion and derangement of the nervous system.

**Taken before retiring, induces refreshing sleep.**

**FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS.**

# UNCLASSIFIED

**Rambler**  
BICYCLES

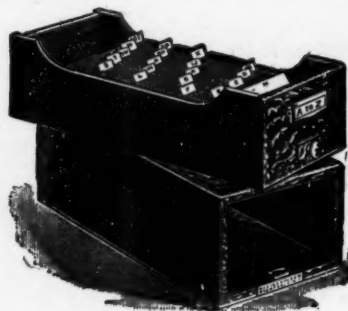
"20 year old favorites"

**Price \$40**

WE FEEL THAT NOTHING MORE NEED BE  
SAID OF 1899 RAMBLERS

*Agencies Everywhere*

GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO.  
Chicago Boston Washington New York.  
Brooklyn Detroit Cincinnati Buffalo  
Cleveland London, Eng.



## A Little Drawer

—or a case of them—forms the basis of the greatest labor saver, and trouble saver, and money saver known to modern business, the CARD INDEX System. Why not look it up? Costs nothing to find out all about it. Suits any business, helps everybody. Ever find confusion in your records, accounts, lists, memoranda? The Card System does away with all of it.

Full particulars free; they really explain.

**Yawman & Erbe Mfg. Co.,**

SUCCESSORS TO

The Office Specialty Mfg. Co.,

Rochester, N. Y.

BRANCHES.....NEW YORK, 340 BROADWAY.  
CHICAGO, 9-13 Monroe Street.  
SAN FRANCISCO, 20 New Montgomery Street.  
TORONTO, Office Specialty Mfg. Co., Ltd., 122-124 Bay St.



## Sargent's Economic System

OF DEVICES FOR BRAIN WORKERS

Embraces all the survivals of the fittest, including

Sargent's Ball Bearing Rotary Book Cases \* Sargent's Reading Stands  
in various styles \* Sargent's Dictionary and Atlas Stand \* Sargent's  
Desks, attachable to chairs \* Sargent's Telescopic Book Racks \*  
Sargent's Adjustable Follo Stands, and SARGENT'S WORKING, EASY,  
RECLINING, LIBRARY and ADJUSTABLE CHAIRS, COUCHES, Etc.

For Catalogue,  
address

**GEO. F. SARGENT**

289p Fourth Avenue,  
NEW YORK CITY.



GUARANTY COUPON  
THE **Velvet Grip** CUSHION BUTTON  
HOSE SUPPORTER  
is guaranteed to the dealer  
and user against imperfections.  
Look for the Name on every loop.

NEVER SLIPS OR TEARS

THIS GUARANTY GOES  
WITH EVERY PAIR

No Stitching  
in the Elastic.

**Velvet Grip**

**CUSHION  
BUTTON**

**HOSE SUPPORTER**


GEO. FROST CO., Makers, Boston.

LOOK FOR THE NAME "VELVET GRIP" ON EVERY LOOP.

Sample pair,  
by mail, 25c.  
Catalogue free.

# TRAVEL

## The Sea Trip

Between New York and  
Virginia is most agreeable and  
pleasing. 

**Old Point Comfort,  
Virginia Beach and  
Richmond, Va.**

are delightful resorts for a delightful  
Outing. Send for copy of the "Pilot."

OLD DOMINION S. S. CO.

Pier 26, North River, New York



**THE  
"ROYALS  
LIMITED."**

MOST SUPERB DAY TRAIN IN THE WORLD.  
DAILY BETWEEN

**NEW YORK,  
PHILADELPHIA,  
BALTIMORE,  
WASHINGTON.**

LV. NEW YORK 3.00 P.M.-AR. WASH'N 8.00 P.M.  
LV. WASH'N 3.00 P.M.-AR. NEW YORK 8.00 P.M.

## THE "FOUR-TRACK SERIES."

The New York Central's books of  
travel.

These small books are filled with in-  
formation regarding the resorts of  
America, best routes, time required  
for journey and cost thereof.

Our Illustrated Catalogue, a booklet of 32 pages  
4 x 8, gives synopsis of contents of each of twenty-  
five books; this Catalogue sent free to any address on  
receipt of a postage stamp by George H. Daniels  
General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station  
New York.



# TRAVEL

## UNITED STATES HOTEL



### SARATOGA SPRINGS New York

OPEN FROM JUNE 15<sup>TH</sup> TO OCTOBER 1<sup>ST</sup>



THE UNITED STATES HOTEL  
*The Social Centre of Saratoga Springs*

**GOLF LINKS - Magnificent Orchestra. Brilliant  
Entertainments. Perfect Cuisine and Service.**

**HOTEL AND COURT COVERS SEVEN ACRES -**

Constructed entirely of brick and divided into five sections  
by solid fire proof walls extending from cellar to roof.

The Cottage Wing facing the beautiful court offers all the seclusion  
and comforts, including baths and steam heat, of private houses.

**LUXURIOUS ACCOMMODATIONS EN SUITE**

**OR COMFORTABLE SINGLE ROOMS GAGE & PERRY.**

**WITH OR WITHOUT BATHS**

PROPS.  
SARATOGA SPRINGS, N.Y.

Illustrated  
Literature  
on Application

# TRAVEL



**"In all the world  
no trip like this."**

The Great Lakes Excursion, **BUFFALO—DULUTH**, and intervening Lakeside Cities and Resorts, offers more refreshment, rest, and recreation than can in any other way be crowded into Seven Days.

The exclusively passenger service of the

**Northern Steamship Company**

is immeasurably beyond anything ever before attempted on inland waters and is equaled only in some points by that of a few of the most famous ocean greyhounds. No other pleasure trip in the world would warrant the expenditure that has been lavished upon these triumphs of marine architecture.

*"... alone in their perfection, as the Great Lakes themselves are alone in their immensity."*

But for this great pleasure voyage of 2000 miles—already the most popular and most talked-of excursion on the continent—nothing has been thought too luxurious or magnificent.

To avoid disappointment state-room reservations should be made early. June is one of the most delightful months on the Great Lakes.

*For particulars address*

**W. C. FARRINGTON,** **STEWART MURRAY,**  
VICE-PRESIDENT. BUFFALO, N. Y. G. F. & P. AGENT.



# UNCLASSIFIED

Get Your Insurance in

... THE ...

## Travelers

OF HARTFORD, CONN.

And Have THE BEST

Paid-Up Capital, \$1,000,000

Chartered 1863 (Stock)

Issues **LIFE** and **ENDOWMENT POLICIES**, all forms, low rates, non-forfeitable.

### Accident Policies

Cover accidents of travel, sport, or business in connection with

### Health Policies

Granting stated sums of indemnity for disability caused by sickness.

ALL FORMS OF  
LIABILITY INSURANCE Covering

The liability of Manufacturers and other Employers to strangers who may be injured upon their premises. The liability of Contractors to Employees and to strangers for injuries sustained upon buildings or other works under contract. The contingent liability of Owners having buildings or other works under contract. The liability of Owners of buildings for accidents (including Elevator). The liability of Owners of Horses and Vehicles for driving accidents.

Assets,	\$25,315,442.46
Liabilities,	21,209,625.36
Excess security to policy holders	4,105,817 10

J. G. BATTERSON, President

S. C. DUNHAM,	H. J. MESSENGER,
Vice-President.	Actuary.
JOHN E. MORRIS,	E. V. PRESTON,
Secretary.	Sup't Agencies.

**PROMOTES HEALTH**

## Jaeger

**PURE WOOL UNDERWEAR**

Send for Illustrated Catalogue,

New York: 116 West 23d Street.  
 Brooklyn: 166 Broadway.  
 Boston: 504 Fulton Street.  
 Boston: 169 Tremont Street.

### REBUKING A PREACHER, AND REPENTING.

In the later days of his life the Rev. Rowland Hill used to come to his chapel in a carriage. He got an anonymous letter rebuking him for this, because it was not the way his Heavenly Master traveled. He read the letter from the pulpit, and said it was quite true, and that if the writer would come to the vestry with a saddle and bridle he would ride him home.

### A CLEVER COACHMAN.

The late Lord Mansfield told the following anecdote about himself from the bench: He had turned off his coachman for certain acts of peculation, not uncommon in this class of persons. The fellow begged his lordship to give him a character.

"What kind of a character can I give you?" said his lordship.

"Oh, my lord, any character your lordship chooses to give me, I shall most thankfully receive."

His lordship accordingly sat down and wrote as follows:

"The bearer, John —, has served me three years in the capacity of coachman. He is an able driver, and a very sober man. I discharged him because he cheated me.—(Signed) Mansfield."

John thanked his lordship, and walked off. A few mornings afterwards, when his lordship was going through his lobby to step into his coach for Westminster Hall, a man, in a very handsome livery, made him a low bow. To his surprise he recognized his late coachman.

"Why, John," said his lordship, "you seem to have got an excellent place; how could you manage this with the character I gave you?"

"Oh, my lord," said John, "it was an exceedingly good character, and I am come to return you thanks for it. My new master, on reading it, said he observed your lordship recommended me as an able driver and a sober man. 'These,' said he, 'are just the qualities I want in a coachman; I observe,' his lordship adds, 'that he discharged you because you cheated him. Hark you, sirrah,' said he, 'I'm a Yorkshireman, and I'll defy you to cheat me!'"

### AN EFFECTIVE PERORATION.

Sheridan was one day much annoyed by a fellow-member of the House of Commons, who kept crying out every few minutes, "Hear, hear!" During the debate he took occasion to describe a political contemporary that wished to play rogue, but had only sense enough to act fool. "Where," exclaimed he, with great emphasis, "where shall we find a more foolish knave or a more knavish fool than he?" "Hear, hear!" was shouted by the troublesome member. Sheridan turned round, and, thanking him for the prompt information, sat down amid a general roar of laughter.

### PUTNEY BRIDGE IN OLDEN TIME.

Hook's residence at Putney afforded occasion for the delivery of one of his best bon mots. A friend, viewing Putney bridge from the little terrace that overhung the Thames, observed that he had been informed that it was a very good investment, and, turning to his

## CHURCH AND STATE IN ENGLAND

"A more burning question at this moment than imperialism on the fortunes of English liberalism, is the crisis aroused by the Romanizing influences in the Church of England."—Special cable correspondence of the *New York Evening Post*.

**The Nation and the Ritualists.** By the Rev. Dr. GUINNESS ROGERS, *Nineteenth Century*, March.

**The Crisis in the Church.** By R. BOSWORTH SMITH, *Nineteenth Century*, March.

**The Present Crisis in the Church of England.** By the Right Hon. VISCOUNT HALIFAX, *Nineteenth Century*, February.

**Ritualism and Disestablishment.** By GEORGE W. E. RUSSELL, *Nineteenth Century*, February.

**Lesson from the Mass.** By the Rev. JOSEPH FOXLEY, *Contemporary Review*, February.

**Ceremonialism vs. Experimental Religion.** By J. GUINNESS ROGERS, D.D., *Contemporary Review*, February.

**Sacerdotalism.** By FRANCIS PEEK, *Contemporary Review*, January.

**An Agnostic on the Church Question.** *Westminster Review*, January.

**The Archbishop's Charge.** The Doctrine of the Lord's Supper. By Professor JAMES ORR, *Contemporary Review*, December.

**Does the Church of England Teach Anything?** By W. H. MALLOCK, *Nineteenth Century*, December.

**Confession.** By the Hon. MRS. CHAPMAN, *Nineteenth Century*, December.

**What is Ritualism.** By the Right Rev. BISHOP BARRY, *Contemporary Review*, November.

**Church Defence.** By J. HORACE ROUND, *Contemporary Review*, November.

**A Plea for a Free Church of England.** By DUDLEY S. A. CROSBY, *Westminster Review*, December.

**The Ritualist Conspiracy.** By LADY WIMBORNE, *Nineteenth Century*, October.

**The Dangers of Ritualism?** By GIOVANNI DALLA VECCHIA, *Westminster Review*, September.

**Apostolical Succession.** By VERNON BARTLETT, Tutor of Mansfield College, Oxford; and A. J. CARLYLE, Chaplain and Tutor of University College, Oxford; *Contemporary Review*, August.

**Is the Evangelicalism Declining?** By Rev. J. GUINNESS ROGERS, D.D., *Contemporary Review*, June.

**The Catholicism of the British Army.** By Capt. PHILIP TREVOR, *Nineteenth Century*, June.

**The Development of Ritualism.** By H. C. CORRANCE, *Contemporary Review*, July.

**The Waning of Evangelicalism.** By RICHARD HEATH, *Contemporary Review*, May.

**Mr. Gladstone and the Nonconformists.** By the Rev. Dr. GUINNESS ROGERS, *Nineteenth Century*, July.

PRICE, POSTPAID, 40 CENTS EACH

Leonard Scott Publication Co.  
112 WALL STREET NEW YORK



# UNCLASSIFIED

## Famous Story Contest

**T**HE Editor of **SHORT STORIES** has decided to widen the scope of the **FAMOUS STORY SERIES** and to include therein spirited versions of naval engagements, heroic deeds, extraordinary disturbances of the earth's surface, in short, any event or incident that has excited general admiration, pity or dread within the last three centuries. To do this successfully contributors are invited to send in manuscripts of not less than 4,000 nor more than 6,000 words, addressed to the Editor of **SHORT STORIES** Famous Story Series, and treating of some subject. A suitable payment will be made for each one of these accepted. While the main facts must of course be taken from historical and other sources, the statement of them must be original by the contributor, or the material will not be available for use in **SHORT STORIES**.

For general rules governing transmission of manuscripts, etc., see notice to contributors in **SHORT STORIES**.

Address

### Editor of **SHORT STORIES**

**BRYANT BUILDING, NEW YORK**

## GOOD WRITING FINDS READY MARKET

THE EDITORIAL BUREAU, 120 Liberty St., New York City, will give your Story, Poem, Essay or Novel, expert Criticism, Revision, Correction. Advice as to sale. Send for circular T. EDITORIAL BUREAU 120 Liberty St., NEW YORK CITY

### To Authors:

Manuscripts required.

### We Publish

A new book every day in the year.

**TENNYSON NEELY, Publisher, 114 Fifth Avenue NEW YORK**

## The Open Window

Published Monthly by  
**THE SHUT-IN SOCIETY**

This Society was organized to give moral aid, brightness and comfort to the invalid. It does this for its several thousand members.

### Are You Interested in Any Invalid?

By putting such a one in touch with this Society you may open new possibilities of happiness and usefulness.

Terms to Associates and Subscribers, \$4.00 To Invalid Members, 50c.

For further information or sample copies address the Secretary,

**Miss M. H. HADLEY,**

14 Lincoln Street, New Haven, Conn.

host, inquired "if such was the case—if the bridge really answered?"

"I don't know," said Theodore, "but you have only to cross it, and you are sure to be tolled."

### MAIDEN SPEECH IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

A young but ambitious M. P. having long resolved upon attempting some speech which should astonish the House, at last rose solemnly, and, after three loud hems, spoke as follows:

"Mr. Speaker: Have we laws, or have we not laws? If we have laws, and they are not observed, to what end were those laws made?"

So saying, he sat down, his chest heaving high with conscious consequence, when another member rose and delivered his thoughts in these words:

"Mr. Speaker: Did the honorable gentleman who spoke last speak to the purpose or not to the purpose? If he did not speak to the purpose, to what purpose did he speak?"

It is needless to describe the roar of laughter with which the House was instantly shaken, or to say that the orator never spoke again in that place.

### WHY THEY WERE OUT OF SPIRITS.

The elder Matthews one day arrived at a forlorn country inn, and addressing a lugubrious waiter, inquired if he could have a chicken and asparagus. The mysterious serving-man shook his head.

"Can I have a duck, then?"

"No, sir."

"Have you any mutton chops?"

"Not one, sir."

"Then, as you have no eatables, bring me something to drink. Have you any spirits?"

"Sir," replied the man, with a profound sigh "we are out of spirits."

"Then, in wonder's name, what have you got in the house?"

"An execution, sir," answered the waiter.

### TWO EXAMPLES OF FRENCH RUNNING.

Some years ago at the Derby, when the grand prize was won by a French horse, the Frenchmen present cheered most vociferously, and in addition to other expressions of triumph, one of them shouted, "Waterloo avenged!"

"Yes," said Sir William Harcourt, who was standing by, and whose ready wit and crushing sarcasm have so often turned the tables on his opponents, "you ran well in both cases."

### WERE THEY BOTH INSANE?

Lord Shaftesbury was fond of a good story, and he used to relate an amusing anecdote in illustration of the way in which eminent men sometimes formed their opinions as to the sanity of their patients. He was one day sitting as chairman of the Lunacy Commission, when the alleged insanity of a lady was under discussion, and he took a view of the case averse to that of his colleagues.

One of the medical men who was there to give evidence crept up to his chair and said in a confidential tone: "Are you aware, my lord, that she subscribes to the Society for the Conversion of the Jews?"

"Indeed," replied Lord Shaftesbury, "and are you aware that I am the president of that society?"

## GRAY MATTER ECONOMY

**D**ON'T waste your time and energy searching for material for a speech, lecture or essay, when you can have the aid of fifty experienced people, trained and skilled in just that kind of work.

We read and clip thousands of papers and periodicals daily and can send you **Clippings on any topic**, criticisms, comments, quotations, carefully selected data, or will prepare original articles on short notice.

Terms per month for clippings:

20 items or less, \$1. 100 items, \$5.

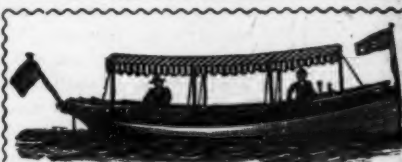
Special monthly rates to regular customers.

## Consolidated Press Clipping Co. 56 Fifth Avenue, Chicago

**RHEUMATISM** Positively cured. Trial bottle FREE. Instant relief. Send postage. Royal Crown Remedies, 408 Ogden Av., Chicago.



**Pat'd QUAKER FOLDING VAPOR BATH CABINET**  
\$25.000 SOLD. Every home should have one for bathing purposes. It opens the millions of pores, forces out the poisons which cause disease. Makes you clean, vigorous and healthy. Prevents disease. Provides Turkish, hot air and medicated baths at home, 3c. each. Beautifies complexion. Recommended by best physicians. Without drugs it cures bad colds, rheumatism, ingrippe, neuralgia, obesity, female ill, all blood, skin, nerve and kidney troubles. Guaranteed. Our new 1900 style has a door, a self-supporting frame, best material, rubber lined. Folded. Weight 3 lbs. Price complete \$2.00. Write us. Valuable book, etc. free. Agents wanted, men and women. \$100.00 a month and expenses. Address **B. WORLD MFG. CO., Cincinnati, O.**



No Fire, Smoke or Heat. Absolutely Safe. Send five stamps for Catalogue.

**TRUSCOTT BOAT MFG. COMPANY, ST. JOSEPH, MICH.**

## 2,000 BICYCLES,



**\$12.50 TO \$17.50, MODELS 1899.**

High Grade Gents or Ladies, all made to sell at \$50, guaranteed. We ship on approval.

Free Wheel to Agents. We want one in every town. Send for circular of our new Bicycle wonder, "The Peerless" Bicycle Watch can attach and detach from handle bars. Remember a written guarantee goes with each and every Bicycle we ship.

**CAPITAL WATCH & BICYCLE CO., St. Paul, Minn**

## Typewriter Headquarters

302 Fulton st., New York, sell all makes under half price. Don't buy before writing them for unprejudiced advice and prices. Exchanges. Immense stock for selection. Shipped for trial. Guaranteed first class. Dealers supplied. 52-page illustrated catalogue free.

## GOUT & RHEUMATISM

Use the Great English Remedy

**BLAIR'S PILLS**

Safe, Sure, Effective. 50c. & \$1

DRUGGISTS, or 224 William St., N. Y.

## *The Story of Vanilla.*

### CHAPTER VII.

BY ROBERT MANTON.

THE vanilla plant is an orchid, and it is the only one of which the fruit has a commercial value. Until recent years it was cultivated only by the Mexican Indians in the valleys of Mazantla and Papantla. Their method of cultivation was to cut up an old plant and tie the pieces in a simple manner to the branches of small trees, where they live and thrive on air alone for two full years without connection with the soil. At the beginning of the third year these cuttings throw out tendrils or shoots not much larger than a horse hair, which take root in the ground. The next spring the cuttings sprout and blossom. These blossoms, at

night, give out a most fragrant and exquisite perfume, dropping a honey-like moisture which is found on the leaves in the morning. To an American the bloom looks like a cluster of small white flowers. From each of these blossoms spring small pods, sometimes twenty or thirty in number. The pods grow rapidly, and as they become larger many drop off, so that when the plant is full grown there may be perhaps only from one to five pods left. These appear in the picture like the flower stem. They grow to be long beans containing the seeds, and are about the size of the long yellow banana seen in our home markets.



The vanilla is strictly a pollen blossom, and the male and female flowers grow on different plants. In former years the Indians did their cultivating in a hap-hazard manner, depending upon the winds of heaven to interchange the pollen and fertilize the female blossoms. In recent years, however, the Italians and French have largely displaced the Indians and are growing vanilla in a more scientific manner. They set the plants nearer together, and this allows the pollen to be interchanged more readily by natural causes such as insects and the wind, and they also change the pollen themselves by artificial means.

(COPYRIGHT PROTECTED BY LYMAN D. MORSE.)

Until a few years ago the lands where the vanilla plants thrive were controlled by tribes of Indians. Although they had no regular titles the Mexican Government recognized their claims. The land thus held by the various tribes, was allotted to individual members, each of whom knew exactly what belonged to him and cultivated his own plants without interfering with his neighbor. Among themselves all was harmony, and their chief troubles were caused by the poorer classes of Mexicans who sometimes descended into the valleys and robbed the Indians of their long tended crops. In 1896-7 the Mexican Government drove these

Indians off the lands which they had held for hundreds of years, and moved them to other localities and sold (?) the tracts thus made valuable by these frugal and hard working natives to foreigners, who now practically control the production of vanilla in Mexico.

The reader will plainly see that the final production of pure vanilla extract is a deep, and intricate subject. It is a life's work to acquire the knowledge and skill necessary to produce a perfect extract. The firm so widely known as the JOSEPH BURNETT COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS., began the manufacture of vanilla extract fifty-two years ago, and its product is to-day universally recognized as the standard of extracts throughout both hemispheres. BURNETT'S EXTRACT is made exclusively of the finest Mexican (Papantla) vanilla beans. No adulteration or foreign substance of any nature whatever is used. The mode of manufacture is distinctly different from any other. It is the method as well as the material that makes BURNETT'S EXTRACTS the first choice of housewives everywhere.

Next month a chapter will be devoted to the curing and marketing of vanilla beans.

(To be continued.)



# THE NEW CROWN VIOLET

The  
Latest  
and  
Finest  
Violet



Distilled  
from  
Natural  
Flowers

## THE NEW CROWN SERIES

The Crown Violet

The Crown Violet Ambrée

The Crown Reseda

The Crown Orchidia

The Crown White Rose

The Crown Peau d'Espagne

The Crown Crab Apple Blossoms

The Crown Ambre

The Crown Chypre

All of  
the Finest  
Quality

9 Delicious

Odors

Send for samples

EACH OF THESE PERFUMES IN AN EXQUISITE CARTON

"The great superiority of the Crown Perfumery is too well known to need comment."

—London Court Journal.

SPECIAL PRODUCTIONS OF

**THE CROWN PERFUMERY CO.**

LONDON AND PARIS

Makers of the celebrated Crown Crab Apple Blossoms and Lavender  
Salts, asked for all over the world.

To test the quality of the above choice odors, send 12  
cents in stamps to

F. W. SCHOONMAKER, New York; or ADRIAN PARADIS,  
Brooklyn; or MELVIN & BADGER, Boston; or W. H.  
LLEWELLYN, Phila.; or THOMAS & THOMPSON, Balti-  
more; or W. S. THOMPSON, Washington, D. C.; or  
WILMOT J. HALL, Cincinnati; THE AUDITORIUM  
PHARMACY, Chicago; or the LELAND MILLER DRUG  
CO., St. Louis; and upon receipt of the above sum

A Bijou Sample Bottle will be sent postpaid to any address

NAME THE ODOR REQUIRED

Send 35 cents for the New MARIE ANTOINETTE SACHET. The Most Dainty Sachet Made





**THMA, BRONCHITIS,  
HOARSENESS**  
EFFECTIVELY RELIEVED.



AVOID IMITATIONS.  
BOXES—never sold in bulk

# WEBER PIANOS

RENOWNED THROUGHOUT THE WORLD FOR  
**PURE SYMPATHETIC TONE**  
COMBINED WITH  
**GREAT POWER AND DURABILITY**

WAREHOUSES: Cor. Fifth Ave. and Sixteenth St., New York.  
268 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

CONTAIN NO  
INJURIOUS



AVOID IMITATIONS.  
SOLD ONLY IN BOXES



## HALL'S *Vegetable Sicilian* Hair Renewer

Brings the old color back; no more faded or gray hair.  
Makes growth more rapid; short hair becomes long hair.  
Holds the hair firmly in place; the hair stops falling out.  
Completely removes dandruff; baldness is prevented.  
Feeds the hair bulbs; new hair grows on bald heads.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send one dollar to  
R. F. Hall & Co., Nashua, N. H.

**Kuyler's**  
**BONBONS, CHOCOLATES.**

PURE!  
FRESH! DELICIOUS!!

Large Assortment of  
**FANCY BOXES, BASKETS &**

CANDIES SENT EVERYWHERE  
BY MAIL & EXPRESS.

OUR **COCOA AND CHOCOLATES**  
ARE UNSURPASSED  
FOR PURITY OF MATERIAL &  
DELICIOUSNESS OF  
FLAVOR

SOLD AT OUR STORES  
AND BY  
GROCERS EVERYWHERE

863 BROADWAY,  
BET. 17TH AND 18TH STS.  
NEW YORK

# Grand Union Hotel

NEW YORK CITY

Rates, \$1 a Day and  
upwards

Convenient hotel. Every street-car  
transfers past its door. Fine Cafe  
and Restaurant. European plan.  
We attend to your baggage.

# Grand Central Depot

42d Street & Park Ave., N. Y.

WILL DEMONSTRATE ITS ADVANTAGES

Send for samples of writing, with prices, etc. Largest and most complete stock of second-hand Typewriters of any house in the trade. Machines shipped, privilege of inspection.

FIVE STORES.....

1 1/2 Barclay Street, New York.  
817 Wyandotte Street, Kansas City.  
208 North Ninth Street, St. Louis.

38 Bromfield Street, Boston.  
128 LaSalle Street, Chicago, Ill.

**THE TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE,**  
TITLE OF EVERY  
MACHINE GUARANTEED

OUR AIM?  
TO MAKE THE  
**FERRIS**  
**HAM**  
THE FINEST!

**ED. PINAUD'S**  
**VIOLETTE REINE**

**FRENCH CARNATION PINK**  
THE TWO LEADING PERFUMES OF THE YEAR  
SOLD EVERYWHERE OR APPLY TO  
ED. PINAUD'S IMPORTATION OFFICE 46 BROADWAY, N.Y.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS  
"IF I HAD ONLY KNOWN  
OF THIS YEARS AGO"

**ED. PINAUD'S**  
**EAU DE QUININE**

PRESERVES THE HAIR—CLEANSSES THE SCALP  
AND KEEPS IT FREE FROM DANDRUFF  
—FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

A Great Relief for  
**HOARSENESS, THROAT  
AND LUNG TROUBLES.**



AVOID IMITATIONS.  
SOLD ONLY IN BOXES.

## GET RICH QUICKLY

A FORTUNE IN AN HOUR can be made by inventing something new. Send for list of 300 INVENTIONS WANTED and Patent Book FREE. No charge for selling patents procured through us except commission.

**EDGAR TATE & CO.,** Solicitors of U. S. and Foreign Patents, Trade-Marks, Designs and Copyrights.  
215 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

BRANCH HOUSES IN ALL COUNTRIES THE LEADING HOUSE OF THE WORLD

CLEAR THE VOICE  
RELIEVE THE THROAT



A Staple Remedy  
AVOID IMITATIONS  
SOLD IN BOXES

Grand Central Depot

venient hotel. Every street-car  
Rise Cafe

Grand Central Depot

THE VOL  
THE TH  
FOR  
COU  
AT  
CO  
e Rem  
MITAT  
OXES